THE • HENRY • IRVING • SHAKESPEARE

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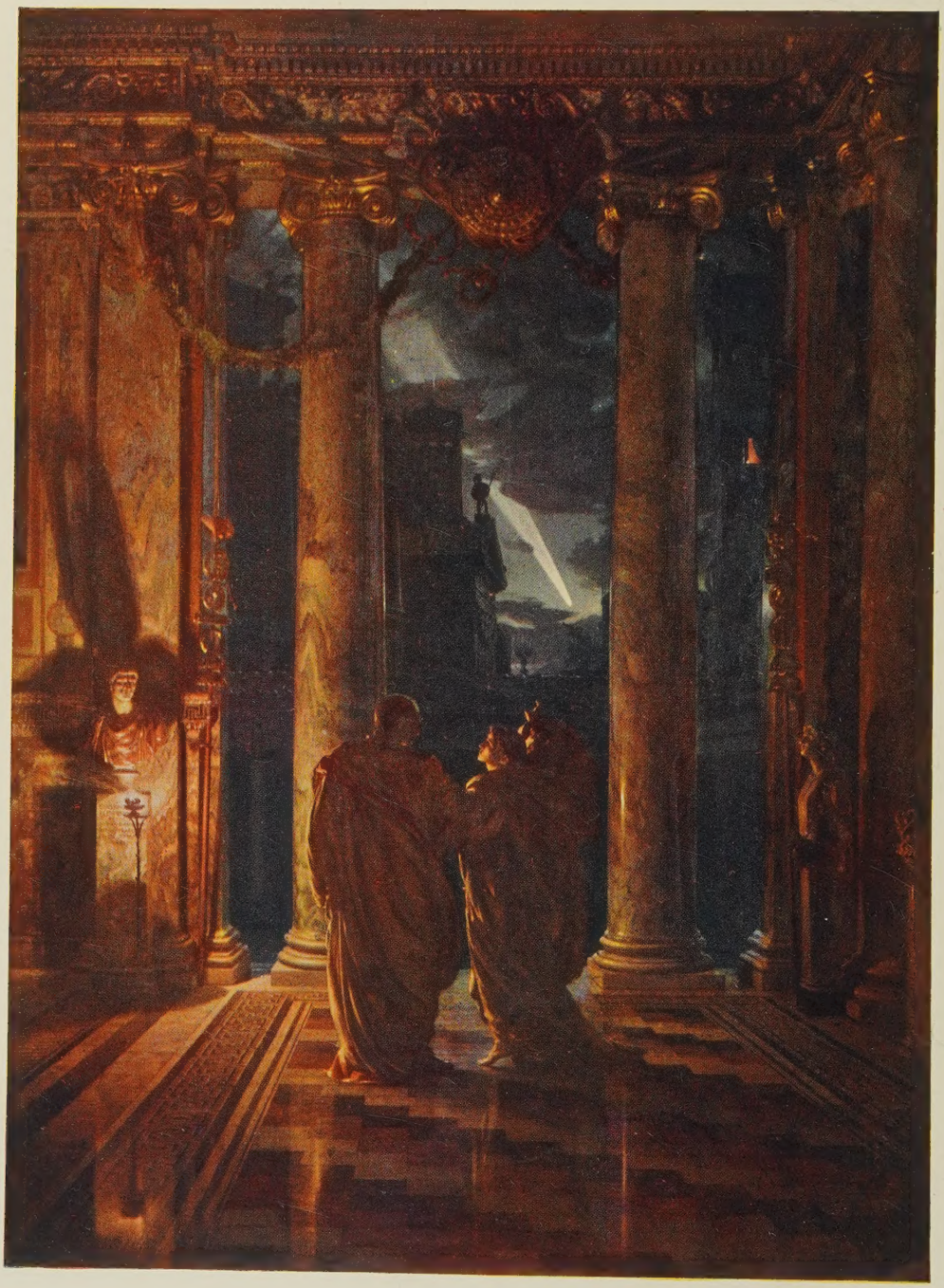
OF
SHAKESPEARE



JULIUS CÆSAR

Act II. Scene ii.

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE BIRMINGHAM ART GALLERY BY SIR E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A.

THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE

THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

SIR HENRY IRVING AND FRANK A. MARSHALL

VOLUME VIII

WITH MANY HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS

NOTES AND INTRODUCTIONS TO EACH PLAY BY

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JULIUS CÆSAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, MARCUS ANTONIUS, M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, } Triumvirs, after the death of Julius Cæsar.

CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, } Senators.

MARCUS BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, LIGARIUS, DECIUS BRUTUS, METELLUS CIMBER, CINNA, } Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.

FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, } Tribunes.

ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, a Poet.

Another Poet.

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, Young CATO, VOLUMNIUS, } Friends to Brutus and Cassius.

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS, } Servants to Brutus.

PINDARUS. Servant to Cassius.

CALPURNIA, Wife to Cæsar.

PORTIA, Wife to Brutus

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, during a great part of the Play, at Rome; afterwards at Sardis, and near Philippi.

HISTORIC PERIOD: From March 15th, B.C. 44, to November 27th, B.C. 43.

TIME OF ACTION.

Six days represented on the stage, with intervals:—

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1 and 2.—Interval, one month.
Day 2: Act I. Scene 3.
Day 3: Acts II. and III.—Interval.
Day 4: Act IV. Scene 1.—Interval.
Day 5: Act IV. Scenes 2 and 3.—Interval, one day at least.
Day 6: Act V.

[1] Rowe was the first to give the list of Dramatis Personæ imperfectly. Theobald supplied some of the omissions. *Decius* Brutus should be *Decimus* Brutus. strictly speaking, but this mistake came from North's Plutarch, and indeed is found both in the early French translation and in the Greek text of the original (edn. 1572).

The name *Marullus* is throughout spelt *Murellus* in Ff., except in i. 2. 288, where it is spelt *Murrellus*. Theobald corrected this name to the form given in North's Plutarch, *Marullus*.

Calpurnia, wife to Cæsar, is uniformly called *Calphurnia* in the Folio; and so she is called in North's Plutarch, at any rate in the early editions of that work. Many editors retain the spelling *Calphurnia*.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

This play was first published, so far as we know, in the Folio of 1623, where it occupies pages 109-130 in the division of "Tragedies." At the beginning of the play, and at the head of each page, it is entitled "The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar;" but in the Table of Contents (or, as it is called, "A CATALOGVE *of* the seuerall Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies contained in this Volume") it is set down as "The Life and Death of Julius Cæsar." No play in the Folio is printed with greater accuracy, and none presents fewer textual difficulties for the editor or critic.

The date of composition has been the subject of considerable discussion. Malone believed that the play "could not have appeared before 1607;" and Chalmers, Drake, and the earlier commentators generally, were unanimous in accepting his conclusions. There was a natural disposition at first to associate it chronologically with the other Roman plays, neither of which can be placed earlier than 1607; but, though Knight considers it "one of the latest works of Shakespeare," the great majority of recent editors are inclined to put it five years or more earlier than Antony and Cleopatra. Collier argues that it must have been performed before 1603; and Gervinus also decides that it "was composed before 1603, about the same time as Hamlet." He adds that this is "confirmed not only by the frequent external references to Cæsar which we find in Hamlet, but still more by the inner relations of the two plays." Halliwell, in his folio edition, 1865, takes the ground that it was written "in or before the year 1601." This is evident, he says, "from the following lines in Weever's Mirror of Martyrs, printed in that year—lines which unquestionably are to be traced to a recollection of Shakespeare's drama, not to that of the history as given by Plutarch:

> The many-headed multitude were drawne
> By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious;
> When eloquent Mark Antonie had showne
> His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious?"

I am inclined to believe that this is a reference to Shakespeare's play, though Halliwell appears to have modified his own opinion since the above was written. In his Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare (6th ed. 1886, vol. ii. p. 257) he says: "There is supposed to be a possibility, derived from an apparent reference to it in Weever's Mirror of Martyrs, that the tragedy of Julius Cæsar was in existence as early as 1599; for although the former work was not published till 1601, the author distinctly tells his dedicatee that 'this poem, which I present to your learned view, some two yeares agoe was made fit for print.' The subject was then, however, a favourite one for dramatic composition, and inferences from such premises must be cautiously received. Shakespeare's was not, perhaps, the only drama of the time to which the lines of Weever were applicable; and the more this species of evidence is studied, the more is one inclined to question its efficacy. Plays on the history of Julius Cæsar are mentioned in Gosson's Schoole of Abuse, 1579; the Third Blast of Retraite from Plaies, 1580; Henslowe's Diary, 1594, 1602; Mirrour of Policie, 1598; Hamlet, 1603; Heywood's Apology for Actors, 1612. There was a French tragedy on the subject published at Paris in 1578, and a Latin one was performed at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1582. Tarlton, who died in 1588, had appeared as Cæsar, perhaps on some unauthorized occasion, a circumstance alluded to in the Ourania, 1606."

The allusion in Weever's book does not fit

any of the other plays on the story of Cæsar that have come down to our day; and it does fit Shakespeare's play so exactly that, since it was first pointed out, the editors have unanimously accepted Halliwell's original view of it. It does not follow necessarily that Julius Cæsar must have been written as early as 1599. Even if the Mirror of Martyrs was written then, an allusion like this may have been inserted just before it went to press two years later. The date 1599, however, may not be too early. The internal evidence of metre and style is not inconsistent with that date. Fleay (Chronicle History of Shakespeare, 1886, p. 214) makes it 1600; "at any rate Cæsar must be anterior to the Quarto Hamlet which was produced in 1601." Stokes (Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays, 1878, p. 88), after a careful discussion of all the evidence, sums up the matter thus: "The great similarity of style between this play and Hamlet and Henry V. has been pointed out by Gervinus, Spedding, Dowden, Hales, and others, and, I suppose, must have been felt by nearly every reader. It is not only shown by the many allusions to Cæsar in these plays [allusions, by the by, which show a co-ordinate estimation of his character], but by the 'minor relations' of these plays. This point is so strong that, taking into consideration some of the references mentioned above, there can scarcely be any doubt that the original production of this play must be placed in 1599–1600. It may have been revised afterwards, and the appearance of several works bearing similar titles in 1607 suggests, as Mr. Fleay says, its reproduction at that date."

It is not necessary, however, to suppose, as Fleay does, that the play was revised by Ben Jonson. He lays considerable stress on "the spelling of Antony without an *h:* this name occurs in eight of Shakespeare's plays, and in every instance but this invariably is spelled Anthony." But if the scholarly Ben had made this orthographical correction, is it likely that he would have permitted the impossible Latin form Calphurnia to stand? Or would he have retained the Decius Brutus for Decimus Brutus, or such palpable anachronisms as striking clocks and the like? It is as absurd to suppose that Jonson could have overlooked these things as that Bacon could have originated them. To the latter, as to the former, Decius Brutus for Decimus Brutus would have been like Sly's "Richard Conqueror" for the well-known William.

It may be mentioned here, as a curious instance of judicial blindness, that Judge Holmes, by far the ablest of the advocates of the Baconian lunacy, in his Authorship of Shakespeare (3rd ed. 1886, vol. i. p. 289), quotes Bacon's Essay on Friendship as a parallel to the second act of the play (and one by which, "if there be a lingering doubt in any mind" as to Bacon's authorship of the latter, that doubt "must be removed"); and yet in the very passage quoted Bacon has "Decimus Brutus" and "Calpurnia," instead of the "Decius Brutus" and "Calphurnia" of the drama. The judge does not see that he is himself furnishing indisputable evidence that the philosopher was perfectly familiar with what the dramatist was palpably ignorant of.

We have no reason to suppose that Shakespeare was indebted to any of the earlier plays on the same subject. The only source from which he appears to have drawn his material was Sir Thomas North's version of Plutarch's Lives, translated from the French of Bishop Amyot, and first published in 1579. He has followed North closely, almost slavishly, as the illustrative extracts given in the notes will show. As Gervinus says: "The component parts of the drama are borrowed from the biographies of Brutus and Cæsar in such a manner that not only the historical action in its ordinary course, but also the single characteristic traits in incidents and speeches, nay, even single expressions and words, are taken from Plutarch; even such as are not anecdotal or of an epigrammatic nature, even such as one unacquainted with Plutarch would consider in form and manner to be quite Shakespearian, and which have not unfrequently been quoted as his peculiar property, testifying to the poet's deep knowledge of human nature. From the triumph over Pompey (or rather over his sons), the silencing of the two tribunes, and the crown offered at the Lupercalian feast, until Cæsar's murder,

and from thence to the battle of Philippi and the closing words of Antony, which are in part exactly as they were delivered, all in this play is essentially Plutarch. The omens of Cæsar's death, the warnings of the augur and of Artemidorus, the absence of the heart in the animal sacrificed, Calphurnia's dream; the peculiar traits of Cæsar's character, his superstition regarding the touch of barren women in the course, his remarks about thin people like Cassius; all the circumstances about the conspiracy where no oath was taken, the character of Ligarius, the withdrawal of Cicero; the whole relation of Portia to Brutus, her words, his reply, her subsequent anxiety and death; the circumstances of Cæsar's death, the very arts and means of Decius Brutus to induce him to leave home, all the minutest particulars of his murder, the behaviour of Antony and its result, the murder of the poet Cinna; further on, the contention between the republican friends respecting Lucius Pella and the refusal of the money, the dissension of the two concerning the decisive battle, their conversation about suicide, the appearance of Brutus's evil genius, the mistakes in the battle, its double issue, its repetition, the suicide of both friends, and Cassius's death by the same sword with which he killed Cæsar —all is taken from Plutarch's narrative, from which the poet had only to omit whatever destroyed the unity of the action."

Archbishop Trench, in his Lectures on Plutarch, in referring to North's translation of the Lives, remarks:

"But the highest title to honour which this version possesses has not hitherto been mentioned, namely, the use which Shakespeare was content to make of it. Whatever Latin Shakespeare may have had, he certainly knew no Greek, and thus it was only through Sir Thomas North's translation that the rich treasure-house of Plutarch's Lives was accessible to him. . . . It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the whole play—and the same stands good of Coriolanus no less—is to be found in Plutarch. Shakespeare indeed has thrown a rich mantle of poetry over all, which is often wholly his own; but of the incident there is almost nothing which he does not owe to Plutarch, even as continually he owes the very wording to Sir Thomas North."

STAGE HISTORY.

Julius Cæsar always seems to have been one of the most popular of Shakespeare's plays on the stage, in spite of its want of any female interest, and of the fact that Cæsar, who is virtually the hero, is killed in the middle of the play. We find that on the 20th May, 1613, Lord Treasurer Stanhope paid John Heminges "for presentinge before the Princes Highnes the Lady Elizabeth and the Prince Pallatyne Elector fowerteene several plays," of which "Cæsar's Tragedye" was one. When Thomas Killigrew, after the Restoration, established the King's Company, and opened a new theatre at Drury Lane, 1665, Julius Cæsar was one of the stock pieces of the company. Downes gives us the cast as follows: "Julius Cæsar, Mr. Bell, Cassius Major Mohun, Brutus, Mr. Hart, Anthony Mr. Kynaston, Calphurnia,[1] Mrs. Marshal, Portia, Mrs. Corbet." The only other plays of Shakespeare, which were included in the fifteen stock plays of which Downes gives the casts, are "The Moor of Venice" (Othello), and King Henry the Fourth; while amongst the other plays, of which he gives merely the names, are included The Merry Wives of Windsor and Titus Andronicus; so that however much we may decry Julius Cæsar as an acting play, it had the honour of being one of the four—for we cannot include Titus Andronicus—which helped to keep alive Shakespeare's fame at a time when his rivals, Beaumont and Fletcher and Ben Jonson, were held to be his superiors by the general public. During the reigns of Charles II. and James II. Julius Cæsar seems to have been frequently played. In 1682, at the Theatre Royal, it was again acted with identically the same cast as in the above-mentioned performance. In 1684 Killigrew's and Davenant's companies coalesced, and, under the title of the King's Company, removed to the Theatre

[1] This name is spelt *Calphurnia*, as in F. 1, both in Downes and Genest throughout, and I have not thought it necessary to alter the spelling, though *Calpurnia* is the correct form.

Royal, Drury Lane; some time in that year[1] they presented this play, Betterton appearing —for the first time apparently—as Brutus, supported by William Smith as Cassius, Goodman as Julius Cæsar, Mrs. Cooke as Portia, and Lady Slingsby[2] as Calphurnia. Langbaine (p. 453) says that this play was printed in Quarto, London, 1684; and he adds: "There is an Excellent Prologue to it, printed in Covent Garden Drollery, p. 9." Genest says this edition "differs very little from the original play, except that the part of Marullus is given to Casca, and that of Cicero to Trebonius" (vol. i. p. 423). Lowndes mentions a Quarto of Julius Cæsar with the title-page "a Tragedy, as it is now acted at the Theatre Royal, Lond. n. d. (1680) 4to. On the reverse of the title is a List of Actors, in which Betterton is set down for acting Brutus." He also mentions two Quartos printed in 1684 and 1696 respectively, and another n. d. (1696); so that evidently, during this period, the play was popular among readers as well as among playgoers.

It would appear that Julius Cæsar was not again represented till February 14th, 1704, when it was played at Lincoln's Inn Fields. The cast is not given. This, as will be seen, is nearly twenty years from the last recorded performance. It is most probable that it was represented in the interval more than once, though there is no record of its revival. Betterton was still acting, so he probably played his old part of Brutus. On October 30th, 1705, the company removed to the Haymarket Theatre from Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Julius Cæsar was revived on March 14th, 1706. No particulars are given, but the cast must have been a strong one; for Betterton, Booth, Verbruggen, Bowman, as well as Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle, were included in the company. The next performance was on January 14th, 1707, at the Haymarket Theatre, when Genest says it was performed "For the encouragement of the Comedians acting in the Haymarket, and to enable them to keep the diversion of plays under a separate interest from Operas—By Subscription" (vol. ii. p. 363).

The cast was, Brutus = Betterton: Cassius = Verbruggen: Antony = Wilks: Julius Cæsar = Booth: Octavius = Mills: Casca = Keen: Calphurnia = Mrs. Barry: Portia = Mrs. Bracegirdle. The minor parts were also played by well-known actors, viz. "Plebeians" = Johnson, Bullock, Norris and Cross. It would appear that "Lord Halifax proposed a subscription for reviving 3 plays of the best authors with the full strength of the company" (*ut supra*). The next play of this series, King and no King, was given on January 21st; and on February 4th the third, Marriage a la Mode, or the Comical Lovers; a compound manufactured by Cibber out of two of Dryden's plays, Marriage a la Mode and Secret Love. Cibber in his Apology (edn. 1740) says: "not only the Actors, (several of which were handsomely advanc'd, in their Sallaries) were duly paid, but the Manager himself too, at the Foot of his Account stood a considerable Gainer" (p. 195).

On April 1st of the same year Julius Cæsar was revived for the benefit of Keen, probably with much the same cast. On December 22nd, 1709, at Drury Lane, Booth appeared as Brutus, Powell as Cassius, with Mrs. Knight as Calphurnia. A new prologue and epilogue were spoken by Keen and Mrs. Bradshaw, who represented respectively Julius Cæsar and Portia. On March 16th, 1713, at Drury Lane, Mills played the part of Julius Cæsar for his benefit, Brutus being played by Booth, Antony by Wilks, Cassius by Powell, Casca by Keen. It may be noted that on this, as on many other occasions, such actors as Johnson, Pinkethman, Bullock, Norris, Cross, and Leigh took the parts of the "Plebeians," that is, of the Citizens; the play

[1] Downes does not mention this performance, and Genest does not give the day or the month on which it took place.

[2] This actress appears to have acted many principal parts; among others, Queen Margaret in Crowne's Henry VI., Regan in Tate's mutilation of Lear, and Cressida in Dryden's Troilus and Cressida. She affords the only instance of any titled actress to be found in the playbills of this period; though many of them had a sort of left-handed claim to such a distinction. Downes mentions her among the persons who joined the Duke's Company in 1670 as Mrs. Aldridge and Mrs. Lee, afterwards Lady Slingsby. She is generally spoken of as Mrs. Mary Lee, and appears to have been no relation to poor mad Nat Lee. According to Genest "Dame Mary Slingsby was buried at Pancras 1693, 4" (Genest, vol. i. p. 449).

was repeated on the 6th of April. By this time it seems to have become an established favourite. Booth chose it for his benefit March 22nd, 1716. It seems to have been acted at least two or three times every season at Drury Lane up to 1727–28; then it seems to have been put on the shelf as far as that theatre was concerned.

During the period from 1720–28 inclusive, Julius Cæsar was played at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre about half a dozen times. On October 18th, 1722, we find in the cast that Quin played Brutus, Boheme Cassius, Walker Antony, Leigh Julius Cæsar. It would appear, according to Genest, that the "comic characters" were played by Bullock and others (vol. iii. p. 116). These were the Citizens, whom, as has been pointed out, actors of considerable importance were content to represent. At Goodman's Fields, December 1st, 1732, Julius Cæsar was produced and played for twelve consecutive nights. On September 19th, 1736, there was a performance of this play at Drury Lane, with the following cast: Brutus, Quin; Cassius, Milward; Wright, Antony; W. Mills, Julius Cæsar; Casca, Cibber, jun.; "Citizens," Johnson, Miller, Harper, and Griffin, with Portia, Mrs. Furnival, and Calphurnia, Mrs. Butler. Davies says that the part of Casca was "enlarged" by "adding to it what belongs to Titinius;" and he observes, "if I remember right, was acted by a principal comedian. Above five and forty years since, Winstone was selected for that character, when Quin acted Brutus, and the elder Mills Cassius, Milward M. Antony, and W. Mills Julius Cæsar." He praises Winstone very much, of whom he says: "The assumed doggedness and sourness of Casca sat well upon Winstone;" and adds: "The four principal parts have not since that time been equally presented" (Dramatic Miscellanies, vol. ii. p. 212). Davies praises Milward very much in Antony, although it would appear that this actor played Cassius far more frequently, and compares him in this character with Wilks and Barry: he also says that William Mills succeeded better in Cæsar than in any other part. But the most interesting thing that the gossiping biographer of Garrick tells us about this play is, that the great "little Davy" once had a mind to have tried his skill in the part of Cassius; but either from a fear that Quin in Brutus would completely outshine him, or for some other reason, he gave up the idea; and this play was never revived during his management. On April 28th, 1738, there was a performance at Drury Lane for the fund for erecting a monument to the memory of Shakespeare, when Julius Cæsar was played; Mrs. Porter being the Portia. In the season 1742, 1743, Quin was engaged at Covent Garden, where he was playing as a counter-attraction to Garrick at Drury Lane; and, as might be expected, we find Julius Cæsar revived at that theatre and strongly cast, with Hale as Antony, Ryan as Cassius, Bridgewater as Cæsar, and with such actors as Hippisley, Chapman, and Woodward in the small parts of the "Plebeians." This was on November 20th, 1742. On March 18th, 1744, Sheridan took his benefit at Covent Garden in the part of Brutus. At this theatre Mrs. Pritchard appeared as Portia on October 31st, 1744. On March 28th, 1747, we find a solitary performance of Julius Cæsar for Sparks's benefit, who played Cassius to the Brutus of Delane and the Antony of Barry. The play was repeated on April 30th, when Gifford was Antony; Barry only appears to have played the part twice that season. On November 24th, 1748, Quin had rather a remarkable cast to support him in his favourite part. It included Delane as Antony, Ryan as Cassius, Sparks as Casca, Mrs. Horton as Calphurnia, and Mrs. Woffington as Portia. Three representations of this play were given in November, 1750, at which Barry was the Antony to Quin's Brutus; and so successful was he in the part that he played it seven times during this season.

On January 31st, 1766, Genest records a performance of this play at Covent Garden "not acted eight years," the cast of which was not very remarkable, except for the fact that Mrs. Bellamy played Portia. Apropos of this performance Genest notices that an edition of Julius Cæsar was printed in 1719, "as altered by Davenant and Dryden." This must have been a mistake, however, because Julius

Cæsar was one of the plays assigned to Killigrew; and therefore Davenant could not play it at his theatre. Walker, who played Brutus on this and subsequent occasions at Covent Garden, used to speak the following lines at the end of the fourth act:—

> Sure they have rais'd some devil to their aid,
> And think to frighten Brutus with a shade:
> But ere the night closes this fatal day,
> I'll send more ghosts this visit to repay.

These lines are not found in the edition printed in 1682 "as acted at the Theatre Royal;" but they are given in Bell's edition printed from the Prompter's Book at Covent Garden, 1773. The author of these touching and poetical verses is apparently unknown; but, as Genest points out, it is clear that they must have been received into what he calls "that Sink of corruption—the Prompt Book" after 1682.

We pass over some performances of no particular interest till we come to the first appearance of John Kemble in the character of Brutus. Boaden says: "On the 29th of February, 1812, Mr. Kemble revived the tragedy of Julius Cæsar; he had, as usual, made some very judicious alterations and arrangements in the piece, and in his own performance of Brutus exhibited all that purity of patriotism and philosophy, which has been, not without some hesitation, attributed to that illustrious name" (Life of Kemble, vol. ii. p. 543). This performance of the play, with Young as Cassius and Charles Kemble as Antony, must have been most effective, as Brutus was one of the characters in which the elder Kemble was supreme. Macready played both Cassius and Brutus, but in his own opinion he chiefly excelled in the latter. It is a pity that this great actor did not adopt the plan which, according to Mrs. Garrick, her husband followed, of writing his own criticisms, or rather of publishing them; for he did write them apparently in his own diary. Perhaps, if he could have seen such criticisms as the following in print during his lifetime, it might have reconciled him to that profession by means of which he gained a position, but which, nevertheless, he would seem always to have been abusing, and to have regarded as a degradation while he remained in it. In his diary, under date January 24th, 1851, he says: "Acted Brutus as I never—no, never—acted it before, in regard to dignified familiarity of dialogue, or enthusiastic inspiration of lofty purpose. The distance, the reluctance to deeds of violence, the instinctive abhorrence of tyranny, the open simplicity of heart, and natural grandeur of soul I never so perfectly, so consciously portrayed before. I think the audience felt it" (vol. ii. p. 365). In another part of his diary Macready says, with indisputable good sense, that Brutus "is one of those characters that requires peculiar care, which only repetition can give, but it never can be a part that can inspire a person with an eager desire to go to a theatre to see represented." It was in the season 1818–19 that he first played Cassius to Young's Brutus at Covent Garden. According to his own account Macready played this part to oblige Young; but he seems to have taken great pleasure in it, and to have repeated it again in 1822, at Covent Garden, to Young's Brutus; Marc Antony being then Charles Kemble and Casca Fawcett. This revival was very successful.

Edmund Kean, apparently, never played in Julius Cæsar at all. Phelps closed his second season on May 5th, 1846, with this play, which, however, never seems to have been a great favourite with him. G. V. Brooke played the part of Brutus at the City of London Theatre in November, 1862; when J. Ryder was the Cassius and J. F. Young the Marc Antony. In our own time this play has never been represented with greater effect than it was by the celebrated German company of the Theatre Royal, Meiningen, at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1881. The completeness in every detail, and the admirable stage-management, especially in the arrangement of the crowds, rendered these performances some of the most successful ever given by a foreign company in this country. A representation of Julius Cæsar was given at the Olympic Theatre, April 16th, 1892, with Edmund Tearle as Brutus; and at Her Majesty's Theatre, January 23rd, 1898, the play was revived by Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree with every attention to stage and scenic detail. Mr. Tree appeared as Marc Antony,

and the cast included Lewis Waller as Brutus, Mrs. Tree as Lucius, Miss Lily Hanbury as Calpurnia, and Miss Millard as Portia. At the same theatre, September 6th, 1900, when Mr. Tree repeated his performance, Mrs. Tree played Calpurnia, and Miss Lena Ashwell, Portia.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

Julius Cæsar has been condemned, from a dramatic point of view, for its lack of unity. It is like two plays in one, the former being concerned with the death of Cæsar, the latter with the revenge of that deed. The nominal hero disappears at the end of the third act, and only his ghost is seen thereafter. But the ghost is a link between the two parts of the drama. "O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!" exclaims Brutus, when he comes upon the dead bodies of Cassius and Titinius; and Cassius, as he killed himself, had cried:

> Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
> Even with the sword that kill'd thee.
> (v. 3. 45, 46.)

It is not without purpose that the dramatist introduces these significant utterances. Cæsar is dead, but we must not forget that his

> spirit ranging for revenge,
> With Até by his side come hot from hell,
> (iii. 1. 271, 272.)

has "let slip the dogs of war" against his butchers. The eloquent prophecy of Antony over his bleeding corpse is fulfilled.

The treatment of the living Cæsar by the poet, however, has been a puzzle to many of the critics. It is evident from the many allusions to the great Roman in the other plays, that his character and history had made a deep impression on Shakespeare. Craik, after quoting the references to Cæsar in As You Like It, II. Henry IV., Henry V., the three parts of Henry VI., Richard III., Hamlet, Antony and Cleopatra, and Cymbeline, remarks that these passages "will probably be thought to afford a considerably more comprehensive representation of the mighty Julius than the play which bears his name." "We have," he adds, "a distinct exhibition of little else beyond his vanity and arrogance, relieved and set off by his good-nature or affability. . . . It might almost be suspected that the complete and full-length Cæsar had been carefully reserved for another drama." Hazlitt remarks that the hero of the play "makes several vapouring and rather pedantic speeches, and does nothing; indeed, he has nothing to do." Hudson says: "Cæsar is far from being himself in these scenes; hardly one of the speeches put into his mouth can be regarded as historically characteristic; taken all together they are little short of a downright caricature." He is in doubt whether to explain this by supposing that Cæsar was too great for the hero of a drama, "since his greatness, if brought forward in full measure, would leave no room for anything else," or whether it was not the poet's plan "to represent Cæsar, not as he was indeed, but as he must have appeared to the conspirators; to make us see him as they saw him; in order that they too might have fair and equal judgment at our hands." He is disposed to rest on the latter explanation, but to me it seems very clearly a wrong one. What the conspirators thought of Cæsar is evident enough from what they themselves say of him. It was not necessary to distort or belittle the character to make us see *how* they saw him; and to have done it to make us see him *as* they saw him would have been a gross injustice to the foremost man of all this world of which we cannot imagine Shakespeare guilty. As to its being necessary in order that we may do justice to the conspirators, if it leads us to justify their course in killing him, does it not make the fate that afterwards befalls them appear most undeserved? Does it not enlist our sympathies too exclusively on their side?

On the whole I am disposed to think that the poet meant to represent Cæsar as Plutarch represents him—as having become ambitious for kingly power, somewhat spoiled by victory, jealous and fearful of his enemies in the state, and superstitious withal, yet hiding his fears and misgivings under an arrogant and haughty demeanour. He is shown, moreover, by the dramatist at a critical point in his career, hesitating between his ambition for the crown (which we need not

suppose to have been of a merely selfish sort, for he may well have believed that as king he could do more for his country's good than in any other capacity) and his doubt whether the time had come for him to accept the crown. It may be a question whether even Cæsar could be truly himself just then; whether even he might not, at such a crisis in his fortunes, show something of the weakness of inferior natures.

It must be remembered, too, that, as Hazlitt has said, Cæsar *does* nothing in the play, *has* nothing to do, except to play the part of the victim in the assassination. So far as any opportunities of showing what he really *is* are concerned, he is at much the same disadvantage as "the man in the coffin" at a funeral —a very essential character in the performance, though in no sense an actor in it. If he is to impress us as verily "great Cæsar," it must be by what he says, not by what he does, and by what he says when there is no occasion for grand and heroic utterance. Under the circumstances a little boasting and bravado appear to be necessary to his being recognized as the Roman Dictator.

After all, there is not so very much of this boastful language put into the mouth of Cæsar; and, as Knight reminds us, some of it is evidently uttered to disguise his fear. When he says:

> The gods do this in shame of cowardice;
> Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
> If he should stay at home to-day for fear,
> (ii. 2. 41–43.)

he is speaking to the servant who has brought the message from the augurers. "Before *him* he could show no fear;" but, the moment the servant has gone (he is doubtless intended to leave the stage), he tells Calpurnia that "for her humour he will stay at home," proving plainly enough that he *does* fear. His reply afterwards to Decius beginning

> Cowards die many times before their deaths,
> (ii. 2. 32.)

is directly suggested by Plutarch, who says that when his friends "did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person," he would not consent to it, "but said it was better to die once than always to be afraid of death." His last speech—

> I do know but one
> That unassailable holds on his rank,
> Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,
> Let me a little show it, (iii. 1. 68–71.)

though boastful, is not unnatural in the connection, being drawn from him by the persistent importunities of the friends of Cimber. The fact that Cæsar has so little to say has, I think, led the critics to exaggerate this characteristic of the speeches.

With regard to Brutus also the critics have had their doubts. Coleridge asks, "What character did Shakespeare mean his Brutus to be?" He is perplexed that Brutus, the stern Roman republican, should say that he would have no objection to a king, or to Cæsar as king, if he would only be as good a monarch as he now seems disposed to be; and also that, in view of all Cæsar had done—crossing the Rubicon, entering Rome as a conqueror, placing Gauls in the senate, &c. —he finds no personal cause to complain of him. He resolves to kill his friend and benefactor, not for what he has been or what he is, but for what he may become. He is no serpent, but a serpent's egg; therefore crush him in the shell.

It is curious that Coleridge should not have seen that by "personal cause," so distinctly opposed to "the general," Brutus refers to his private relations with Cæsar as a man and as a friend, not to public acts or those affecting the common weal. All those enumerated by Coleridge belong to the latter class.

That Brutus should be influenced by his speculations as to what Cæsar might become, is in thorough keeping with the character. Brutus is a scholar, a philosopher, and a patriot; but he is not a statesman. He is an idealist, and strangely wanting in practical wisdom. It is significant that Shakespeare represents him again and again with a book in his hand. He is a man of books rather than a man of the world. His theories are of the noblest, his intentions of the most patriotic and philanthropic, but they are visionary and impracticable. There are such men in every age—reformers who accomplish

no reform, because their lofty dreams are incapable of being made realities in this workaday world. Such men are easily misled and made tools of by those more unscrupulous than themselves; as Brutus was by Cassius and the rest. They are often inconsistent in argument, as Brutus in the speech that puzzled Coleridge. They are influenced by one-sided views of an important question, deciding it hastily, without looking at it from all sides, as they ought, and as those who are less rash and impulsive see that they ought. So Brutus sends to Cassius for money to pay his legions, because he cannot raise money by vile means; but he knows how Cassius raises the money, and has no scruples about sharing in the fruits of the "indirection." He is thinking only of paying the soldiers, and does not see that he is an accomplice after the act in what he so sharply rebukes in Cassius. He is inconsistent here as in many other cases; but the inconsistency is perfectly consistent with the character.

Cassius is a worse man, but a better statesman, or rather politician. He is shrewd and fertile in expedients, but not overburdened with principle or conscience. He is tricky, and believes that the end justifies the means. He can write anonymous letters to Brutus, "in several hands, as if they came from several citizens," and can put placards in the same vein "on old Brutus' statue." He is none too honest himself, but he understands the value of a good name to "the cause," and therefore wishes to secure the endorsement of one whose "countenance, like richest alchemy, will change to virtue and to worthiness" what, he says, "would appear offence in *us*"—the less scrupulous politicians.

We must not, however, take Cassius to be worse than he really is. As a politician he is a believer in expediency—whatever is likely to secure the end in view is right; but as a man he has many admirable traits of character. If it were not so, Brutus could not love him as he does. He has a high sense of personal honour withal. He is indignant when Brutus tells him he has "an itching palm;" but he has just told Brutus that bribery is not to be judged severely when it is necessary for political purposes. "At such a time as this it is not meet" to be overcritical of "every nice offence." There spake the politician; in the other case, the man. We must not be too hard upon him. Sundry good friends of ours in public life are his modern counterparts.

Except in the great scene in the forum, where his speech to the people is perhaps the finest piece of oratory to be found in all Shakespeare—and entirely his own, be it noted, no hint of it being given by Plutarch—Antony plays no very striking part in the drama. We see him roused by a sudden ambition from his early career of dissipation, and taking a place in the Triumvirate; and it reminds us of Prince Hal's coming to himself, like the repentant prodigal, when he comes to the throne. But Antony is, morally at least, a slighter man than Henry. His reform lacks the sincerity and depth of the latter's, and he cannot hold the higher plane to which he has temporarily risen. His fall is to be depicted in a later and greater drama, of which he is the hero and not a subordinate actor as here.

Portia is one of the noblest of Shakespeare's women. As Mrs. Jameson has said, her character "is but a softened reflection of that of her husband Brutus: in him we see an excess of natural sensibility, an almost womanish tenderness of heart, repressed by the tenets of his austere philosophy: a stoic by profession, and in reality the reverse—acting deeds against his nature by the strong force of principle and will. In Portia there is the same profound and passionate feeling, and all her sex's softness and timidity held in check by that self-discipline, that stately dignity, which she thought became a woman 'so fathered and so husbanded.' The fact of her inflicting on herself a voluntary wound to try her own fortitude is perhaps the strongest proof of this disposition. Plutarch relates that on the day on which Cæsar was assassinated, Portia appeared overcome with terror, and even swooned away, but did not in her emotion utter a word which could affect the conspirators. Shakespeare has rendered this circumstance literally [in ii. 4. 1–20].

"There is another beautiful incident related by Plutarch which could not well be

dramatized. When Brutus and Portia parted for the last time in the island of Nisida, she restrained all expression of grief that she might not shake *his* fortitude; but afterwards, in passing through a chamber in which there hung a picture of Hector and Andromache, she stopped, gazed upon it for a time with a settled sorrow, and at length burst into a passion of tears."

No critic or commentator, I believe, has thought Calpurnia worthy of notice, but the reader may be reminded to compare carefully the scene between her and Cæsar with that between Portia and Brutus. The difference in the two women is not more remarkable than that in their husbands' bearing and tone towards them. Portia with mingled pride and affection takes her stand upon her rights as a wife—"a woman that Lord Brutus took to wife"—and he feels the appeal as a man of his noble and tender nature must:

> O ye gods,
> Render me worthy of this noble wife!

Calpurnia is a poor creature in comparison with this true daughter of Cato, as her first words to Cæsar sufficiently prove:

> What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
> You *shall not* stir out of your house to-day.
> (ii. 2. 8, 9.)

When a wife takes that tone, we know what the reply will be: "Cæsar *shall* forth." Later, of course, she comes down to entreaty:

> Do not go forth to-day. Call it my fear
> That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
> (ii. 2. 50, 51.)

And Cæsar, with contemptuous acquiescence in the suggestion to let Antony say he is "not well to-day," yields to her weak importunities. When Decius comes in and urges Cæsar to go, the story of her dream and her forebodings is told him with a sneer (can we imagine Brutus speaking of Portia in that manner?), and her husband, falling a victim to the shrewd flattery of Decius, departs to his death with a parting fling at her foolish fears, which he is ashamed at having for the moment yielded to. Calpurnia was Cæsar's fourth wife, and the marriage was one of convenience rather than of affection.

There are no portions of Roman history that seem so real to us as those which Shakespeare has made the subjects of his plays. History merely calls up the ghost of the dead past, and the impression it makes upon us is shadowy and unsubstantial; poetry makes it live again before our eyes, and we feel that we are looking upon men and women like ourselves, not their misty semblances. It might seem at first that the poet, by giving us fancies instead of facts, or fancies mingled with facts, only distorts and confuses our conceptions of historical verities; but, if he be a true poet, he sees the past with a clearer vision than other men, and reproduces it more truthfully as well as more vividly. He sees it indeed with the eye of imagination, not as it actually was; but there are truths of the imagination no less than of the senses and the reason. Two descriptions may be alike imaginative, but one may be true and the other false. The one, though not a statement of facts, is consistent with the facts and impresses us as the reality would impress us; the other is neither true nor in keeping with the truth, and can only deceive and mislead us. Ben Jonson wrote Roman plays which, in minute attention to the details of the manners and customs of the time, are far more scholarly and accurate than Shakespeare's. He accompanies them with hundreds of notes giving classical quotations to illustrate the action and the language, and showing how painstaking he has been in this respect. The work evinces genuine poetic power as well as laborious research, and yet the effect is far inferior to that of Shakespeare's less pedantic treatment of Roman subjects. The latter knows much less of classical history and antiquities, but has a deeper insight into human nature, which is the same in all ages. Jonson has given us skilfully-modelled and admirably-sculptured statues, but Shakespeare living men and women.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures.—(Act i. 1. 1.)

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *meeting a rabble of Citizens.*

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home.
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical,[1] you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

First Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir; what trade are you?

Sec. Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Sec. Cit. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Sec. Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

Sec. Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl.[2] I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with all. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover[3] them. As proper[4] men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir,

[1] *Mechanical, i.e.* belonging to the class of mechanics, artisans.

[2] *Awl*, an obvious pun on *awl* and *all*.

[3] *Recover*, a quibble on *re-cover*.

[4] *Proper*, handsome, well-made.

we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And, when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That[1] Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.—
[*Exeunt Citizens with a downcast air.*
See whether their basest metal be not mov'd!
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.[2]

Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,[3]
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *That*=so that.
[2] *Ceremonies*, trophies, honorary ornaments.

Scene II. *A public place.*

An Altar with fire on it, by which the Soothsayer is standing; on either side a mob of citizens. Enter, in procession with music, Cæsar; Antony, *for the course;* Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, *and* Casca, *Priests, Senators, Standard-bearers, Lictors, Guards, &c.*

Cæs. Calpurnia!
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.
[*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Calpurnia!
Cal. Here, my lord.
Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius—
Ant. Cæsar, my lord!
Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.
Ant. I shall remember;
When Cæsar says "Do this," it is perform'd.
Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.
[*Music.*
Sooth. Cæsar!
Cæs. Ha! who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still.—Peace yet again! [*Music ceases; the crowd opens and discovers Soothsayer.*
Cæs. Who is it in the press[4] that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, "Cæsar." Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. What man is that?
Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.
Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.
Cass. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar. [*The Soothsayer advances.*

[3] *Pitch*, the height to which a falcon soars; a technical term.
[4] *Press*, crowd.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: [*Exit Soothsayer, Antony, and the rest.*]—pass. [*Sennet.*[1] *Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius in procession.*

Cass. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cass. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I 'll leave you. [*Going—Cassius stops him.*

Cass. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd; if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely[2] upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,[3]
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one,—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cass. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection by some other things.

Cass. 'T is just;
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect[4] in Rome,—
Except immortal Cæsar,—speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cass. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on[5] me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale[6] with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal[7] them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.
[*Flourish and shout.*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cass. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

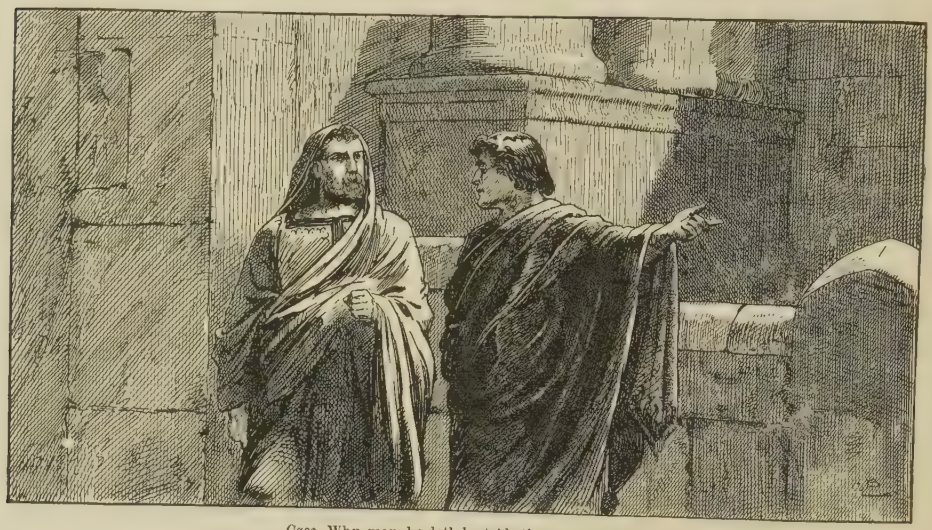
Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the gods so speed[8] me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cass. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.[9]
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

---

[1] *Sennet*, a kind of flourish on the trumpet.
[2] *Merely*, altogether, entirely.
[3] *Passions of some difference*, conflicting emotions.
[4] *Of the best respect, i.e.* best worthy of respect.
[5] *Jealous on*, suspicious or distrustful of.
[6] *Stale*, make stale, or common.
[7] *Scandal*, defame, slander.
[8] *Speed*, favour, prosper.
[9] *Favour*, face, personal appearance.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you;
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow; so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy:
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,



Cass. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus.—(Act i. 2. 135, 136.)

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar;—and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye whose bend[1] doth awe the world
Did lose his[2] lustre: I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*
Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.
Cass. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

[1] *Bend*, look. [2] *His*, its.

Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
[*Shout.*
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,[1]
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say till now that talk'd of Rome
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus[2] once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king!

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;[3]
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; [*Cassius is going to speak; checking him*] for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
[*Shouts heard nearer.*
[Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as[4] this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cass. I am glad
That my weak words have struck but thus much show
Of fire from Brutus. [*Music.*

Bru.] The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cass. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so.—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train;
[Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference[5] by some senators.]

Cass. Casca will tell us what the matter is.
[*Music. Re-enter Cæsar, Antony, and the rest as before in procession.*

Cæs. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar?

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he 's not dangerous.

He is a noble Roman and well given.[6]

Cæs. Would he were fatter!—but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear,—for always I am Cæsar.

[1] *Flood*, the deluge of Deucalion.
[2] *Brutus*, Lucius Junius Brutus, who expelled the Tarquins. [3] *Aim*, conjecture. [4] *As*=such as.
[5] *Conference*, debate. [6] *Given*, disposed.

Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Antony goes to Cæsar's side; Brutus crosses to Casca as he is going, and pulls his cloak. Music. Exeunt all in procession, except Casca, Brutus, and Cassius.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him; and, being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cass. They shouted thrice; what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cass. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it; it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement shouted, and clapp'd their chopp'd hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that it had almost chok'd Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it. And, for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cass. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'T is very like;—he hath the falling-sickness.[1]

Cass. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleas'd and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true[2] man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet and offer'd them his throat to cut:—an I had been a man of any occupation,[3] if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!"—and forgave him with all their hearts:—but there 's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cass. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cass. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I 'll ne'er look you i' the face again:—but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. [I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence.] Fare

[1] *Falling-sickness,* epilepsy. [2] *True,* honest.
[3] *Of any occupation,* a mechanic, like the plebeians about him.

you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cass. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.[1]

Cass. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cass. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell both. [*Exit Casca.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle[2] when he went to school.

Cass. So is he now, in execution[3]
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cass. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.— [*Exit Brutus.*
Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that[4] it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard,[5] but he loves Brutus;
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands,[6] in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at;
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.
[*Exit.*

[1] *I am promised forth, i.e.* I have promised to go out (to supper). [2] *Quick mettle,* of a lively spirit.
[3] *Execution,* metrically five syllables.
[4] *From that,* from that to which.
[5] *Doth bear me hard,* has a grudge against me.
[6] *Hands,* handwritings.

Scene III. *A street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, *with his sword drawn, and* Cicero.

[*Cic.* Good even, Casca: brought[7] you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway[8] of earth
Shakes like a thing infirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.
Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?
Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides,—I have not since put up my sword,—
Against[9] the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by
Without annoying me; and there were drawn
Upon a heap[10] a hundred ghastly women
Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noonday upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
"These[11] are their reasons,—they are natural;"
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate[12] that they point upon.
Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time;
But men may construe things after their fashion,[13]

[7] *Brought,* escorted. [8] *Sway,* balance, equilibrium.
[9] *Against,* opposite.
[10] *Drawn upon a heap,* crowded close together.
[11] *These,* such and such. [12] *Climate,* country.
[13] *After their fashion,* in their own way.

Clean from[1] the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?
Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Casca. Cassius, what night is this!—(Act i. 3. 42.)

Cic. Good night, then, Casca; this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.
Casca. Farewell, Cicero.
[*Exit Cicero.*]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cass. Who's there?
Casca. A Roman.
Cass. Casca, by your voice.
Casca. Your ear is good. [*Thunder and lightning.*] Cassius, what night[2] is this!
Cass. A very pleasing night to honest men.
Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?
Cass. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And thus unbraced,[3] Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:[4]
And when the cross[5] blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.
Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.
Cass. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and case yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens;
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts from quality and kind;[6]
Why old men fool,[7] and children calculate;
Why all these things change from their ordinance,[8]
Their natures and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars

[1] *Clean from*, quite away from, or contrary to.

[2] *What night*, what *a* night.
[3] *Unbraced*, ungirt; explained by the next line.
[4] *Thunder-stone*, thunderbolt. [5] *Cross*, zigzag.
[6] *From quality and kind, i.e.* deviate *from* or change their natures. [7] *Fool*, become fools.
[8] *Their ordinance*, what they were ordained to be.

As doth the lion in the Capitol,—
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action; yet prodigious[1] grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.
Casca. 'T is Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?
Cass. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors,
But, woe the while![2] our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.
Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.
Cass. I know where I will wear this dagger, then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder.*
Casca. So can I;
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.
Cass. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O, grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made; but I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.
Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man
That is no fleering[3] tell-tale. Hold, my hand;[4]
Be factious[5] for redress of all these griefs;[6]
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.
Cass. There 's a bargain made.
[*Grasping Casca's hand.*
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: [*Thunder and lightning*] for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets,
And the complexion of the element[7]
In favour 's[8] like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.
Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.
Cass. 'T is Cinna; I do know him by his gait:
He is a friend.—[*Enter* CINNA.] Cinna, where haste you so?
Cinna. To find out you. Who 's that? Metellus Cimber?
Cass. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempt. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?
Cinna. I am glad on 't.[9] [*Thunder.*] What a fearful night is this!
There 's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
Cass. Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.
Cinna. Yes, you are.—
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—
Cass. Be you content:—good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

---

[1] *Prodigious,* portentous.
[2] *Woe the while!* alas for the time!
[3] *Fleering,* sneering.
[4] *Hold, my hand,* Here, take my hand.
[5] *Factious,* active. [6] *Griefs,* grievances.
[7] *Element,* sky. [8] *Favour,* aspect, appearance.
[9] *On 't,* of it; *i.e.* that he has joined us.

Cinna. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,[1]
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
Cass. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.—
[*Exit Cinna.*
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house; three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.
Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
Cass. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited.[2] Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. Brutus's garden. Thunder and lightning.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When,[3] Lucius, when? awake, I say! What, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius;
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit. Lightning.*
Bru. It must be by his death; and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at[4] him,
But for the general.[5] He would be crown'd;—
How that might change his nature, there's the question:
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;[6]—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse[7] from power; and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof[8]
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees[9]
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which hatch'd would, as his kind,[10] grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper thus seal'd up; and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
[*Gives him a letter.*
Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?
Luc. I know not, sir.
Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, sir. [*Lightning. Exit.*
Bru. The exhalations,[11] whizzing in the air,

[1] *Hie*, hasten. [2] *Conceited*, conceived, judged.
[3] *When?* an exclamation of impatience.
[4] *Spurn at*, strike at, attack.
[5] *The general*, the people, the community.
[6] *That*, be that so, suppose that done.
[7] *Remorse*, mercy, or pity.
[8] *Proof*, experience. [9] *Base degrees*, lower steps.
[10] *As his kind*, like the rest of his species.
[11] *Exhalations*, meteors.

Give so much light that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter, holds it up, and reads.*
"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!"
"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!"
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
"Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
"Speak, strike, redress!"—Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.
[*Knocking within.*
Bru. 'T is good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.— [*Exit Lucius.*
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma[1] or a hideous dream:
The Genius[2] and the mortal instruments[3]
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 't is your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir; there are moe[4] with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That[5] by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.[6]
Bru. Let 'em enter.
[*Exit Lucius.*

They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability;
For, if thou path,[7] thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.[8]

Enter CASSIUS, *followed by* CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS, *with their faces muffled in their togas.*

Cass. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cass. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.—
[*They all uncover their faces.*
This is Trebonius.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cass. This, Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cass. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.
Bru. They are all welcome.—
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cass. Shall I entreat a word?
[*He retires with Cassius.*
Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.
Cinna. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines
That fret[9] the clouds are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on[10] the south,

[1] *Phantasma*, vision. [2] *Genius*, spirit, soul.
[3] *Mortal instruments*, bodily powers.
[4] *Moe*, more. [5] *That*, so that. [6] *Favour*, face, feature.
[7] *Path*, walk.
[8] *Prevention*, discovery, and consequent thwarting.
[9] *Fret*, diversify, variegate.
[10] *Growing on*, verging toward.

Weighing[1] the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

[*Brutus and Cassius come forward.*

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cass. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath! If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted[2] tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,
And will not palter?[3] and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engag'd
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,[4]
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even[5] virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive[6] metal of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several[7] bastardy
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cass. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cinna. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him;[8]
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cass. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cass. Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar. We shall find of him
A shrewd[9] contriver, and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death, and envy[10] afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar;
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood;
O, that we then could come by[11] Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let 's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let 's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make[12]
Our purpose necessary and not envious;[13]
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers,[14] not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cass. Yet I fear him;
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:

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[1] *Weighing*, considering.
[2] *High-sighted*, supercilious, haughty.
[3] *Palter*, shuffle, equivocate.
[4] *Cautelous*, crafty, wary.
[5] *Even*, pure, blameless.
[6] *Insuppressive*, irrepressible.
[7] *Several*, separate.
[8] *Break with him*, broach it to him.
[9] *Shrewd*, evil, mischievous.
[10] *Envy*, malice.
[11] *Come by*, get at.
[12] *Make*, make to appear.
[13] *Envious*, malicious.
[14] *Purgers*, cleansers or healers.

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself,—take thought[1] and die for Cæsar;
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.
Treb. There is no fear[2] in him; let him not die;
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.
[*Clock strikes.*
Bru. Peace! count the clock.
Cass. The clock has stricken three.
Treb. 'T is time to part.
Cass. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from[3] the main[4] opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:[5]
It may be, these apparent[6] prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Dec. Never fear that. If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But, when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does,—being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Cass. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eighth hour; is that the uttermost?
Cinna. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,[7]
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:[8]
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I 'll fashion him.

[1] *Take thought*, give way to anxiety or despondency.
[2] *Fear*, ground for fear, cause of fear.
[3] *From*, away from, contrary to.
[4] *Main*, strong, fixed.
[5] *Ceremonies*, omens drawn from sacrifices, or *ceremonial* rites.
[6] *Apparent*, manifest.
[7] *Bear Cæsar hard*, bear him a grudge.
[8] *By him*, by his house.

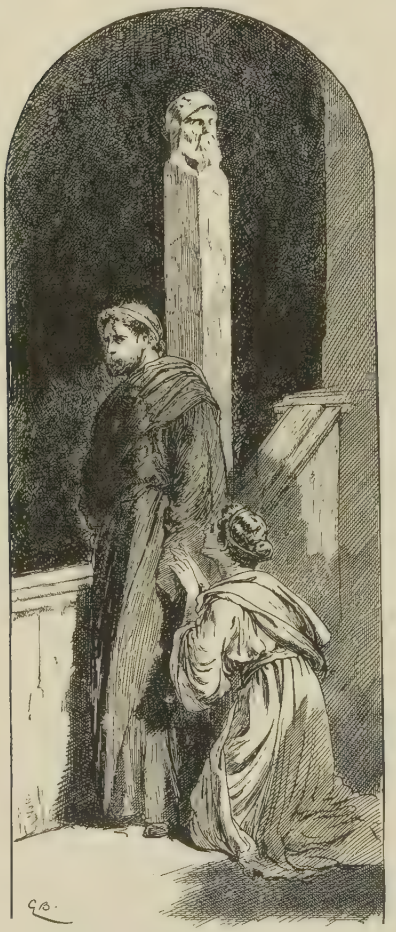
Cass. The morning comes upon 's; we 'll leave you, Brutus.—
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.
Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.
Let not our looks put on[9] our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:[10]
And so, good morrow to you every one.—
[*Exeunt all but Brutus, muffling up their faces in their togas.*
[Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures,[11] nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.]

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!
Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.
Por. Nor for yours neither. You 've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed; and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafture[12] of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you. [So I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seemed too much enkindled; and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And, could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,[13]

[9] *Put on*, show, disclose.
[10] *Formal constancy*, outward self-possession.
[11] *Figures*, pictures created by imagination.
[12] *Wafture*, waving.
[13] *Condition*, disposition, temper.

I should not know you, Brutus.] Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.
Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.



Bru. [*Raising her*] Kneel not, gentle Portia.—(Act ii. 1. 278.)

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.
Bru. Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed.
Por. Is Brutus sick?—[and is it physical[1]
To walk unbraced[2] and suck up the humours
Of the dank[3] morning? What! is Brutus sick,]
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy[4] and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence[5] within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
[*Kneels.*
I charm[6] you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow,
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.
Bru. [*Raising her*] Kneel not, gentle Portia.
Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.
Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart. [*Embraces her.*
Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels; I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh; can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

[1] *Physical*, medicinal, wholesome.
[2] *Unbraced*, ungirt.
[3] *Dank*, damp, moist.
[4] *Rheumy*, causing rheumatism; according to some= damp.
[5] *Some sick offence*, something that offends and makes you sick.
[6] *Charm*, conjure.

[illegible] these things are beyond all use

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!—
[*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charáctery[1] of my sad brows:
Leave me with haste.— [*Exit Portia.*

Enter LUCIUS *and* LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who 's that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
[Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist,[2] has conjur'd up
My mortified[3] spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea, get the better of them. What 's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,]
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom[4] it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Charáctery*, handwriting.
[2] *Exorcist*, one who raises spirits. See note 89, II. Henry VI.
[3] *Mortified*, deadened.
[4] *To whom*, to him to whom.

SCENE II. *A room in Cæsar's palace.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR *in his night-gown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night;
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!"— Who 's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord!

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present[5] sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth. The things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,[6]
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled[7] in the air,
Horses did neigh and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,[8]
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
[Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

[5] *Present*, immediate.
[6] *Stood on ceremonies*, laid stress on omens.
[7] *Hurtled*, clashed.
[8] *Use*, what is usual.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.—

Enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?
Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.
Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice;
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
[*Exit Servant.*
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not. Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;—
And Cæsar shall go forth.
Cal. Alas! my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day. Call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We 'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day;
Let me, upon my knees, prevail in this.
Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here 's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar;
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
Cæs. And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day.
Cannot is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to day Tell them so, Decius.
Cal. Say, he is sick
Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard[1] to tell greybeards the truth?—
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.
Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.
Cæs. The cause is in my will,—I will not come:
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:—
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays[2] me at home.
She dream'd to-night she saw my statua,[3]
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it;
And these
Does she apply for warnings and portents
Of evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.
Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.[4]
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.
Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say;
And know it now. The senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd,[5] for some one to say,
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo, Cæsar is afraid"?
Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding[6] bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.[7]

[1] *Afeard*, used interchangeably with *afraid*.
[2] *Stays, i.e.* makes me stay. [3] *Statua*, statue.
[4] *Cognizance*, tokens, souvenirs; plural.
[5] *Apt to be render'd*, likely to be uttered in reply.
[6] *Proceeding*, progress, career.
[7] *Liable*, subject, subordinate.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
[Give me my robe, for I will go.—]

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
[*Exit Calpurnia.*

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.
Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—
[Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is 't o'clock?
Bru. Cæsar, 't is strucken eight.
Cæs.] I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Art. Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along.—(Act ii. 3. 11.)

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.
Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.
Cæs. Bid them prepare within.—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you.
Remember that you call on me to-day;
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Treb. Cæsar, I will:—[*aside*] and so near will I be
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.
Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.
[*Exeunt Cæsar and Antony, Casca and Decius, Cinna and Metellus, and Trebonius.*
Bru. That every like is not the same,[1] O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns[2] to think upon!
[*Exit.*

[1] *That every like is not the same,* that the semblance is not always the reality (*the same* as it seems).
[2] *Yearns,* grieves.

SCENE III. *A street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a paper.*

Art. "Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you; security gives way[1] to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS."

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of[2] the teeth of emulation.[3]
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.[4]
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.*

Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
[*Aside*] O constancy,[5] be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well.
For he went sickly forth; and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumour[6] like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth,[7] madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady; if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm 's intended[8] towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you.—Here the street is narrow;
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I 'll get me to a place more void,[9] and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.
[*Exit.*

Por. I must go in.—Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!—
Sure, the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit,
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint!—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt severally.*

---

1 *Security gives way*, carelessness, or lack of caution, opens a way. 2 *Out of*, *i.e.* out of the reach of.
3 *Emulation*, envy. 4 *Contrive*, conspire, plot.
5 *Constancy*, self-possession.
6 *Rumour*, murmur, noise.
7 *Sooth*, in truth.
8 *Harm 's intended*, harm that is intended.
9 *Void*, open; opposed to *narrow* above.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS *and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter* CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and others.*

Cæs. The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.
Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd. 8

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?—(Act ii. 4. 31.)

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Cæs. What! is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
[*Forcing the Soothsayer off.*
Cass. What! urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR *enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.* CÆSAR *sits in state chair.*

Pop. [*To Cassius*] I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cass. What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well.
[*Advances to Cæsar.*

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cass. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.
[*Casca crosses behind to Cassius, and Decius to Casca.*
Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar; mark him.
Cass. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,[1]
For I will slay myself.
[*Popilius kisses Cæsar's hand.*
Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.[2]
Cass. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Antony and Trebonius cross behind state chair and exeunt.*
Dec. [*Crosses to Brutus*] Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
[*Metellus advances to Cæsar's chair.*
Bru. He is address'd:[3] press near and second him.
Cinna. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Casca. Are we all ready?
[*Goes to side of Cæsar's chair.*
Cæs. What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?
Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart.— [*Kneeling.*
Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,[4]
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With[5] that which melteth fools,—I mean sweet words,
Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied. [*Metellus rises.*
Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing[6] of my banish'd brother?
Bru. [*Kneeling*] I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
[*Brutus rises.*
Cæs. What, Brutus!
Cass. [*Kneeling*] Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.
Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move,[7] prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
[*Cassius rises.*
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks;
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there 's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 't is furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;[8]
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this,—
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.
Cinna. [*Kneeling*] O Cæsar!—
Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?
Dec. [*Kneeling*] Great Cæsar,—
Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

[1] *Turn back*, return home.
[2] *Change*, change colour or expression.
[3] *Address'd*, prepared, ready.
[4] *Fond*, foolish.
[5] *With*, by.
[6] *Repealing*, recalling (from exile).
[7] *Pray to move*, resort to prayers in order to move others.
[8] *Apprehensive*, endowed with apprehension, intelligent.

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*Metellus lays hold on Cæsar's robe;—Casca stabs Cæsar in the neck. Cæsar catches hold of his arm. He then is stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.*

Cæs. Et tu, Brute![1]—Then, fall, Cæsar.

[*Falls dead at the foot of Pompey's statue. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*

[*Cinna.* Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cass. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,

"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"]

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

[*Casca.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cinna. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer;[2]]

There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cass. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people
Rushing on us should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide[3] this deed,
But we the doers.

Enter TREBONIUS.

Cass. Where is Antony?

Treb. Fled to his house amaz'd.
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:—
That we shall die, we know; 't is but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit;
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—[Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;]
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let 's all cry, "Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!"

Cass. [Stoop, then, and wash.—] How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis[4] lies along
No worthier than the dust!

Cass. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What! shall we forth?

Cass. Ay, every man away;
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel; [*Kneeling.*
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:—
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.
Say I love Brutus and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him and be resolv'd[5]
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough[6] the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse. [*Servant rises.*

[1] *Et tu, Brute!* And thou, Brutus!
[2] *Good cheer,* be of good cheer, be not alarmed.
[3] *Abide,* answer for.
[4] *On Pompey's basis, i.e.* at the base of Pompey's statue.
[5] *Resolv'd,* informed, satisfied.
[6] *Thorough,* the original form of *through.*

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently.
[*Exit Servant.*

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.[1]

Cass. I wish we may; but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still[2]
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.[3]

Bru. But here comes Antony.—

Enter ANTONY.

Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
[*Kneeling by Cæsar's body.*
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.—
[*Rises*] I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood,[4] who else is rank;[5]
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,[6]
[Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,]
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die;
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by[7] Cæsar and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not: they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony;
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in,
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver[8] you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;—
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit[9] me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
[*Bending over Cæsar's body.*
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 't is true!
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer[10] than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,—
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd,[11] brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd[12] in thy spoil and crimson'd in thy lethe.[13]—

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[1] *To friend*, for a friend. [2] *Still*, always.
[3] *Falls shrewdly to the purpose*, turns out to be very much to the purpose.
[4] *Let blood*, bled, that is, put to death.
[5] *Rank*, too full-blooded.
[6] *Bear me hard, i.e.* dislike me. [7] *By*, beside.
[8] *Deliver*, declare to. [9] *Conceit*, conceive, consider.
[10] *Dearer*, more intensely. [11] *Bay'd*, brought to bay.
[12] *Sign'd*, marked, stained.
[13] *Lethe*, metaphorically for flowing blood.

[O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer strucken by many princes
Dost thou here lie!]

Cass. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.[1]

Cass. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compáct mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd[2] in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That 's all I seek;
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce[3] his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cass. [*Taking him aside*] Brutus, a word with you:—
You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. [*Aside to Cassius*] By your pardon;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death;
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cass. [*Aside to Brutus*] I know not what may fall;[4] I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do 't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*

Ant. [*Kneeling at the feet of Cæsar's body*]
O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue:—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war,
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;
And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
[With Até by his side come hot from hell,]
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc!"[5] and let slip the dogs of war;
That[6] this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men groaning for burial.—

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters and is coming;
And bid me say to you, by word of mouth—

[*Seeing the body.*

O Cæsar!— [*He is overcome with grief.*

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.

[1] *Cold modesty,* cool (dispassionate) moderation.
[2] *Prick'd,* marked, *i.e.* enlisted.
[3] *Produce,* bear forth.
[4] *Fall,* befall.
[5] *Havoc!* the old signal that no quarter was to be given.
[6] *That,* so that.

Passion,[1] I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome[2] of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*

Scene II. *The Forum.*

Shouts of Citizens heard within. Enter Brutus *and* Cassius, *and a throng of Citizens.*

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.[3]—
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally[4] we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the rostrum.*

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers![5] hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe; censure[6] me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced,[7] for which he suffered death.

Enter four Guards bearing Cæsar's *body on a bier,* Antony *and others.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

[*He descends from the rostrum.*

All. Live, Brutus, live! live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

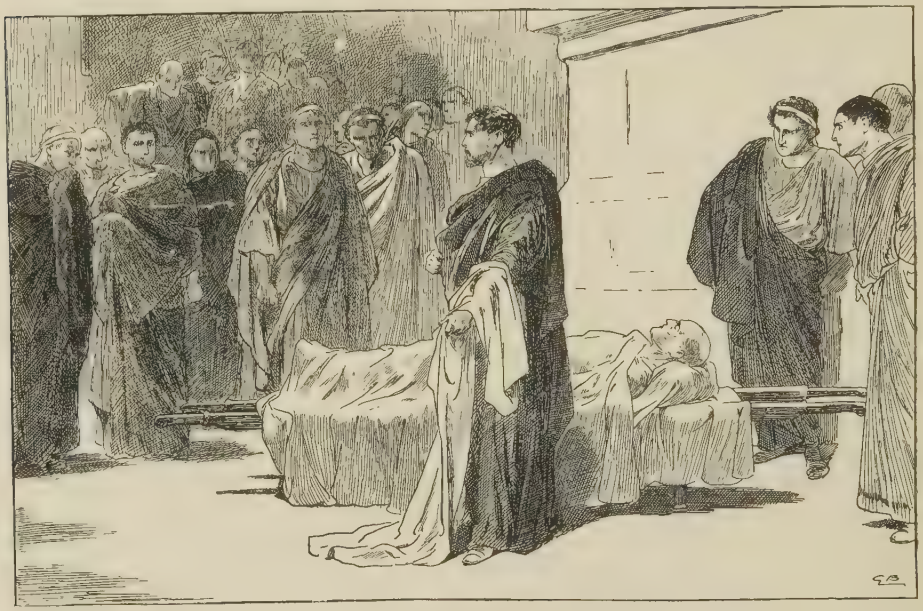
[1] *Passion,* emotion. [2] *Rome,* a play upon *room.*
[3] *Part the numbers,* divide the multitude.
[4] *Severally,* separately. [5] *Lovers,* friends.
[6] *Censure,* judge. [7] *Enforced,* exaggerated.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.
Bru. My countrymen,—
Sec. Cit. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.
First Cit. Peace, ho!
Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony;
Do grace[1] to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*
First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;[2]
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.
Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding[3] to you. [*He goes up into the rostrum.*
Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?
Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
Fourth Cit. 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.
Third Cit. Nay, that's certain;
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans,—
All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransom did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once,—not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar hath had great wrong.
Third Cit. Has he not, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.
Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 't is certain he was not ambitious.
First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.[4]
Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

[1] *Grace*, honour.
[2] *Public chair*, the rostrum or pulpit in the Forum.
[3] *Beholding*, beholden.
[4] *Dear abide it*, pay dearly for it.

I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 't is his will.
Let but the commons[1] hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds.
And dip their napkins[2] in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We 'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.



Ant. You all do know this mantle.—(Act iii. 2. 174.)

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it?

Fourth Cit. Read the will! we 'll hear it, Antony!
You shall read us the will! Cæsar's will!

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors! honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers! The will! Read the will!

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?

[1] *Commons*, common people, plebeians.
[2] *Napkins*, handkerchiefs.

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?
All. Come down.
Sec. Cit. Descend.
[*He comes down from the rostrum, and goes to the head of the body.*
Third Cit. You shall have leave.
Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.
First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.
Sec. Cit. Room for Antony!—most noble Antony!
Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far[1] off.
All. Stand back! room! bear back!
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day[2] he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd[3]
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:[4]
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint[5] of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.
First Cit. O piteous spectacle!
Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!
Third Cit. O woful day!
Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!
First Cit. O most bloody sight!
Sec. Cit. We will be reveng'd!
All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!
Ant. Stay, countrymen.
First Cit. Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.
Sec. Cit. We 'll hear him, we 'll follow him, we 'll die with him.
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable;—
What private griefs[6] they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
All. We 'll mutiny.
First Cit. We 'll burn the house of Brutus.
Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.
Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

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[1] *Far*, probably a contraction of *farther*.
[2] *That day*, on that day when.
[3] *Resolv'd*, satisfied.
[4] *Angel*, darling.
[5] *Dint*, impression.
[6] *Griefs*, grievances.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.
Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not!—I must tell you, then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of.
All. Most true;—the will!—let's stay, and hear the will.
Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal:—
[*Reading the scroll*] To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.[1]
Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.
Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!
Ant. Hear me with patience.

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him!—(Act iii. 3. 40.)

All. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,[2]
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?
First Cit. Never, never!—Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire[3] the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
Sec. Cit. Go, fetch fire.
Third Cit. Pluck down benches.
Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing. [*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*
Ant. Now let it work.—Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is he?
Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.
Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Serv. I heard him say Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
Ant. Belike[4] they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *Drachmas*, coins equal to about 9*d.* each.
[2] *Orchards*, gardens.
[3] *Fire*, metrically a dissyllable.
[4] *Belike*, probably.

[SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

Enter CINNA *the poet.*

Cinna. I dream'd to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?
Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?
Third Cit. Where do you dwell?
Fourth Cit. Are you a married man, or a bachelor?
Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.
First Cit. Ay, and briefly.
Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.
Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.
Cinna. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly:—Wisely, I say, I am a bachelor.
Sec. Cit. That 's as much as to say, they are fools that marry;—you 'll bear me a bang[1] for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.
Cinna. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.
First Cit. As a friend, or an enemy?
Cinna. As a friend.
Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.
Fourth Cit. For your dwelling,—briefly.
Cinna. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.
Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.
Cinna. Truly, my name is Cinna.
First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he 's a conspirator.
Cinna. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.
Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.
Cinna. I am not Cinna the conspirator.
Sec. Cit. It is no matter, his name 's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.[2]
Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away! go! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

[SCENE I. *Rome. A room in Antony's house.* ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS, *seated at a table.*

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.[3]
Oct. Your brother too must die: consent you, Lepidus?
Lep. I do consent,—
Oct. Prick him down, Antony.
Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.
Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.
Lep. What, shall I find you here?
Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol.
[*Exit Lepidus.*
Ant. This is a slight, unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands; is it fit,
The three-fold world divided,[4] he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die
In our black sentence and proscription.[5]
Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,[6]
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,

[1] *Bear me a bang,* get a blow from me.
[2] *Turn him going,* turn him adrift, send him packing.
[3] *Prick'd,* marked.
[4] *Divided,* being divided, when it is divided.
[5] *Proscription;* metrically four syllables.
[6] *Business;* here a trisyllable.

Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
And graze in commons.
Oct. You may do your will;
But he 's a tried and valiant soldier.
Ant. So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,—
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste,[1] is Lepidus but so:
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;—
A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,
But as a property.[2]—And now, Octavius,
Listen great things:—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers;[3] we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.
Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,[4]
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before the tent of Brutus, in the camp near Sardis.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, *and Soldiers;* PINDARUS *meeting them;* LUCIUS *at some distance.*

Bru. Stand, ho!
Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?
Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
[*Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus.*
Bru. He greets me well. — Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change,[5] or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone; but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard[6] and honour.
Bru. He is not doubted. [*Exit Pindarus.*] —A word, Lucilius:
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.[7]
Lucil. With courtesy, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,[8]
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.
Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,[9]
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,
But when they should endure the bloody spur
They fall[10] their crests, and like deceitful jades
Sink in the trial. [*Distant trumpets heard.*]
Comes his army on?
Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.
[*Trumpets sound nearer.*
Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd.—
March gently on to meet him.
Cass. [*Without*] Stand, ho!

Enter CASSIUS *and Soldiers.*

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
First Sold. Stand!
Sec. Sold. Stand!
Third Sold. Stand!
Cass. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

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[1] *Taste*, measure, degree.
[2] *A property*, a thing to be used as we please.
[3] *Powers*, forces.
[4] *At the stake*, like a wild beast tied to a stake, to be baited by dogs.
[5] *In his own change*, because of some change in himself.
[6] *Full of regard*, worthy of all regard.
[7] *Resolv'd*, informed.
[8] *Familiar instances*, proofs or manifestations of familiarity.
[9] *Hot at hand*, spirited when held in.
[10] *Fall*, let fall.

Bru. Judge me, ye gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cass. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—
Bru. Cassius, be content;[1]
Speak your griefs[2] softly, — I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge[3] your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
Cass. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Lucilius and Titinius, guard our door.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Within the tent of Brutus.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Cass. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted[4] Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.[5]
Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cass. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice[6] offence should bear his comment.[7]
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have[8] an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cass. I an itching palm!
[*Half draws his sword.*

You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cass. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers,—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cass. Brutus, bay not me;
I 'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.[9]
Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cass. I am.
Bru. I say you are not.
Cass. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cass. Is 't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
[*Cassius advances angrily, as if going to speak.*
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cass. O ye gods, ye gods! [*Cassius paces agitatedly to and fro.*] Must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe[10] you? Must I stand and crouch

[1] *Content*, quiet, calm.
[2] *Griefs*, grievances.
[3] *Enlarge*, state fully.
[4] *Noted*, stigmatized.
[5] *Slighted off*, treated slightingly, disregarded.
[6] *Nice*, petty, trifling.
[7] *Bear his comment*, receive its criticism.
[8] *To have*, for having.
[9] *Conditions*, the terms on which offices are to be conferred.
[10] *Observe*, be obsequious to.

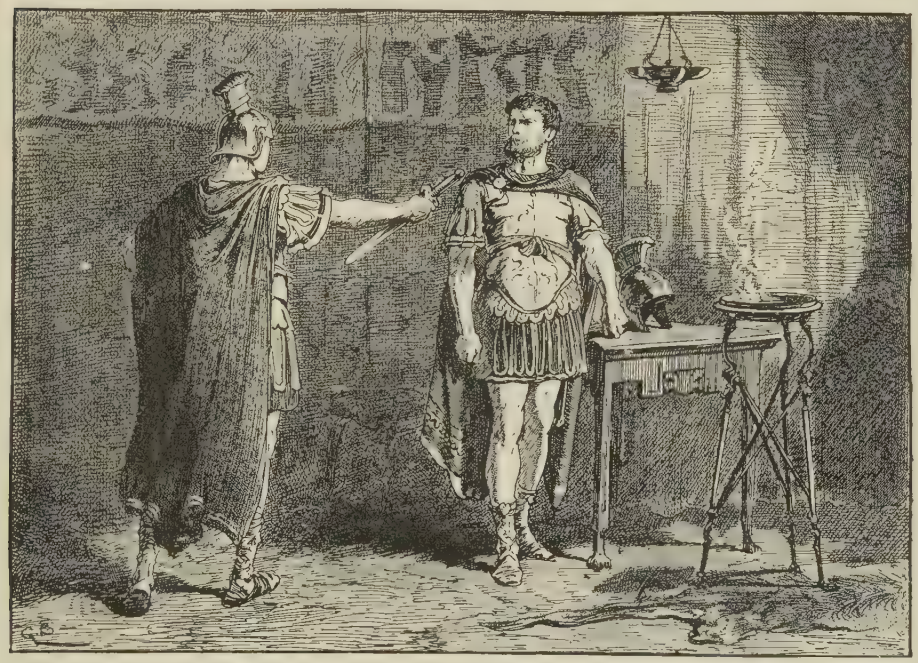
Under your testy humour? [*Cassius stops, restraining himself with great effort.*] By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I 'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cass. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cass. [*Calmly*] You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cass. When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have mov'd me.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cass. I durst not?
Bru. No.
Cass. What? durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cass. [*Suppressing his anger by a great effort*] Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection.[1]—I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?

[1] *Indirection*, dishonesty.

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters[2] from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!
Cass. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cass. I did not:—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart;
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cass. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cass. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cass. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius!
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his brother,
Check'd[3] like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! — There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus'[4] mine, richer than gold:
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.
Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.[5]
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced,[6] shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.

[2] *Counters*, pieces of metal used in casting accounts; here used contemptuously for money.
[3] *Check'd*, chided, reproved.
[4] *Plutus*, the Roman god of wealth.
[5] *Shall be humour*, shall be regarded as mere caprice.
[6] *Enforced*, struck forcibly.

Cass. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Cass. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. [*Embracing him.*] And my heart too.
Cass. O Brutus!—
Bru. What 's the matter?
Cass. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?



Cass. There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast.—(Act iv. 3. 100, 101.)

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so. [*Noise within.*
[*Poet.* [*Within*] Let me go in to see the generals:
There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet
They be alone.
Lucil. [*Within*] You shall not come to them.
Poet. [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.]

Enter [*Poet, followed by*] LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.

[*Cass.* How now? What 's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals! What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I 'm sure, than ye.
Cass. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah! saucy fellow, hence!

Cass. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.[1]
Bru. I 'll know his humour when he knows his time.
What should the wars do with these jigging[2] fools!—
Companion,[3] hence!
Cass. Away! away! be gone!
[*Exit Poet.*]
Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cass. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,
Immediately to us.
[*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*
Bru. Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

A bowl of wine.
[*Exit Lucius.*
Cass. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs!
Cass. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place[4] to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.
Cass. Ha! Portia?
Bru. She is dead.
Cass. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—
O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came.—With this she fell distract;[5]
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
Cass. And died so?
Bru. Even so.
Cass. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, *with a jar of wine, a goblet, and a taper.*

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine.— [*Taking the goblet.*
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.
[*Drinks.*
Cass. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.
[*Drinks. Exit Lucius.*

Enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius. — Welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question[6] our necessities.
[*Titinius and Messala sit.*
Cass. [*Aside*] Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.—
[*Brutus and Cassius sit at the table.*
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,[7]
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Mess. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.
Bru. With what addition?
Mess. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cass. Cicero one?
Mess. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.[8]—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala.
Mess. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mess. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

[1] *Fashion;* here a trisyllable. [2] *Jigging,* rhyming.
[3] *Companion;* used contemptuously=*fellow.*
[4] *Give place,* give way.
[5] *Fell distract,* became distracted.
[6] *Call in question,* consider, discuss.
[7] *Power,* force, army.
[8] *Proscription,* pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

Mess. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mess. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell;
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. [*All rise and advance.*] We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mess. Even so great men great losses should endure.
Cass. I have as much of this in art[1] as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive.[2] What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?[3]
Cass. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cass. This it is:
'T is better that the enemy seek us;
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we lying still
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
Bru. Good reasons must, of force,[4] give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added,[5] and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cass. Hear me, good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted,[6] all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
Cass. Then, with your will, go on;
We 'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?
Cass. No more. Good night!
Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.
Bru. Lucius, my gown.—[*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell, good Messala!—
Good night, Titinius!—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose!
Cass. O my dear brother!
[*Embracing Brutus.*
This was an ill beginning of the night;
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Enter LUCIUS, *with the gown.*

Bru. Every thing is well.
Cass. Good night, my lord!
Bru. Good night, good brother!
Tit., Mess. Good night, Lord Brutus!
Bru. Farewell, every one!—
[*Exeunt Cassius, Titinius, and Messala.*
Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Luc. Here, in the tent.
[*Goes for his lute, and returns.*
Bru. What! thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave,[7] I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.[8]
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I 'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent
Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

[1] *Art*, theory.
[2] *Alive*, connected with the living, not the dead.
[3] *Presently*, immediately.
[4] *Of force*, of necessity.
[5] *New-added*, reinforced.
[6] *Omitted*, neglected.
[7] *Knave*, boy.
[8] *O'erwatch'd*, worn out with watching.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.—
Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
[*Servants lie down.*
Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy; I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.
Bru. It does, my boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Bru. Ha! who comes here?—(Act iv. 3. 275.)

Luc. It is my duty, sir.
Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.
Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee.—
[*Lucius sits, and begins to play, but soon falls asleep.*
This is a sleepy tune.—O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace[1] upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument:
I'll take it from thee [*Takes lute from Lucius and lays it down*]; and, good boy, good night.—
Let me see, let me see;—is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
[*He sits down.*

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How will this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.[2]
[*Ghost approaches.*

[1] *Mace*, club.

[2] *Apparition*; metrically five syllables.

It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?[1]
Speak to me what thou art.
Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Bru. Why com'st thou?
Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.
[*Ghost vanishes.*
Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
[Claudius!
Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.
Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake!]
Luc. [*Advancing*] My lord!
Bru. [Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?
Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes, that thou didst.] Didst thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing, my lord.
Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake!
Var. My lord!
Clau. My lord! [*Both advance.*
Bru. Why did you cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Var., Clau. Did we, my lord?
Bru. Ay; saw you any thing?
Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my lord.
Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers[2] betimes before,
And we will follow.
Var., Clau. It shall be done, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Scene I. *The plains of Philippi.*

Enter Octavius, Antony, *and their army.*

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions.
It proves not so: their battles[3] are at hand;
They mean to warn[4] us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut! I am in their bosoms,[5] and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places, and come down
With fearful bravery,[6] thinking by this face[7]
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 't is not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your battle[8] softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?[9]
Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.
[*March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, *and their army;* Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, *and others.*

Bru. They stand and would have parley.
[*Cass.* Stand fast, Titinius; we must out and talk.
Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

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[1] *Stare*, stand up.
[2] *Set on his powers*, move forward his forces.
[3] *Battles*, battalions, forces.
[4] *Warn*, summon, attack.
[5] *Bosoms*, confidence.
[6] *With fearful bravery*, with a show of courage though full of fear.
[7] *Face*, appearance.
[8] *Battle*, army.
[9] *Exigent*, exigency.

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.[1]

Make forth;[2] the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows; is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words;

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, "Long live! Hail, Cæsar!"

Cass. Antony,
The posture[3] of your blows are yet unknown;

Octavius, Antony, and their army.—(Act v. 1.)

But for your words, they rob the Hybla[4] bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar;
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cass. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself;
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause;[5] if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it[6] will turn to redder drops.
Look—
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?[7]—
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

1 *On their charge*, when they attack us.
2 *Make forth*, go forward.
3 *Posture*, character, direction.
4 *Hybla*, in Sicily, was famous for its honey.
5 *The cause*, let us to business.
6 *The proof of it*, the practical application or enforcement of it.
7 *Up again*, back to its sheath.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,[1]
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourably.
Cass. A peevish[2] schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!
Ant. Old Cassius still!
Oct. Come, Antony; away!—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.[3]
[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.*
Cass. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
[*Bru.* Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.
Lucil. My lord!
[*Brutus and Lucilius talk apart.*
Cass. Messala!
Mess. What says my general?
Cass. Messala,
This is my birthday; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala;
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was,[4] am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion; now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former[5] ensign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mess. Believe not so.
Cass. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.
Bru. Even so, Lucilius.[6]
Cass.] Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may.
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,[7]
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together;
What are you then determined to do?
Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself. I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent[8]
The time of life,—arming myself with patience
To stay[9] the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.
Cass. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough[10] the streets of Rome?
Bru. No, Cassius, no! think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take;
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.
Cass. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 't is true, this parting was well made.
Bru. Why, then lead on.—O that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. — Come, ho! away! [*Flourish of trumpets. Exeunt.*

[1] *Strain*, race, stock.
[2] *Peevish*, foolish.
[3] *Stomachs*, appetites.
[4] *As Pompey was*, *i.e.* at Pharsalia.
[5] *Former*, foremost, forward.
[6] *Even so, Lucilius*, indicating the close of the private conversation.
[7] *Incertain*=*uncertain*.
[8] *Prevent*, anticipate.
[9] *Stay*, await.
[10] *Thorough*, through.

[SCENE II. *The field of battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS *and* MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills[1]
Unto the legions on the other side.
[*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push[2] gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums, drums, trumpets, and shouts. Enter CASSIUS *with an eagle in his hand, and* TITINIUS.

Cass. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it[3] from him.
Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.
[*Alarums, drums, and shouts.*

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off!
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far[4] off!
Cass. This hill is far enough. [*Gives ensign to Pindarus.*]—Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Cass. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.
[*Exit.*

Cass. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—
[*Pindarus goes up.*
This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?
Pin. [*Above*] O my lord!
Cass. What news?
Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen that make to him on the spur;—
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him;—
Now, Titinius!—
Now some light.—O, he lights too.—He 's ta'en;—and, hark!
They shout for joy.
[*Distant shouts and flourish of trumpets.*
Cass. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!—

PINDARUS *comes down.*

Come hither, sirrah!
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;[5]
And, when my face is cover'd, as 't is now,
Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus takes the sword, and Cassius runs upon it: he falls.*]
Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*
Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will.—O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.
[*Exit. Alarums.*

[1] *Bills*, written orders. [2] *Push*, onset, charge.
[3] *It, i.e.* the ensign, or standard, implied in *ensign*, or standard-bearer. [4] *Far*, farther.
[5] *Hilts, i.e.* the sword by the hilt.

Enter TITINIUS, *with a laurel crown on his head, and* MESSALA.

Mess. It is but change,[1] Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
Mess. Where did you leave him?
Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Mess. [*Seeing Cassius' body*] Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
[*Mess.* Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!

Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about.—(Act v. 3. 23.)

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,[2]
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!]
Mistrust of my success[3] hath done this deed.
[*Mess.* Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.
Tit.] What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?
Mess. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears; [—I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenoméd
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.]
Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.—
[*Exit Messala.*
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,

1 *Change*, alternation of fortune.
2 *To night*, that is, into night, or darkness.
3 *Success*, used in its neutral sense, referring to the *issue* whether good or bad.

And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas! thou hast misconstrued every thing!
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part;
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.
[*Dies.*

Alarum. Enter MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Mess. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In[1] our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. — Friends, I owe moe[2] tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;
His funerals[3] shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
[Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:—]
'T is three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then BRUTUS, *young* CATO, LUCILIUS, *and others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!
Cato. What bastard doth not! Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:—
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
[*Charges the enemy.*
Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!
[*Exit, charging the enemy. Cato is overpowered, and falls.*
Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.
First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.
Lucil. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that[4] thou wilt kill me straight; [*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
First Sold. We must not.—A noble prisoner!
Sec. Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
First Sold. I 'll tell the news.—Here comes the general.—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough.
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus;
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness; I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead,
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanc'd.
[*Flourish of trumpets. Exeunt.*

[1] *In*, into. [2] *Moe*, more. [3] *Funerals* = modern funeral. [4] *That*, on condition that.

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—
[*Whispering.*

Cli. What! I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then! no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

[*Bru.* Hark thee, Dardanius!
[*Whispers him.*

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That[1] it runs over even at his eyes.]

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night,—at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
[*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarums still.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—
[Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.]—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history.
Night hangs upon my eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within,* "Fly, fly, fly!"

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly!

Bru. Hence, I will follow.—
[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;[2]
Thy life hath had some smatch[3] of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first; fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still;
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.
[*He runs on his sword and dies.*

Alarums. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and the army.*

Oct. What man is that?

Mess. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

---

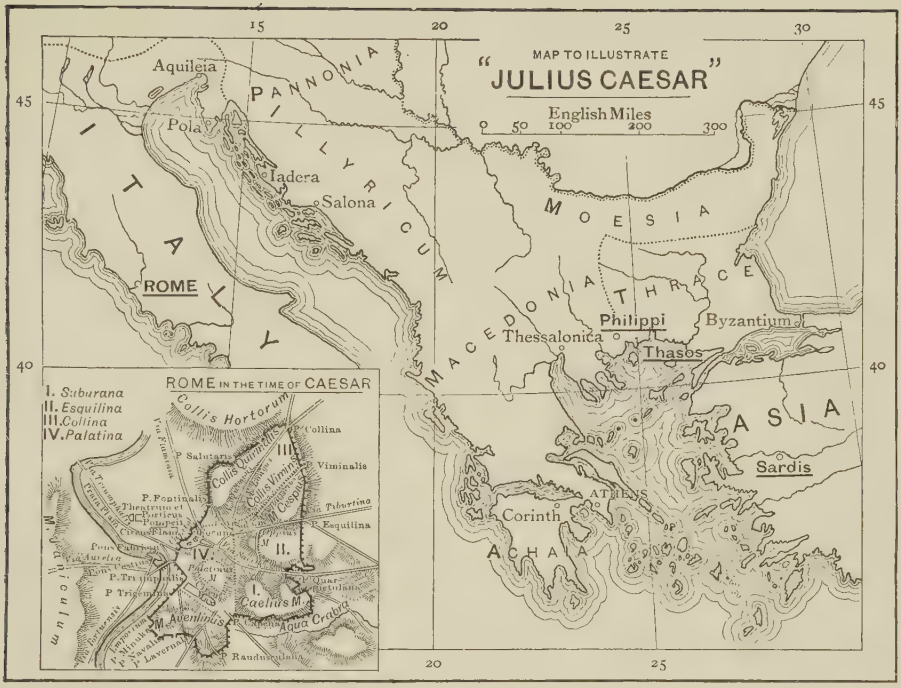
[1] *That*, so that.

[2] *Respect*, reputation, estimation.

[3] *Smatch*, smack, taste.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.
Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain[1] them.
[Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer[2] me to you.
Oct. Do so, good Messala.
Mess. How died my master, Strato?
Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Mess. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.]
Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all.
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"
Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honourably.—
So, call the field[3] to rest, and let's away,
To part[4] the glories of this happy day.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *Entertain*, take into service. [2] *Prefer*, recommend. [3] *Field*, army. [4] *Part*, divide, share.



NOTES TO JULIUS CÆSAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR was born in July, 100 B.C. He belonged to the Julian family (*Julia gens*), one of the most ancient in Rome. Through the influence of Marius, who had married his aunt, he was made a priest of Jupiter when a mere boy. In 83 B.C. he married Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna, which offended Sulla, who proscribed him when he refused to divorce his wife. After being in concealment for some time in the Sabine country he was pardoned by Sulla, who is reported to have said of him, "In that boy there are many Mariuses." Soon after, Cæsar went to Nicomedes, king of Bithynia, and subsequently won distinction in the Roman campaign in Cilicia. About 76 B.C., while on his way to Rhodes to study oratory under Apollonius Molo, he was captured by pirates, and detained until his friends could ransom him. This done, he manned a Milesian fleet, pursued and took the pirates, and crucified them, as he had threatened while with them, though they supposed it to be a jest. In 68 B.C. he was elected quæstor at Rome. The same year his wife died, and in 67 B.C. he married Pompeia, a relative of Pompey and grand-daughter of Sulla. He became ædile in 65 B.C., and gained great favour with the people by the magnificence of the public games he instituted. In 64 B.C. he was chosen Pontifex Maximus. The next year the conspiracy of Catiline occurred, and being suspected of complicity in it he narrowly escaped sharing the fate of its leaders. Becoming prætor in 62 B.C. he was sent a year later as proprætor to Spain, where his military successes led to his being called *imperator* by the army. He was chosen one of the consuls in 60 B.C., and to strengthen his influence with Pompey gave him his daughter Julia in marriage. He also formed a secret alliance with Pompey and Crassus, known as the first triumvirate. Soon after the government of Gaul was decreed to him for five years, and in 58 B.C. his famous Gallic campaigns began. In two years he had subdued the Helvetii, the German Ariovistus, and the Belgic tribes. In 56 B.C. he overran and conquered nearly all the rest of Gaul; and in 55 he destroyed two German tribes that had tried to establish themselves in the province. He also bridged the Rhine and carried the war into the German territory. The same year he invaded Britain, and a year later made further conquests in the island. The next few years, to 51 B.C.,

were spent in quelling formidable insurrections and otherwise completing the pacification of Gaul. Meanwhile his daughter who married Pompey had died, and a coldness and jealousy had sprung up between the generals. In 50 B.C. the senate, influenced by his enemies, required him to disband his army. This he determined not to do, and being supported by his soldiers he crossed the Rubicon and began his triumphant progress to Rome, while Pompey, the consuls, and most of the senate fled towards Capua. Pompey, closely pursued by Cæsar, kept on to Brundisium, and escaped into Greece. Cæsar, unable to follow for want of ships, turned to Spain, where the lieutenants of Pompey had a formidable army. Completing the conquest of the country in forty days, and reducing Massilia also, he returned to Rome, where he had already been declared dictator. After many difficulties and delays he managed to get an army across into Greece, and encountered Pompey at Dyrrachium, where he was repulsed with some loss, and withdrew to Thessaly, pursued by his rival. The battle of Pharsalia followed, with the defeat of Pompey and his flight to Egypt, where he was treacherously murdered. Cæsar, having followed him to Egypt, was captivated by Cleopatra, and established her upon the throne to which her elder brother had been a claimant. He then marched against Pharnaces, king of Pontus, and defeated him near Zela, sending to the senate the famous despatch, *Veni, vidi, vici.* Returning to Rome in September, 47 B.C., he set out that same year for Africa, where he routed the Pompeian forces under Scipio at Thapsus. He now came back to Rome master of the world, but was soon called into Spain, where the sons of Pompey had gathered a powerful army, which, after a very severe action at Munda, he utterly defeated. This was the last of Cæsar's wars, and he henceforth devoted himself to the interests of his country and the world, reforming the calendar, enacting salutary laws, and carrying out great public improvements. The senate had made him *imperator* for life, as well as dictator and *præfectus morum;* and he was already pontifex maximus, or head officer of the religion of the state. Having no legitimate children, he adopted his grand-nephew Octavius as his successor and inheritor of his name.

At this point in his history the play begins, and the rest is told better by Shakespeare than this concise sketch can give it. The assassination occurred on the Ides of March, 44 B.C., in the fifty-sixth year of Cæsar's age.

2. OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, or Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus, as he was named when he became the heir of Julius Cæsar, was born at Velitræ, near Rome, 63 B.C. He was the son of Caius Octavius and Atia, daughter of Cæsar's sister Julia. At the age of twelve he pronounced a funeral oration in praise of his grandmother Julia, and at sixteen assumed the *toga virilis.* Being adopted by Julius Cæsar, he went with him to Spain in 45 B.C. When Cæsar was assassinated he was pursuing his studies at Apollonia, whence he returned to Rome to claim his inheritance. He found a rival in Antony, but in 43 B.C. defeated him near Mutina (Modena) in Cisalpine Gaul. The senate, jealous of his growing power, transferred the command of his army to Decimus Brutus; but he marched to Rome, was elected consul before he had reached the legal age, and formed the triumvirate with Antony and Lepidus against Marcus Brutus and the other republicans. Then followed the events of the play, ending with the battle of Philippi, 42 B.C. Octavius and Antony soon quarrelled, but after a feigned reconciliation combined their forces against Sextus Pompey, over whom Octavius gained a decisive victory (36 B.C.) while Antony was warring in the East or dallying with Cleopatra in Egypt. Meanwhile Octavius was establishing his power in Italy; and Antony's infatuation with Cleopatra and his neglect of Octavia (sister of Octavius) led to a final and irreconcilable breach with Antony and the war which ended in his ruin at Actium, 31 B.C. Octavius was now sole master of the Roman empire, and, after being several times elected as consul, received the title of Augustus from the senate in 27 B.C. Four years later he accepted the *tribunitia potestas* for life, and held it until his death, in August, 14 A.D. Of the glories of this reign it is unnecessary to add any detailed account here.

3. MARCUS ANTONIUS, born about 83 B.C., was noted in his early years for his extravagance and dissipation. For a time he was a lieutenant of Cæsar in his Gallic campaigns, and in January, 49 B.C., was intrusted by him on his departure for Spain with the command of his forces in Italy. He did good service, and later commanded the left wing of Cæsar's army at Pharsalia. When Cæsar became dictator, in 47, Antony was made master of the horse; and in 44 he was colleague of Cæsar in the consulship. His career after the death of Cæsar is sketched in the preceding notice of Octavius, and Shakespeare fills out the outline in the present play and in Antony and Cleopatra. After the battle of Actium Antony retreated to Alexandria, where he killed himself in 30 B.C.

4. MARCUS JUNIUS BRUTUS was born 80 B.C. Cato Uticensis was his maternal uncle, and became his father-in-law. In the civil wars Brutus sided with Pompey; but after the battle of Pharsalia he became the intimate friend of Cæsar. The remainder of his history is included in the play. His death by his own hand occurred in 36 B.C.

5. CAIUS CASSIUS LONGINUS showed his early zeal for liberty at school, where he struck Faustus, the son of Sulla, for boasting of his father's absolute power. He married a sister of his friend Brutus. He was quæstor under Crassus in the disastrous expedition against the Parthians in 53 B.C., and saved the remnant of the army by a skilful retreat. Later he defeated the Parthians in Syria. He commanded a fleet for Pompey, and surrendered to Cæsar after the battle of Pharsalia. His connection with the conspiracy against Cæsar and his subsequent fortunes are related in the play.

6. CALPURNIA was the daughter of Lucius Calpurnius Piso, who was consul in 58 B.C. She was married to Cæsar in 59 B.C., and was his fourth wife; the other three being Cossutia, Cornelia, and Pompeia. Little else is known of her history beyond what Plutarch narrates and Shakespeare incorporates in the play.

7. PORTIA (or PORCIA, as the name is also spelt) was the daughter of Cato and the wife of Brutus. Plutarch is

the chief authority for the details of her life, and most of these have been made use of by the dramatist.

8. PUBLIUS SERVILIUS CASCA. Of this character we know little except that he was tribune of the people at the time he joined the conspiracy against Cæsar, that he fought at Philippi, and that he died soon after the battle.

9. CAIUS TREBONIUS had been a tribune of the people in 55 B.C., and was also one of Cæsar's legates in Gaul. He was elected city prætor in 48 and consul in 45 B.C. He took part in the conspiracy, as described in the play; and in 43 B.C. he was killed at Smyrna by Dolabella.

10. QUINTUS LIGARIUS fought for Pompey in the civil war, and after Pharsalia he renewed the war against Cæsar in Africa. He was pardoned by the victor, but forbidden to enter Italy. His friends endeavoured to have the sentence reversed, but, being opposed by Tubero, engaged the services of Cicero, who pronounced a well-known oration (*Pro Ligario*) in his behalf. According to Plutarch, Cæsar had resolved to give decision against Ligarius, but was led by the eloquence of Cicero to pardon him. He showed his gratitude by conspiring against his benefactor, as represented by Shakespeare.

11. DECIMUS JUNIUS BRUTUS (the *Decius Brutus* of the play) had served under Cæsar in Gaul, and been commander of his cavalry. He was slain in 33 B.C. by Camillus, a Gaul, to whom he had fled for refuge, and who was greatly indebted to him for former favours, and his head was sent to Antony.

12. LUCIUS TILLIUS CIMBER (the *Metellus Cimber* of the play) was a partisan of Cæsar in the civil war, but turned against him subsequently and became one of his assassins.

13. LUCIUS CORNELIUS CINNA was a son of the more famous Roman of the same name. He was a brother-in-law of Cæsar, and a son-in-law of Pompey. He was prætor in 44 B.C., when he entered into the conspiracy.

14. CAIUS HELVIUS CINNA, who, according to Plutarch, was killed by the mob because he was mistaken for the conspirator, was a poet of no mean order, if we may judge of him by the tributes of his contemporaries and the few fragments of his works that have come down to us. He was a companion and friend of Catullus, and is supposed to be the Cinna of Virgil's ninth Eclogue.

15. The CICERO of the play is of course the great orator (106–43 B.C.), but the slight part he performs calls for no extended account of him here.

16. The young CATO was a son of Cato Uticensis and brother of Portia.

Of the other characters in the play little or nothing is known except what Plutarch tells us in the passages quoted from North's translation below. Most of them owe the preservation of their names to their connection with the fate of the great Dictator.

ACT I. Scene 1.

17. Line 3: *Being* MECHANICAL.—Shakespeare uses this word as a substantive in Mids. Night's Dream, iii. 2. 9:

A crew of patches, rude *mechanicals;*

and in II. Henry VI. i. 3. 196:

Base dunghill villain and *mechanical.*

Shakespeare uses the substantive *mechanic* only once, in Coriolanus, v. 3. 83, and he uses the adjective = belonging to the class of workmen, in Henry V. i. 2. 200, and in Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 4. 32; v. 2. 209. He never uses either the substantive or adjective in what may be called, more or less, its scientific sense. Much stress has been laid by some commentators upon the anti-democratic tone of Shakespeare in his plays; and, indeed, this feature of his writings has been used as an argument that the plays must have been written by some one who belonged to the aristocratic class: these persons would probably point out with triumph that Shakespeare never uses the word *mechanical* or *mechanic* except in a contemptuous sense, as will be seen from the quotations and references given above. But, on the other hand, we must not forget that Shakespeare was, above all things, a dramatist; and, in every instance that he has used either *mechanical* or *mechanic*, he has put the word into the mouths of persons who would naturally despise the working-classes. For the unreasoning mob, always ready to be led by the nose by any demagogue, Shakespeare undoubtedly had an honest contempt; and students of human nature will find that this contempt is just as strong amongst our middle class as it was in Shakespeare's day. That Shakespeare had any lack of sympathy with the honest and industrious poor, or that he was wanting in love of true liberty, no one who reads his plays intelligently can for a moment imagine.—F. A. M.

18. Lines 4, 5:

without the SIGN
OF YOUR PROFESSION.

On this passage Mr. Aldis Wright has the following note: "It is more likely Shakespeare had in his mind a custom of his own time than any sumptuary laws of the Romans" (Clarendon Press ed. p. 82). It is evident that there is no reference here to the mediæval guilds; as the next speech but one, that of Marullus, shows us that what the tribune meant was not that the mechanics should wear any special badge or *sign*, but merely the usual working dress of their trade or occupation; in short, that they had no right to be in holiday attire, or, as we should say, in their Sunday clothes, on a working day.—F. A. M.

19. Line 11: *a* COBBLER.—He puts his answer in such a way as to suggest the meaning of a clumsy workman rather than a mender of shoes, and for some time the tribune does not perceive the quibble.

20. Line 14: *a mender of bad* SOLES.—We have a similar play upon *sole* in the Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 123:

Not on thy *sole*, but on thy *soul*, harsh Jew.

21. Line 15: *What trade, thou knave?*—In the Ff. this speech is given to *Flavius;* but the reply, "Mend *me*," shows that it belongs to *Marullus.*

22. Line 16: *be not* OUT, &c.—The play upon *out with* (angry with) and *out* (at toes or heels) is obvious enough, though Marullus does not see it.

23. Lines 24–27: *all that I live by is with the awl. I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but* WITH ALL. *I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes.*

—F. 1 reads thus: "all that I liue by, is with the *Aule:* I meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womens matters; but *withal* I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shooes;" a reading which, to my mind, is utterly indefensible. It is quite clear that there is a pun intended on *with awl* and *with all;* but that the full stop or colon has been omitted in the Folio, and that *withal* is a misprint for *with all.* If *withal* be joined on to the following sentence, I cannot see what possible meaning it can have. The actor, in speaking the words, *must* pause after *withal;* and therefore it would show a most foolish and pedantic adherence to the old text if the very slight alteration adopted by nearly all modern editors were rejected. As to the question of printing "with *awl*," or "with *all*," that is a matter of no importance. To the ear the pun is clear enough, and that is the great point to be considered. Many instances might be noticed of this excessively primeval and obvious play upon words; in fact, I believe that no one, who has ever been guilty of a pun at all, has failed to make this one.—F. A. M.

24. Lines 28, 29: *As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather.*—This expression was proverbial. In The Tempest (ii. 2. 62, 73) the drunken Stephano cuts it in two, and mixes the halves up with other familiar phrases: "*As proper a man as ever* went on four legs;" and "any emperor that ever *trod on neat's leather.*"

25. Line 36: *his triumph.*—This was Cæsar's fifth and last triumph, celebrated in honour of his defeat of the sons of Pompey in Spain, at the battle of Munda, March 17th, B.C. 45.

26. Line 47: *To see great Pompey* PASS THE STREETS *of Rome.*—For a similar elliptical use of the verb *to pass* compare King John, v. 6. 40: "*Passing* these flats;" and Richard III. i. 4. 45:

> I *pass'd*, methought, the melancholy flood.

Rolfe very aptly quotes a parallel expression, Antony and Cleopatra, i. 4. 20, "To *reel the streets* at noon."

27. Line 50: *Tiber trembled underneath* HER *banks.*—A Roman would have said "*his* banks;" but there is no ground for changing the gender either here or in i. 2. 101 below, as some editors have done. Shakespeare undoubtedly wrote *her* in both passages.

28. Line 56: *That comes in triumph over Pompey's* BLOOD.—That is, "over Pompey's *offspring;*" not, as might be supposed, over Pompey's death or murder. The elder of Pompey's sons, Cnæus Pompey, was slain after the battle of Munda; but there is no specific reference to that fact in the present passage. *Blood,* in the sense of *relations by blood,* or lineal descent, is often used by Shakespeare. Compare Richard II. i. 3. 57, 58:

> Farewell, my *blood;* which if to-day thou shed,
> Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

[This certainly seems to me rather a strained interpretation of the text. "Pompey's *blood*" may be equivalent here to "Pompey's *blood relations;*" but I can only find two passages, besides the one quoted, where *blood* is used by Shakespeare to signify "relations by *blood*," and not merely "relationship." In the passage from Richard II., quoted above, King Richard is addressing Hereford, and it is evident that *blood* is there used in a double sense. In I. Henry VI. iv. 5. 16, 17, John Talbot says to his father:

> The world will say, he is not Talbot's *blood,*
> That basely fled when noble Talbot stood;

where the expression is simply elliptical = *of Talbot's blood,* though there it might be taken to mean "offspring." The remaining passage is in Richard III. ii. 4. 61–63:

> themselves, the conquerors,
> Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
> *Blood* to *blood,* self against self;

where blood certainly means *blood relationship.* As for *blood* being equivalent to "blood-shed," we may quote Macbeth, iii. 4. 126: "The secret'st man of *blood.*"—F. A. M.]

29. Line 66: *See* WHETHER.—The Ff. print *where,* as in v. 4 30 below, and some modern editors have *whe'r* or *whēr;* but *whether* is equally common in the early editions when the word is metrically equivalent to a monosyllable (as in ii. 1. 194 below), and, in our day, it had better be read or recited as a dissyllable in all cases. The unaccented extra syllable is common enough in Shakespeare's verse.

30. Line 72: *the feast of* LUPERCAL.—The *Lupercal* was a cavern in the Palatine Hill, sacred to the old Italian god *Lupercus,* who came to be identified with Pan. Virgil refers to it in the Æneid, viii. 344:

> sub rupe *Lupercal*
> Parrhasio dictum Panos de more Lycæi.

Here the feast of the *Lupercalia* was annually celebrated in February. After certain rites and sacrifices, the *Luperci,* or priests of Lupercus, ran through the city, wearing only a goat-skin cincture, and striking with thongs of leather all whom they met. This symbolized a purification of the land and the people. The day of the ceremony was called *dies februata* (from *februo,* purify), and the month *Februarius.*

31. Line 78: *fly an ordinary* PITCH.—For *pitch* as a technical term of falconry compare I Henry VI. ii. 4. 11:

> Between two hawks, which flies the higher *pitch;*

and for its metaphorical use, as here, Richard II. i. 1. 109:

> How high a *pitch* his resolution soars!

ACT I. Scene 2.

32. Line 4: *When he doth* RUN HIS COURSE.—Compare North's Plutarch[1] (Life of Cæsar): "At that time the feast Lupercalia was celebrated, the which in old time men say was the feast of shepherds or herdmen, and is much like unto the feast of Lycæans in Arcadia. But, howsoever it is, that day there are divers noble men's sons, young men, (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern then), which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs, hair and all on, to make them give place. And many noblewomen and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and do put forth their

[1] For the convenience of the reader we have taken the references from Skeat's Shakespeare's Plutarch, as the text from North's Plutarch contained therein is a most careful collation of all the best editions of that book.

hands to be stricken, as scholars hold them out to their schoolmaster to be stricken with the ferula; persuading themselves that, being with child, they shall have good delivery; and so, being barren, that it will make them to conceive with child. . . . Antonius, who was Consul at that time, was one of them that ran this holy course" (pp. 95, 96).

33. Line 19: *the* IDES *of March.*—In the Roman calendar the Ides fell on the 15th of March, May, July, and October, and on the 13th of the other months.

34. Line 29: *that quick spirit that is in Antony.*—Similar references to Antony's reputation for levity and profligacy (*e.g.* below, ii. 1. 188, 189) are skilfully introduced by the dramatist, to make the contrast of his behaviour after the death of Cæsar more impressive.

35. Line 39: MERELY *upon myself.*—This emphatic sense of *merely* and the adjective *mere* is common in Elizabethan writers, but it has sometimes been a stumbling-block to editors. For example, Bacon in his 58th Essay (Of Vicissitude of Things) remarks: "As for conflagrations and great draughts, they do not *merely* dispeople and destroy" (that is, do not *entirely* do so); but Montague, Whately, and others, mistaking and perverting the meaning, have changed "*and* destroy" to "*but* destroy." Compare Hamlet, i. 2. 135–137:

> O, fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
> That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
> Possess it *merely*.

36. Line 42: *Which give some soil, perhaps, to my* BEHAVIOURS.—There is no reason for suspecting the plural to be a misprint. Compare Much Ado, ii. 3. 8: "seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his *behaviours* to love;" and again, in line 100 of the same scene: "whom she hath in all outward *behaviours* seemed ever to abhor." Shakespeare uses the plural in five other passages, but more frequently the singular.

37. Line 52: *for the eye sees not itself,* &c.—Compare Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 105, 106:

> nor doth the *eye* itself,
> That most pure spirit of sense, *behold itself.*

Steevens quotes Sir John Davies, Nosce Teipsum, 1599:

> the mind is like the *eye*,
> . . . . . .
> *Not seeing itself*, when other things it sees.

[It may be worth noting that there is a curious optical experiment, by means of which *the eye* may be said *to see itself*. If in a darkened room, against any level plain-coloured surface (such as a drawn blind or a distempered wall), a lighted candle be waved *vertically* in front of the eye, you will presently see, projected on the plain surface behind the candle, a map of the interior of the eye, somewhat magnified, in which the small blood-vessels and a dark cavity, representing the pupil of the eye, can be clearly distinguished.—F. A. M.]

38. Line 53: *But by reflection by some other things.*—This is the reading of the Ff. and is easily explicable as meaning "only by being reflected by something else." Pope, however, changed it to "*reflection from* some other things;" and Walker made the further alteration of *thing* for *things*, which Dyce adopts. [I think there can be no doubt that the clumsy repetition of *by* is a printer's mistake for *from* or *in*. It is unfortunate that there is no other passage in Shakespeare in which he uses either the verb *reflect* or the noun *reflection* with a preposition after it in a similar sense. The plural may be allowed to stand.—F. A. M.]

39. Line 56: *mirrors.*—Walker, followed by Dyce, reads *mirror*.

40. Line 60: *Except immortal Cæsar.*—This is said significantly, if not ironically.

41. Line 62: *Have wish'd that noble Brutus had* HIS *eyes.*—Whether *his* refers to Brutus, or to his friends, has been disputed. On the whole, the former is the preferable explanation, as it avoids the necessity of making *his* equivalent to *their*, while it gives as good a sense. The friends of Brutus have wished that he could see himself as he is, or as in the *mirror* which Cassius would hold up to him.

42. Line 66: *Therefore, good Brutus,* &c.—Craik (English of Shakespeare, *ad loc.*) remarks: "The eager, impatient temper of Cassius, absorbed in his own idea, is vividly expressed by his thus continuing his argument as if without appearing to have even heard Brutus's interrupting question; for such is the only interpretation which his *therefore* would seem to admit of."

43. Line 72: *a common* LAUGHER.—The Ff. have "common *laughter;*" emended by Pope, who has been followed by all the recent editors. *Lover* has been plausibly suggested as in keeping with the context. "A common *lover*" would be "everybody's friend."

44. Line 77: *profess myself.*—That is, "make protestations of friendship."

45. Line 86: *Set honour in one eye,* &c.—Coleridge says: "Warburton would read *death* for *both;* but I prefer the old text. There are here three things—the public good, the individual Brutus's honour, and his death. The latter two so balanced each other that he could decide for the first by equipoise; nay—the thought growing—that honour had more weight than death. That Cassius understood it as Warburton is the beauty of Cassius as contrasted with Brutus" (Notes on Shakespeare, p. 102, Harper's ed.). Craik remarks: "It does not seem to be necessary to suppose any such change or growth either of the image or the sentiment. What Brutus means by saying that he will look upon honour and death indifferently, if they present themselves together, is merely that, for the sake of the honour, he will not mind the death, or the risk of death, by which it may be accompanied; he will look as fearlessly and steadily upon the one as upon the other. He will think the honour to be cheaply purchased even by the loss of life; that price will never make him falter or hesitate in clutching at such a prize. He must be understood to set honour above life from the first; that he should ever have felt otherwise for a moment would have been the height of the unheroic."

46. Line 95: *I had as* LIEF *not be as* LIVE *to be.*—There is a play upon *lief*, which was always pronounced and often printed *lieve*, and *live*.

47. Line 98: *We have both fed as well.*—That is, "have been bred as well, brought up as well." Our birth and training have been as good as his. It is a characteristic Roman touch to lay so much stress on physical strength and endurance as Cassius does in this passage.

48. Line 100: *For once, upon a raw and gusty day,* &c.—Cæsar was a famous swimmer. Wright (Clarendon Press ed.) quotes the following passage from Holland's translation of Suetonius (already referred to by Malone, Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 15): "At Alexandria being busie about the assault and winning of a bridge where by a sodaine sallie of the enemies he was driven, to take a boat, & many besides made hast to get into the same, he lept into the sea, and by swimming almost a quarter of a mile recouered cleare the next ship: bearing up his left hand all the while, for feare the writings which he held therein should take wet, and drawing his rich coate armour after him by the teeth, because the enemie should not have it as a spoyle" (Life of Julius Cæsar, ed. 1606, p. 26). Plutarch's account makes the feat still more difficult: "The third danger was in the battle by sea, that was fought by the tower of Phar: where meaning to help his men that fought by sea, he leapt from the pier into a boat. Then the Ægyptians made towards him with their oars on every side: but he, leaping into the sea, with great hazard saved himself by swimming. It is said, that then, holding divers books in his hand, he did never let them go, but kept them always upon his head above water, and swam with the other hand, notwithstanding that they shot marvellously at him, and was driven somtime to duck into the water; howbeit the boat was drowned presently" (p. 86).

49. Lines 107–109:

> *The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it*
> *With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,*
> *And stemming it with hearts of controversy.*

Compare the spirited description of Ferdinand swimming, in Tempest, ii. 1. 114–120:

> I saw him beat the surges under him,
> And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
> Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
> The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
> 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
> Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
> To the shore.

50. Lines 112–114:

> *I, as* ÆNEAS, *our great ancestor,*
> *Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder*
> *The* OLD ANCHISES BEAR.

Compare II. Henry VI. v. 2. 62, 63:

> As did *Æneas old Anchises bear,*
> So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders.

51. Line 122: *His coward lips did from their colour fly.*—The meaning may be simply "lose their colour;" but Craik remarks: "There can, I think, be no question that Warburton is right in holding that we have here a pointed allusion to a soldier flying from his *colours.*" Possibly the dramatist had both ideas in his mind at the same time; and the double meaning of the sentence is intentional.

52. Line 136: *Like a* COLOSSUS.—For other allusions to the famous *Colossus* of Rhodes, see I. Henry IV. v. 1. 123, where Falstaff asks Prince Hal to *bestride* him if he is struck down in the battle; and the Prince replies: "Nothing but a *colossus* can do thee that friendship;" and Troilus and Cressida, v. 5. 7–9:

> bastard Margarelon
> Hath Doreus prisoner,
> And stands *colossus-wise,* waving his beam, &c.

53. Line 155: *wide* WALLS.—The Ff. have "wide *Walkes,*" which some editors retain. Rowe's emendation of *walls* is, however, generally adopted.

54. Line 156: ROME *indeed, and* ROOM *enough.*—There is an evident play on *Rome* and *room,* as in iii. 1. 289 below:

> No *Rome* of safety for Octavius yet.

The two words were probably pronounced alike in Shakespeare's day; but that the modern pronunciation of *Rome* was beginning to be heard appears from I. Henry VI. iii. 1. 51, where the Bishop of Winchester says, "This *Rome* shall remedy," and Warwick replies, "*Roam* thither, then." For the play on *room,* compare King John, iii. 1. 180: "I have *room* with *Rome* to curse awhile;" and Hawkins, Apollo Shroving, p. 88: "We must have *roome,* more than the whole City of *Rome.*" Dyce, in his Glossary (p. 367), quotes other examples of this pronunciation.

55. Line 160: *The* ETERNAL *devil.*—Johnson took *eternal* to be a misprint or corruption of *infernal.* Walker (Critical Examination, vol. i. p. 63), followed by Abbott (Grammar, p. 16), regards it as used inaccurately in the sense of *infernal.* Schmidt explains it as "used to express extreme abhorrence;" as in "*eternal* villain" (Othello, iv. 2. 130) and "*eternal* cell" (Hamlet, v. 2. 376). According to Wright and Halliwell's Archaic Dictionary, *eternal* is used in the east of England for "infernal, damned;" and the Yankee *tarnal* is probably the same provincialism. In the present passage it seems to be used in this way, or as a familiar intensitive.

56. Line 188: *by some* SENATORS.—Dyce reads *senator,* which was suggested by Walker.

57. Line 192: *Let me have men about me that are* FAT.—Compare North's Plutarch (Life of Cæsar): "*Cæsar* also had *Cassius* in great jealousy, and suspected him much: whereupon he said upon a time to his friends, 'what will *Cassius* do, think ye? I like not his pale looks.' Another time when *Cæsar's* friends complained unto him of *Antonius* and *Dolabella,* that they pretended some mischief towards him: he answered them again, 'As for those *fat* men and smooth-combed heads,' quoth he, 'I never reckon of them; but these pale-visaged and carrion lean people, I fear them most,' meaning *Brutus* and *Cassius.*" So also in Life of Brutus: "For, intelligence being brought him one day, that *Antonius* and *Dolabella* did conspire against him: he answered, 'That these *fat* long-haired men made him not afraid, but the lean and whitely-faced fellows,' meaning that by *Brutus* and *Cassius*" (p. 97).

58. Line 220: *Why, there was a crown offer'd him,* &c.—Compare North (Life of Antonius): "When he [Antony] was come to *Cæsar,* he made his fellow-runners with

him lift him up, and so he did put his laurel crown upon his head, signifying thereby that he had deserved to be king. But *Cæsar*, making as though he refused it, turned away his head. The people were so rejoiced at it, that they all clapped their hands for joy. *Antonius* again did put it on his head: *Cæsar* again refused it; and thus they were striving off and on a great while together. As oft as *Antonius* did put this laurel crown unto him, a few of his followers rejoiced at it: and as oft also as *Cæsar* refused it, all the people together clapped their hands. . . . *Cæsar*, in a rage, arose out of his seat, and plucking down the collar of his gown from his neck, he shewed it naked, bidding any man strike off his head that would. This laurel crown was afterwards put upon the head of one of *Cæsar's* statues or images, the which one of the tribunes plucked off. The people liked his doing therein so well, that they waited on him home to his house, with great clapping of hands. Howbeit *Cæsar* did turn them out of their offices for it." In the Life of Cæsar, the tearing open his doublet, and offering his throat to be cut, is said to have been in his own house when "the Consuls and Prætors, accompanied with the whole assembly of the Senate, went unto him in the market-place, where he was set by the pulpit for orations, to tell him what honours they had decreed for him in his absence," and he offended them by "sitting still in his majesty, disdaining to rise up unto them when they came in." The historian adds that, "afterwards to excuse his folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying, 'that their wits are not perfit which have this disease of the falling evil, when standing on their feet they speak to the common people, but are soon troubled with a trembling of their body, and a suddain dimness and giddiness" (p. 95).

59. Line 245: *the rabblement* SHOUTED.—The Ff. have *howted*, which is clearly a misprint for *showted*—the spelling of the word above in "mine honest neighbours *showted*." Johnson and Knight read *hooted*, which is out of place as expressing "insult, not applause."

60. Line 256: *'T is very like;—he hath the falling-sickness.* —In the Ff. there is no point after *like*, but it is evident from North that Brutus must have known of Cæsar's infirmity: "For, concerning the constitution of his body, he was lean, white, and soft skinned, and often subject to head-ach, and otherwhile to the falling-sickness (the which took him the first time, as it is reported, in CORDUBA, a City of SPAIN:) but yet therefore yielded not to the disease of his body, to make it a cloak to cherish him withal, but contrarily, took the pains of war as a medicine to cure his sick body, fighting always with his disease, travelling continually, living soberly, and commonly lying abroad in the field" (p. 57).

61. Line 263: *I am no* TRUE MAN. — In Shakespeare's day *true man* was the familiar antithesis to *thief*, as *honest man* now is. Compare (*inter alia*) Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 187: "A *true man* or a thief;" and Measure for Measure, iv. 2. 46: "Every *true man's* apparel fits your thief."

62. Line 268: *he pluck'd* ME *ope his* DOUBLET.—The *me* is the expletive dative, used generally to give a free and easy tone to the discourse. Compare the confusion due to the use of it in the dialogue between Petruchio and Grumio in The Taming of the Shrew, i. 2. 8–17: "Villain, I say, knock *me* here soundly," &c.

The *doublet* is the English garment so called, which Shakespeare, with his usual carelessness in such matters, claps on the shoulders of his Romans.

63. Line 270: *a man of any occupation.*—Johnson explains the phrase as in the foot-note to the text. Grant White takes it to mean "a man of action, a busy man." The Clarendon Press edition suggests that both senses may be combined, which is barely possible.

64. Line 282: *Ay, he spoke Greek.*—The absurdity of Cicero's speaking *Greek* in a popular assembly is sufficiently obvious; but it is introduced to prepare the way for the little joke, "it was *Greek* to me." According to Shakespeare's authority Casca knew Greek. See the quotation from North in note on iii. 1. 33, p. 71.

65. Line 300: *He was quick* METTLE.—The reading of Collier's MS. Corrector is *mettled*. Walker would read *metal* on account of the *blunt*, but *mettle* and *metal* were used interchangeably in Shakespeare's time.

66. Line 304: *This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,* &c.—Compare Lear, ii. 2. 101–103:

> This is some fellow,
> Who, having been prais'd for *bluntness*, doth affect
> A *saucy* roughness.

67. Line 319: HE *should not humour me.*—Johnson is clearly right in making *he* refer to Cæsar. He explains the passage thus: "Cæsar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places his love should not *humour* me, should not take hold of my affection, so as to make me forget my principles" (Var. Ed. xii. p. 24). Warburton says it is a reflection on Brutus's ingratitude; he renders the sentence thus: "He (Brutus) should not cajole me as I do him" (*ut supra*). Wright is inclined to agree with Warburton, because "Cassius is all along speaking of his own influence over Brutus, notwithstanding the difference of their characters, which made Cæsar dislike the one and love the other." To this Rolfe replies: "The chief objection to Warburton's explanation, in our opinion, is that it seems to leave the mention of Cæsar unconnected with what follows. We fancy that this occurred to Wright, and that what we have just quoted is an attempt to meet the objection; but, to our thinking, it is far from successful. If we accept Johnson's interpretation, *he should not humour me* naturally follows what precedes, and is naturally followed by what comes after: Cæsar should not cajole me as he does Brutus; and I am going to take measures to counteract the influence Cæsar has over him

ACT I. Scene 3.

68. Line 10: *a tempest dropping fire.*—The Ff. reading is "a Tempest-dropping-fire." Rowe was the first to delete the hyphens.

69. Line 14: *any thing more wonderful.*—That is, "anything more that was wonderful," as Craik explains it; not "anything more wonderful than usual," as Abbott, in his Shakespearian Grammar (§ 6), makes it.

70. Line 15: YOU KNOW *him well by sight.*—A "graphic touch" that has needlessly vexed the souls of commentators. Dyce suggests "*you'd know* him," and Craik "*you knew* him" (that is, would have known him); but the slaves had no distinctive dress by which one would recognize them as such.

[The only distinction was that the males were not allowed to wear the *toga* nor the females the *stola;* otherwise they were dressed like other poor people of the time, in dark-coloured clothes and *crepidæ* (slippers). It had been proposed in the senate to give them a distinctive dress; but it was decided not to do so, lest they should learn how numerous they were. Cicero in his oration in Pisonem (38, 92), speaks of *vestis servilis.*—F. A. M.]

For the context, compare North (Life of Cæsar): "Certainly destiny may easier be foreseen than avoided, considering the strange and wonderful signs that were said to be seen before *Cæsars* death. For, touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and down in the night, and also the solitary birds to be seen at noondays sitting in the great market-place, are not all these signs perhaps worth the noting, in such a wonderful chance as happened? But *Strabo* the philosopher writeth, that divers men were seen going up and down in fire: and furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burnt: but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt. *Cæsar* self also doing sacrifice unto the gods, found that one of the beasts which was sacrificed had no heart: and that was a strange thing in nature: how a Beast could live without a heart" (pp. 97, 98).

71. Line 21: GLAR'D *upon me.*—The Ff. have "*glaz'd* vpon me," which Pope was the first to correct.

72. Lines 22, 23:

and there were drawn
UPON A HEAP *a hundred ghastly women.*

For the use of *upon* or *on*, compare Henry V. iv. 5. 18:

Let us *on heaps* go offer up our lives;

and Exodus viii. 14: "And they gathered them together *upon heaps.*" For *heap*, applied to persons, compare also Richard III. ii. 1. 53: "Among this princely *heap*," &c.

73. Line 35: CLEAN *from the purpose.*—This use of *clean* is common in the Authorized Version of the Bible. See Psalms lxxvii. 8; Isaiah xxiv. 19; Joshua iii. 17, &c. Compare also Ascham's Scholemaster (Mayor's ed. p. 37): "This fault is *clean* contrary to the first."

74. Line 42: WHAT NIGHT *is this!*—Craik prints "*what a night* is this!" but the omission of the *a* in such exclamations was not unusual. Compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 2. 53, 54:

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!

and Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 123–126:

Fab. What dish o' poison has she dress'd him!
Sir To. And with *what wing* the staniel checks at it!

75. Line 49: *the* THUNDER-STONE.—The ancients believed that such a solid body fell with the lightning and did the mischief. It is called *brontia* by Pliny in his Natural History (xxxvii. 10). Compare Cymbeline, iv. 2. 270, 271:

Guid. Fear no more the lightning-flash.
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded *thunder-stone.*

and Othello, v. 2. 234, 235:

Are there no *stones* in heaven
But what serve for the thunder?

It is said that the fossil shell known as the belemnite, or *finger-stone*, gave rise to this superstition. [*Brontia* has generally been identified with those roundish masses of crystallized iron pyrites (sulphuret of iron), often found in the neighbourhood of iron ore, which are still commonly known by the name of *thunder-stones.* Pliny's description is as follows: "*Brontia* is shaped in manner of a Tortoise head: it falleth *with a cracke of thunder* (as it is thought) from heaven; and if wee will beleeve it, quencheth the fire of lightning" (Holland's Pliny, edn. 1601, vol. ii. p. 625 B.)—F. A. M.]

76. Line 60: CASE *yourself in wonder.*—The Ff. have "*cast* your selfe in wonder," which is followed by Collier, Staunton, and the Cambridge editors. *Case* was proposed independently by Swynfen Jervis and M. W. Williams, and is adopted by Dyce and others. Wright explains "*cast* yourself in" as "hastily dress yourself in."

77. Line 65: *Why old men* FOOL, &c.—The Ff. reading is "Why Old men, *Fooles,*" &c. The correction was suggested by Lettsom, and is accepted by Dyce, the Cambridge editors, and others. Collier and Staunton read, with Blackstone: "Why old men *fools;*" that is, why old men become fools. [I think there is a good deal to be said here for the reading of F. 1, though Lettsom's ingenious conjecture secures an effective antithesis; still the fact that *old men, fools,* and *children* were all trying to explain the phenomena and *calculating* what the various portents meant, would be a circumstance sufficiently unusual for Cassius to mention.—F. A. M.]

78. Line 75: *As doth the lion in the Capitol.*—That is, "roars in the Capitol as doth the lion." Wright suggests that Shakespeare imagined that *lions* were kept in the *Capitol,* as they were in the Tower of London.

79. Line 76: *A man no mightier than thyself or* ME.—The grammatical error is not uncommon among intelligent people even now. *Than* is easily mistaken for a preposition. We can hardly, however, agree with Craik (p. 127), that "the personal pronoun must be held to be, in some measure, emancipated from the dominion or tyranny of syntax."

80. Line 89: *I know where I will wear this dagger, then.*—As Craik remarks, it is a mistake to omit the comma after dagger, as some editors do. "Cassius does not intend to be understood that he is prepared to plunge his dagger into his heart at that *time,* but in that *case.*"

81. Line 117: HOLD, *my hand.*—It is curious that some editors omit the comma after *Hold;* and Craik explains thus: "Have, receive, *take hold* (of it); there is my hand." Of course the *Hold* is merely interjectional, as in Macbeth, ii. 1. 4: "*Hold,* take my sword;" and many similar passages.

82. Line 126: *Pompey's porch.*—This was a magnificent portico of a hundred columns connected with Pompey's Theatre, in the Campus Martius.

83. Line 128: *the* ELEMENT.—Often used for the heaven or sky; as by North (Life of Pompey): "the dust in the *element*," or the air. See also the quotation in note on line 15 above: "the fires in the *element*." Milton uses the word in the same sense in Comus, 298: "some gay creatures of the *element*" (spirits of the air).

84. Line 129: IN FAVOUR'S *like*, &c.—The Ff. read:

Is Fauors, like the Worke we haue in hand.

The emendation is due to Johnson, and is generally adopted. Steevens suggested *It favours*, or *Is favour'd;* and Rowe, *Is feverous.*

85. Line 136: *our* ATTEMPT.—The Ff. have "our *Attempts*," which some editors retain. The emendation is Walker's.

86. Line 144. *Where Brutus may* BUT *find it.*—The *but* is apparently equivalent to *only* (as not unfrequently), the meaning being "only taking care to place it so that Brutus may be sure to find it" (Craik). Abbott (Grammar, § 128) gets at the same meaning by paraphrasing thus: "Where Brutus can (do nothing) but find it."

87. Line 146: *Upon old Brutus' statue.*—Compare North (Life of Brutus): "But for *Brutus*, his friends and countrymen, both by divers procurements and sundry rumours of the city, and by many bills also, did openly call and procure him to do that he did. For under the image of his ancestor *Junius Brutus*, (that drave the kings out of ROME) they wrote: 'O, that it pleased the gods thou wert now alive, *Brutus!*' and again, 'that thou were here among us now!' His tribunal or chair, where he gave audience during the time he was Prætor, was full of such bills: '*Brutus* thou art asleep, and art not *Brutus* indeed'" (p. 112).

88. Line 152: *Pompey's theatre.*—This was the first stone theatre built in Rome, and could accommodate 40,000 spectators. It was opened in B.C. 55 with dramatic representations and gladiatorial shows lasting for many days.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

89.—In the Ff. the heading of the scene is "*Enter Brutus in his Orchard*," that is, in his *garden*, the usual sense in which Shakespeare uses *orchard* (see As You Like It, note 6, and Much Ado, note 62). In iii. 2. 253 below, we have mention of "private arbours, and new-planted *orchards*," which are described in North's Plutarch as "*gardens* and arbours."

90. Line 10: *It must be by his death.*—Coleridge (p. 103) remarks here: "This speech is singular—at least, I do not at present see into Shakespeare's motive, his *rationale*, or in what point of view he meant Brutus's character to appear. For surely—(this, I mean, is what I say to myself, with my present *quantum* of insight, only modified by my experience in how many instances I have ripened into a perception of beauties where I had before descried faults)—surely nothing can seem more discordant with our historical preconceptions of Brutus, or more lowering to the intellect of the Stoico-Platonic tyrannicide, than the tenets here attributed to him—to him, the stern Roman republican; namely, that he would have no objection to a king, or to Cæsar, a monarch in Rome, would Cæsar but be as good a monarch as he now seems disposed to be! How, too, could Brutus say that he found no personal cause—none in Cæsar's past conduct as a man? Had he not crossed the Rubicon? Had he not entered Rome as a conqueror? Had he not placed his Gauls in the Senate? Shakespeare, it may be said, has not brought these things forward. True—and this is just the ground of my perplexity. What character did Shakespeare mean his Brutus to be?" By *personal* cause Brutus clearly meant such as "concerned himself personally," as opposed to such as affected "the general," or the public weal. The acts to which Coleridge refers all come under the latter head.

Dowden (Primer, p. 117) well says: "Brutus acts as an idealizer and theorizer might, with no eye for the actual bearing of facts, and no sense of the true importance of persons. Intellectual doctrines and moral ideals rule the life of Brutus; and his life is most noble, high, and stainless, but his public action is a series of mistakes. Yet even while he errs we admire him, for all his errors are those of a pure and lofty spirit. . . . All the practical gifts, insight, and tact, which Brutus lacks, are possessed by Cassius; but of Brutus's moral purity, veneration of ideals, disinterestedness, and freedom from unworthy personal motive, Cassius possesses little."

Brutus was a scholar, a philosopher, but not a practical man. It is not without purpose that Shakespeare represents him as a reader and quoter of books. His politics were those of books, and too good for the real life about him.

91. Line 12: *But for* THE GENERAL.—This use of *the general* for the community or the people was common. Compare Measure for Measure, ii. 4. 27:

The general, subject to a well-wish'd king;

and Hamlet, ii. 2. 457: "caviare to *the general*."

92. Line 15: *Crown him?*—THAT.—The use of *that*, though clear enough (Be that so, suppose that), is exceptional. We do not know of any other instance of the word thus standing alone.

93. Line 24: *the* UPMOST *round.*—This is the only instance of *upmost* in Shakespeare; and *uppermost* he does not use at all.

94. Line 34: *And kill him in the shell.*—Craik (p. 150) remarks: "It is impossible not to feel the expressive force of the hemistich here. The line itself is, as it were, killed in the shell."

95. Line 40: *the* IDES *of March.*—The Ff. have "the *first* of March;" corrected by Theobald. [This is one of the instances where one is obliged to substitute what Shakespeare ought to have written for what he, most probably, did write. See the note of Mr. Aldis Wright in the Clarendon Press ed., where the passage from the Life of Brutus is quoted which led Shakespeare into the error.—F. A. M.]

96. Line 53: *My* ANCESTORS.—Dyce reads "My *ancestor;*" but the plural may well enough stand, and most editors retain it; though, strictly speaking, the singular number would be more correct, for there was only one of his *ancestors* of whom Brutus could have been thinking, and

that was Junius Brutus, the first consul, and the expeller of the Tarquins.

97. Line 59: *March is wasted* FIFTEEN *days.*—This is the early reading, but Theobald and the majority of modern editors change it to "*fourteen* days." The text is true to Roman usage, which in such cases counted the current day as complete. Thus in the New Testament, Christ says, "After *three* days I will rise again;" but the crucifixion was on Friday, and the resurrection early on Sunday morning.

98. Line 66: *The* GENIUS *and the* MORTAL *instruments.*—There has been much dispute over these words, but they probably mean nothing more than the mind or soul and the bodily powers through which it acts. Compare lines 175–177 below:

> And let our *hearts*, as subtle masters do,
> Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
> And after seem to chide 'em.

According to Johnson, the poet "is describing the *insurrection* which a conspirator feels agitating the *little kingdom* of his own mind; when the *genius*, or power that watches for his protection, and the *mortal instruments*, the passions, which excite him to a deed of honour and danger, are in council and debate; when the desire of action, and the care of safety, keep the mind in continual fluctuation and disturbance" (Var. Ed. vol. x. p. 39). But though *genius* elsewhere in Shakespeare has this sense (as in The Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 332:

> One of these men is *Genius* to the other, &c.),

it does not suit the present passage, especially when compared with the one quoted, in which *hearts* is clearly parallel to *genius* here.

[I must say that I cannot agree with this note. In the first place Shakespeare never uses *genius* in any other sense than in what may be called its *spiritual* sense, *i.e.* that of "a spirit, either good or evil, which governs our actions." Besides the passage in our text, and that given above from The Comedy of Errors, Shakespeare uses the word *genius* five times: in Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 142: "His very *genius* hath taken the infection of the device;" in Troilus and Cressida, iv. 4. 52, 53:

> Hark! you are call'd: some say the *Genius* so
> Cries "Come!" to him that instantly must die;

in Macbeth, iii. 1. 55–57:

> and, under him,
> My *Genius* is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
> Mark Antony's was by Cæsar;

in The Tempest, iv. 1. 26, 27:

> the strong'st suggestion
> Our worser *genius* can;

and in II. Henry IV. iii. 2. 337, in the sense of the embodied spirit: "a' was the very *genius* of famine." The only one of these passages, in which *genius* can have anything but the meaning which Johnson gives it, is the one from Twelfth Night; and, as that is in prose, it is difficult to believe that Shakespeare would have written *genius* had he meant simply *spirit* or *soul*. Perhaps the distinction may seem to some persons not of much importance, for the *genius*, whether good or bad, would act through the *soul* or spiritual part of the man; but I think it would be a pity to lose sight of the special meaning here—a meaning which it appears always to have had in English literature, at least up to the middle of the seventeenth century—embodying, as it does, a belief which was a very characteristic one. As to the passage below (175–177), Mr. Adams follows Craik in regarding it as the parallel or complement of this; but I cannot see any positive connection between them. There is no distinction in the latter between the spiritual and bodily parts of men; the meaning simply is: "let our *hearts* (*i.e.* our feelings) stir us up to an act of rage which afterwards, in our calmer moments, they may seem to disapprove" (see note 110 below); while in the passage before us the struggle is represented as taking place, in one man's being, between the spirit that is supposed, more or less, to govern the actions, and the mortal part of him (including the will) which puts these actions into force. *Mortal* probably is used here in the sense of "deadly," as in Macbeth, i. 5. 42.—F. A. M.]

99. Line 67: *the state of man.*—F. 1 has "the state of *a* man;" corrected in F. 2. Knight and Craik, however, retain the *a*.

On the passage comp. Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 184–186:

> 'twixt his mental and his active parts
> Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
> And batters down himself.

100. Line 70: *your brother Cassius.*—Cassius had married Junia, the sister of Brutus.

101. Line 72: *there are* MOE *with him.*—This word *moe* occurs forty or more times in the early editions of Shakespeare, as in other books of the time. It was regularly used with a plural or collective noun. The only instance of the latter sort in Shakespeare is Tempest, v. 1. 234: "And *moe* diversity of sounds." The modern editions generally change the word to *more*, unless it is required for the rhyme, as in Much Ado, ii. 3. 72–75:

> Sing no more ditties, sing no *moe*,
> Of dumps so dull and heavy;
> The fraud of men was ever so,
> Since summer first was leavy.

[The difficulty in deciding whether or not to retain such forms as *moe* is to know where to draw the line; for we may soon, without intending it, be logically committed to an old-spelling text. Skeat says that *mo* and *more* were originally "well-distinguished, the former relating to number, the latter to size."—F. A. M.]

102. Line 83: *For, if thou* PATH, *thy native semblance on.*—This, except for the comma after *path*, is the reading of the Ff. *Path* is found as a transitive verb in Drayton, and its intransitive use (=walk) is not more peculiar than many other liberties of the kind in Shakespeare. It is possible, however, that it may be a misprint, and various emendations have been proposed. Southern and Coleridge independently suggested *put*, which Dyce adopts; but it seems a Hibernicism to speak of *putting on* one's *natural* appearance. Other conjectures are *pass* and *hadst*. Johnson well paraphrases the passage: "If thou walk in thy true form." [There is a verb in Sanskrit, *path, panth*, to go, which comes from the same root, *pat*, to go, as the Greek πατεῖν, to tread, and our *path*. In the old slang word still used by thieves, to *pad*=to go, we have an old cognate form of the verb.—F. A. M.]

103. Line 107: *Which is a great way growing on the* SOUTH, &c.—That is, "which must be far to the *south*, considering the time of year." It is curious that no commentator has noted that on the 15th of March, or previous to the vernal equinox, the sun would not rise at all to the *south* of the true east, but a little *northward* of that point. [It should be noted that during this and the preceding speech the change from night to early dawn is supposed to take place; but, even in Italy, in the middle of March it would not be light at three o'clock in the morning.—F. A. M.]

104. Line 114: *No, not an oath!* &c.—Compare North (Life of Brutus): "the only name and great calling of *Brutus* did bring on the most of them to give consent to this conspiracy: who having never taken oaths together, nor taken or given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they all kept the matter so secret to themselves, and could so cunningly handle it, that notwithstanding the gods did reveal it by manifest signs and tokens from above, and by predictions of sacrifices, yet all this would not be believed" (p. 114).

105. Line 114: *the* FACE *of men.*—This is the Ff. reading, and is retained by most of the recent editors. Warburton proposed *fate* for *face*, Mason *faith*, and Malone *faiths*.

106. Line 134: *the* INSUPPRESSIVE *metal of our spirits.*—The passive sense of *insuppressive* is paralleled by that of sundry other words in *-ive*. Compare *unexpressive* (inexpressible) in As You Like It, iii. 2. 10:

> The fair, the chaste, and *unexpressive* she;

uncomprehensive (incomprehensible or unknown) in Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 198: "th' *uncomprehensive* deeps;" &c.

107. Line 138: *a several bastardy.*—"A special or distinct act of baseness, or of treachery against ancestry and honourable birth" (Craik).

108. Lines 144, 145:

> *his* SILVER *hairs*
> *Will* PURCHASE *us a good opinion.*

Cicero was then about sixty years old. There is a play upon *silver* and *purchase*.

109. Line 150: *let us not break with him.*—Compare North (Life of Brutus): "For this cause they durst not acquaint *Cicero* with their conspiracy, although he was a man whom they loved dearly, and trusted best; for they were afraid that he being a coward by nature, and age also having increased his fear, he would quite turn and alter all their purpose, and quench the heat of their enterprise, (the which specially required hot and earnest execution)" (p. 114).

110. Lines 170–180.—One part of this passage has been already alluded to in note 98 above. The point of what Brutus says, when we look at it in its entirety, is evident. He is advising a course of deliberate hypocrisy; the conspirators are to try and entrap the sympathies of the people by committing the murder with all due delicacy and decorum, and then *pretending* to regret it. This is very characteristic advice, and shows that Brutus was quite fit to be the leader of a political party which claimed to be the "popular" one. But it appears that all the great actors who played the part of Brutus, and, naturally enough, sought to make him a sympathetic character, have always omitted this passage on the stage; as well they might, considering their object.—F. A. M.

111. Line 183: *Yet I fear him.*—Pope, whom Craik follows, reads "Yet I *do* fear him."

112. Line 187: *take thought and die.*—Both *think* and *thought* are used in this sense. Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 1:

> *Cleo.* What shall we do, Enobarbus?
> *Eno.* *Think, and die.*

See also I. Samuel ix. 5, and Matthew vi. 25. Bacon (Henry VII. p. 230) says that Hawis "dyed with *thought*" (anxiety).

113. Line 192: *count the clock.*—A palpable anachronism, as the Roman *clepsydræ*, or water-clocks, had no mechanism for striking the hours.

114. Lines 204, 205:

> *That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,*
> *And bears with glasses, elephants with holes.*

Steevens says: "Unicorns are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was despatched by the hunter" (Var. Ed. vol. xii. pp. 50, 51). Compare Spenser, Faëry Queene, ii. 5. 10:

> Like as a Lyon, whose imperiall powre
> A prowd rebellious *Unicorn* defyes,
> T' avoide the rash assault and wrathful stowre
> Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applyes,
> And when him ronning in full course he spyes,
> He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
> His precious horne, sought of his enimyes,
> Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,
> But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

There is a similar allusion in Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 339: "wert thou the *unicorn*, pride and wrath would confound thee and make thine own self the conquest of thy wrath."

Steevens adds (*ut supra*, p. 51): "Bears are reported to have been surprised by means of a mirror, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking a surer aim. This circumstance, I think, is mentioned by Claudian. Elephants were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was exposed. See Pliny's Natural History, book viii."

115. Line 215: *Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard.*—His real name was Quintus, but the mistake is in North. Compare the Life of Brutus: "Now amongst *Pompey's* friends, there was one called *Caius Ligarius*, who had been accused unto *Cæsar* for taking part with *Pompey*, and *Cæsar* discharged him. But *Ligarius* thanked not *Cæsar* so much for his discharge, as he was offended with him for that he was brought in danger by his tyrannical power. And, therefore, in his heart he was always his mortal enemy, and was besides very familiar with *Brutus*, who went to see him being sick in his bed, and said unto

him: '*Ligarius* in what a time art thou sick!' *Ligarius* rising up in his bed, and taking him by the right hand, said unto him: '*Brutus*,' said he, 'if thou hast any great enterprise in hand worthy of thyself, I am whole'" (p. 113).

116. Line 219: *I have given him* REASONS.—Dyce adopts Walker's suggestion of *reason;* but no change is called for.

117. Line 225: *Let not our looks put on our purposes.*—That is, "such expression as would betray *our purposes.*" Craik compares the exhortation of Lady Macbeth to her husband (i. 5. 64–67):

> To beguile the time,
> Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
> Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
> But be the serpent under 't.

See also Macbeth, i. 7. 81, 82:

> Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
> False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

118. Line 230: *the* HONEY-HEAVY DEW *of slumber.*—The Ff. reading is: "the *hony-heauy-Dew* of slumber." This, with the slight change in the text, is retained by Knight and the Cambridge editors. It is aptly explained by Grant White as "slumber as refreshing as dew, and whose heaviness is sweet." Dyce reads, "the *heavy honey-dew* of slumber."

119. Line 233: Enter PORTIA.—Compare North (Life of Brutus): "Now *Brutus*, who knew very well that for his sake all the noblest, valiantest, and most courageous men of ROME did venture their lives, weighing with himself the greatness of the danger: when he was out of his house, he did so frame and fashion his countenance and looks that no man could discern he had anything to trouble his mind. But when night came that he was in his own house, then he was clean changed: for either care did wake him against his will when he would have slept, or else oftentimes of himself he fell into such deep thoughts of this enterprise, casting in his mind all the dangers that might happen: that his wife lying by him, found that there was some marvellous great matter that troubled his mind, not being wont to be in that taking, and that he could not well determine with himself. . . . This young lady being excellently well seen in philosophy, loving her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise: because she would not ask her husband what he ailed before she had made some proof by herself: she took a little razor, such as barbers occupy to pare men's nails, and causing her maids and women to go out of her chamber gave herself a great gash withal in her thigh, that she was straight all of a gore blood: and incontinently after a vehement fever took her, by reason of the pain of her wound. Then perceiving her husband was marvellously out of quiet, and that he could take no rest, even in her greatest pain of all she spake in this sort unto him: 'I being, O *Brutus*,' said she, 'the daughter of *Cato*, was married unto thee; not to be thy bed-fellow, and companion in bed and at board only, like a harlot, but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and evil fortune. Now for thy self, I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match: but for my part, how may I shew my duty towards thee, and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly bear a secret mischance or grief with thee, which requireth secrecy and fidelity? I confess, that a woman's wit commonly is too weak to keep a secret safely: but yet *Brutus*' good education, and the company of virtuous men have some power to reform the defect of nature. And for myself, I have this benefit moreover, that I am the daughter of *Cato*, and wife of *Brutus*. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before, until that now I have found by experience that no pain or grief whatsoever can overcome me.' With those words she shewed him her wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove herself. *Brutus* was amazed to hear what she said unto him, and lifting up his hands to heaven, he besought the gods to give him the grace he might bring his enterprise to so good pass, that he might be found a husband, worthy of so noble a wife as *Porcia:* so he then did comfort he the best he could" (pp. 115, 116).

120. Line 246: *an angry* WAFTURE *of your hand.*—The Ff. have *wafter*, which probably indicates the current pronunciation of the word.

121. Line 261: *Is Brutus sick?*—This old English use of *sick* is still current in America. Grant White says here: "For *sick*, the correct English adjective to express all degrees of suffering from disease, and which is universally used in the Bible and by Shakespeare, the Englishman of Great Britain has poorly substituted the adverb *ill.*"

122. Line 271: *I* CHARM *you*—"I conjure you;" as in Lucrece, 1681, 1682:

> And for my sake, when I might *charm* thee so,
> For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me.

Pope needlessly changed *charm* to the prosaic *charge.*

123. Lines 289, 290:

> *As dear to me as are the ruddy drops*
> *That visit my sad heart.*

Some commentators regard this as an anticipation of Harvey's discovery; but the general fact of the circulation of the blood was known centuries before his day, though the details of the process were not understood. Gray has imitated the passage in The Bard, 41:

> Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.

124. Line 308: *All the* CHARÁCTERY *of my sad brows.*—For *charáctery* compare Merry Wives of Windsor, v. 5. 77:

> Fairies use flowers for their *charáctery.*

It will be observed that the word is accented as here.

125. Line 315: *To wear a* KERCHIEF.—The word *kerchief* (French, *couvrir*, to cover, and *chef*, head) is here used in its original meaning of a covering for the head. As Malone notes, Shakespeare gives to Rome the manners of his own time, it being a common practice in England for sick people to wear a *kerchief* on their heads. Compare Fuller's Worthies: "if any there be sick, they make him a posset, and tye a *kerchief on his head*, and if that will not mend him, then God be merciful to him."

126. Line 323: *like an* EXORCIST.—See II. Henry VI. note 89.

ACT II. Scene 2.

127. Line 2: *Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,* &c.—Compare North (Life of Cæsar): "he heard his wife *Calpurnia,* being fast asleep, weep and sigh, and put forth many fumbling lamentable speeches: for she dreamed that *Cæsar* was slain, and that she had him in her armes . . . Insomuch that *Cæsar* rising in the morning, she prayed him, if it were possible, not to go out of the doors that day, but to adjourn the session of the Senate, until another day. And if that he made no reckoning of her dream, yet that he would search further of the soothsayers by their sacrifices, to know what should happen him that day. Thereby it seemed that *Cæsar* likewise did fear or suspect somewhat, because his wife *Calpurnia* until that time was never given to any fear and superstition: and that then he saw her so troubled in mind with this dream she had. But much more afterwards, when the soothsayers having sacrificed many beasts one after another, told him that none did like them: then he determined to send *Antonius* to adjourn the session of the Senate. But in the mean time came *Decius Brutus,* surnamed *Albinus,* in whom *Cæsar* put such confidence, that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his next heir, and yet was of the conspiracy with *Cassius* and *Brutus:* he, fearing that if *Cæsar* did adjourn the session that day, the conspiracy would be betrayed, laughed at the soothsayers, and reproved *Cæsar,* saying, 'that he gave the Senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were assembled, and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaim him king of all his provinces of the Empire of ROME out of ITALY, and that he should wear his diadem in all other places both by sea and land. And furthermore, that if any man should tell them from him they should depart for that present time, and return again when *Calpurnia* should have better dreams, what would his enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his friends' words?'" (pp. 98, 99).

128. Line 19: FOUGHT *upon the clouds.*—The Ff. have *fight,* which Knight and Craik retain. The emendation is due to Dyce.

129. Line 23: *Horses* DID *neigh.*—Here the 1st Folio has "Horsses *do* neigh," which F. 2 corrects.

130. Line 24: *And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.*—Compare Hamlet, i. 1. 113-120:

> In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
> A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
> The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
> Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:
> As, stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,
> Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
> Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
> Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

131. Line 46: *We* ARE *two lions litter'd in one day.*—The Ff. reading is, "We *heare,*" &c. Upton's correction is generally adopted by the editors. Theobald proposed "We *were.*"

132. Line 67: *To be* AFEARD *to tell greybeards the truth.*—See Midsummer Night's Dream, note 148.

133. Line 72: *That* IS *enough to satisfy the senate; i.e.* "That *should be* enough, as I look at it, or as I choose to admit."

134. Line 76: *my statua.*—Here the Ff. have *statue,* as in iii. 2. 192 below:

> Euen at the Base of *Pompeyes Statue;*

but the editors, with few exceptions, substitute *statua,* which was common both in poetry and prose in Elizabethan writers. See II. Henry VI. note 189.

135. Lines 79–81:

> *And these*
> *Does she apply for warnings and portents*
> OF *evils imminent.*

We have printed this passage as in Dyce. In Ff. lines 79 and 80 are printed as one line, making an Alexandrine in a very awkward portion of the speech. Ff. read "*And* Evils imminent." Hanmer first substituted the obvious correction *Of.* There can be little doubt that *And* was a repetition by the printer in mistake from the line above. —F. A. M.

136. Line 89: *For* TINCTURES, STAINS, *relics, and cognizance.*—"*Tinctures* and *stains* are understood both by Malone and Steevens as carrying an allusion to the practice of persons dipping their handkerchiefs in the blood of those whom they regarded as martyrs. And it must be confessed that the general strain of the passage, and more especially the expression 'shall *press* for tinctures,' &c., will not easily allow us to reject this interpretation. Yet does it not make the speaker assign to Cæsar by implication the very kind of death Calphurnia's apprehension of which he professes to regard as visionary? The pressing for tinctures and stains, it is true, would be a confutation of so much of Calphurnia's dream as seemed to imply that the Roman people would be delighted with his death—

> Many lusty Romans
> Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.

Do we refine too much in supposing that this inconsistency between the purpose and the language of Decius is intended by the poet, and that in this brief dialogue between him and Cæsar, in which the latter suffers himself to be so easily won over—persuaded and relieved by the very words that ought naturally to have confirmed his fears—we are to feel the presence of an unseen power driving on both the unconscious prophet and the blinded victim?" (Craik).

137. Lines 102, 103:

> *for my dear, dear love*
> *To your proceeding bids me tell you this;*

i.e. "For my loving concern for your welfare or success leads me to take the liberty to say this." He apologizes for venturing to advise Cæsar, but excuses it on the ground of affectionate interest.

138. Line 104: *And reason to my love is liable.*—"*Reason,* or propriety of conduct and language, is *subordinate* to my *love*" (Johnson); or, as Rolfe gives it, "my *love* leads me to indulge in a freedom of speech that my *reason* would restrain."

139. Line 114: *'t is* STRUCKEN *eight.*—For the anachronism see note 113 above. Elsewhere we find, as forms

of the participle, *struck, strook* (a variation in spelling), *stroken*, and *stricken*.

140. Lines 128, 129:

> *That every* LIKE *is not the* SAME, *O Cæsar,*
> *The heart of Brutus* YEARNS *to think upon!*

"It grieves me to the heart to think that to be *like* a thing is not necessarily to *be really* that thing." It is hard for Brutus to play a part—to pretend to be other than he is. For his friend Cassius nothing is easier than to suit his behaviour to his immediate purpose.

For *yearns* the Ff. have *earnes*, which is merely a different spelling of the word. Rolfe quotes examples of it from Spenser (Faërie Queene, iii. 10. 21):

> And ever his faint hart much *earned* at the sight

(where the sense is the same as here); and i. 6. 25: "he for revenge did *earne*." Shakespeare uses *yearn* both transitively and intransitively. For an example of the former see Henry V. iv. 3. 26:

> It *yearns* me not [grieves or troubles me not] if men my garments wear.

ACT II. Scene 4.

141. Line 20: Enter the SOOTHSAYER.—Rowe changed *Soothsayer* to *Artemidorus*. It must be confessed that the introduction of the two characters is singular; but at the beginning of the next scene we have speeches assigned to them in immediate succession, and in the heading of that scene the Ff. also give "Enter *Artemidorus*, Publius, and the *Soothsayer*." It is therefore improbable that there is any misprint or corruption in the original text; and under these circumstances we are not justified in making any alteration.

142. Line 42: *Brutus hath a suit, &c.*—This is said lest the boy, whose presence she has for the moment forgotten, should suspect to what she refers in the line above:

> The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!

ACT III. Scene 1.

143. The Capitol.—Here, as in Hamlet (iii. 2. 109) and Antony and Cleopatra (ii. 6. 18), the assassination of Cæsar is represented as occurring in the *Capitol* instead of the Curia of Pompey. Compare North (Life of Brutus): "Furthermore, they [the conspirators] thought also, that the appointment of the place where the council should be kept was chosen of purpose by divine providence, and made all for them. For it was one of the porches about the theatre, in the which there was a certain place full of seats for men to sit in; where also was set up the image of *Pompey*, which the city had made and consecrated in honour of him, when he did beautify that part of the city with the theatre he built, with divers porches about it. In this place was the assembly of the Senate appointed to be, just on the fifteenth day of the moneth *March*, which the ROMANS call, *Idus Martias:* so that it seemed some god of purpose had brought *Cæsar* thither to be slain, for revenge of *Pompey's* death" (p. 116).

See also the Life of Cæsar: "And one *Artemidorus* also, born in the Isle of GNIDOS, a Doctor of rhetoric in the Greek tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with certain of *Brutus'* confederates; and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against *Cæsar*, came and brought him a litle bill, written with his own hand, of all that he meant to tell him. He, marking how *Cæsar* received all the supplications that were offered him, and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed nearer to him, and said: '*Cæsar*, read this memorial to your self, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight, and touch you nearly.' *Cæsar* took it of him, but could never read it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him" (p. 99).

144. Line 8: WHAT *touches us* OURSELF *shall be last serv'd.*—Collier's MS. Corrector reads:

> *That* touches us? *Ourself* shall be last serv'd;

and Craik adopts the unnecessary change.

145. Line 13: *I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.*—Compare North (Life of Brutus): "Another Senator, called *Popilius Læna*, after he had saluted *Brutus* and *Cassius* more friendly than he was wont to do, he rounded [that is, whispered] softly in their ears, and told them: 'I pray the gods you may go through with that you have taken in hand; but withal, dispatch, I reade you, for your enterprise is bewrayed.' When he had said, he presently departed from them, and left them both afraid that their conspiracy would out" (p. 117).

146. Line 18: *Look, how he makes to Cæsar;* MARK *him.*—Abbott (Grammar, § 485) here would make *mark* a dissyllable, or rather prolonged in utterance (so as to = *ma—ark*), thereby introducing a most ridiculous and unnecessary vice in elocution. The line is obviously defective of one syllable; but, most probably, this deficiency is intentional; the hiatus being filled up by the gesture of the actor, and the broken nature of the line adding to its dramatic force. Compare Richard II. note 170.

147. Line 21: *Cassius* OR *Cæsar never shall turn back.*—Malone proposed to read: "Cassius *on* Cæsar," &c.; but, as Ritson remarks, "Cassius says, if the plot be discovered, at all events either he or Cæsar shall never return alive; for, if the latter cannot be killed, he is determined to slay himself." Craik objects that to *turn back* cannot mean to return alive, or to return in any way;" but Rolfe quotes Richard III. iv. 4. 184:

> Ere from this war thou *turn* a conqueror;

and As You Like It, iii. 1. 6–8:

> bring him dead or living
> Within this twelvemonth, or *turn* thou no more
> To seek a living in our territory.

148. Line 22: *Cassius, be constant, &c.*—Compare North (Life of Brutus): "And when *Cassius* and certaine other clapped their hands on their swords under their gowns to draw them, *Brutus*, marking the countenance and gesture of *Læna*, and considering that he did use himself rather like an humble and earnest suitor, then like an accuser, he said nothing to his companion (because there were many amongst them that were not of the conspiracy), but with a pleasant countenance encouraged *Cassius*. And immediately after, *Læna* went from *Cæsar*, and kissed his hand: which shewed plainly that it was for some matter concerning himself that he had held him so long in talk" (p. 118).

149. Line 26: *He draws Mark Antony out of the way.*—This is also from North (Life of Brutus): "*Trebonius* on the other side drew *Antonius* aside, as he came into the house where the Senate sat, and held him with a long talk without" (p. 118).

150. Line 31: *Are we all ready?*—The Ff. give these words to Cæsar, in whose mouth they are palpably inappropriate. Ritson proposed to join them to the speech of Cinna, but Collier's MS. Corrector gives them to Casca. This is better, and is adopted by Craik, Dyce, and others.

151. Line 33: *Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar.*—Compare North (Life of Brutus): "So when he was set, the conspirators flocked about him, and amongst them they presented one *Tullius Cimber*,[1] who made humble suit for the calling home again of his brother that was banished. They all made as though they were intercessors for him, and tooke *Cæsar* by the hands, and kissed his head and breast. *Cæsar* at the first, simply refused their kindness and entreaties: but afterwards, perceiving they still pressed on him, he violently thrust them from him. Then *Cimber* with both his hands plucked *Cæsar's* gown ouer his shoulders, and *Casca* that stood behind him, drew his dagger first and strake *Cæsar* upon the shoulder, but gave him no great wound. *Cæsar* feeling himself hurt, took him straight by the hand he held his dagger in, and cried out, in Latin: 'O traitor *Casca*, what dost thou?' *Casca* on the other side cried in Greek, and called his brother to help him. So divers running on a heap together to fly upon *Cæsar*, he looking about him to have fled, saw *Brutus* with a sword drawn in his hand ready to strike at him: then he let *Casca's* hand go, and casting his gown over his face, suffered every man to strike at him that would. Then the conspirators thronging one upon another, because every man was desirous to have a cut at him, so many swords and daggers lighting vpon one body, one of them hurt another, and among them *Brutus* caught a blow on his hand, because he would make one in murthering of him, and all the rest also were every man of them bloodied. *Cæsar* being slain in this manner, *Brutus*, standing in the middest of the house, would have spoken, and stayed the other Senators that were not of the conspiracy, to have told them the reason why they had done this fact. But they, as men both afraid and amazed, fled, one upon another's neck in haste to get out at the door, and no man followed them. For it was set down, and agreed between them, that they should kill no man but *Cæsar* only, and should intreat all the rest to look to defend their liberty" (p. 119).

152. Line 36: *These* COUCHINGS.—Hanmer substitutes *crouchings;* but, as Singer notes, *couching* had the same sense. He cites Huloet: "Cowche, like a dogge; *procumbo, prosterno.*" Compare also Genesis, xlix. 14: "Issachar is a strong ass *couching* down between two burdens."

153. Line 39: *Into the* LAW *of children.*—The Ff. reading is "the *lane* of children," an obvious misprint, first corrected by Johnson. Like most of the palpable errors of the type in the early editions, it has sometimes been defended, though very lamely.

154. Line 43: *Low-*CROOKED *curtsies.*—Collier's MS. Corrector reads "Low-*crouched;*" but Singer again quotes Huloet, who has "*crooke*-backed or *crowche*-backed."

155. Line 47: *Know, Cæsar doth not wrong,* &c.—Ben Jonson, in his Discoveries, speaking of Shakespeare, says: "Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter; as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, 'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause.'" And he ridicules the expression again in his Staple of News: "Cry you mercy; you never *did wrong but with just cause.*" Craik believes that the words stood originally as Jonson has quoted them; but it is more probable, as Collier has suggested, that Jonson was quoting only from memory, which, as he himself says, was "shaken with age now, and sloth." If the passage stood at first as he gives it, the author must have subsequently modified it, and the present text should not be meddled with; but the American editor Hudson adopts the reading proposed by Tyrwhitt:

> *Met.* Cæsar, thou *dost me wrong.*
> *Cæs.* Know, Cæsar *doth not wrong*, but with *just cause,*
> Nor without cause will he be satisfied.

156. Line 51: *For the* REPEALING *of my banish'd brother.*—In the next speech we have the substantive *repeal* used in this same sense of recalling from exile. See also Coriolanus, v. 5. 5:

> *Repeal* him with the welcome of his mother;

and Lucrece, 640:

> I sue for exil'd majesty's *repeal.*

157. Line 67: *And men are flesh and blood, and* APPREHENSIVE.—For this use of *apprehensive* compare Falstaff's eulogy on sack in II. Henry IV. iv. 3. 107: "makes it [the brain] *apprehensive,* quick, forgetive."

158. Line 77: *Et tu, Brute!*—It is curious that no ancient Latin authority has been discovered for this exclamation which Shakespeare has made classical. It is found in the True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, which was first printed in 1595, and on which the Third Part of Henry VI. was founded; and also in a poem by S. Nicholson, entitled Acolastus his Afterwit, printed in 1600. In both we find the line,

> *Et tu Brute?* Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?

It may have been taken from the Latin play on the death of Cæsar which we know to have been acted at Oxford in 1582, though no copy has come down to our day. In Suetonius (i. 82) Cæsar is made to say to Brutus Καὶ σὺ τέκνον (And thou too, my son?).

159. Line 94: *and let no man* ABIDE *this deed.*—We find *abide* again in this sense (be held responsible for) in iii. 2. 119 of the present play:

> If it be found so, some will dear *abide* it,

or pay dearly for it.

160. Line 101: *Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,* &c.—Some editors transfer this speech to Cassius, though

[1] In the Life of Cæsar he is called *Metellus Cimber*, and in Suetonius (i. 82) *Cimber Tullius.*

the Ff. have the prefix *Cask*. It is in keeping with what Casca has said in i. 3. 101 above:

So every bondman in his own hand bears, &c.

161. Lines 111–113:

How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Of course this is put into the mouth of Cassius for stage effect; but it is not out of keeping with the character, or the circumstances, as some have asserted. That Cassius should think of the great political significance of Cæsar's downfall is natural enough; and also of the prominent place the event would have in histories and historical dramas to be written in future times and far-off lands. This "prophesying after the event" is no unfamiliar thing in poetry, and is historically justifiable whenever, as here, we have to admit the possibility that the idea might occur to the speaker. In this particular instance it seems naturally suggested, and is impressively carried out in the following speeches.

162. Line 113: *In* STATES *unborn*.—F. 1 has *state*, and in line 115 *lye along*. Both errors were corrected in F. 2.

163. Line 136: THOROUGH *the hazards of this untrod state*.—The form *thorough=through* is common enough in old writers. Compare v. 1. 110 of this play: "*Thorough* the streets of Rome." But that is an imperfect line; a better instance is in Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 106, 107:

And *thorough* this distemperature we see
The seasons alter.

164. Line 143: *I know that we shall have him well to friend*.—The guileless confidence of Brutus that Antony will join their faction is characteristic of the man, as the shrewd misgivings of Cassius are of *him*. Brutus, as we have seen, is inclined to think others as honest and disinterested as he is himself; but Cassius is an experienced politician, who has learned how selfish the great majority of men are.

165. Line 163: *The* CHOICE *and master spirits of this age*.—It is curious that Craik should think that *choice* may be a substantive. It is beyond all question an adjective in the same construction as *master*.

166. Line 171: *As fire drives out fire, so pity pity*.—The old proverbial comparison is a favourite one with Shakespeare. See Romeo and Juliet, i. 2. 46: "one fire burns out another's burning;" Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 4. 192:

Even as one heat another heat expels;

and Coriolanus, iv. 7. 54: "One fire drives out one fire."

[Some commentators think it necessary to point out here that *fire* is to be regarded as a dissyllable in the first place, and as a monosyllable in the second; but to make such a distinction in pronouncing this word on the stage is practically impossible. Owing to our system of vowels such words as *fire, spire, sire, &c., must* be pronounced as if spelt *fi-er, spi-er, si-er;* but if we pronounced the *i* as it is pronounced in Italian, we could make such words monosyllables or dissyllables at pleasure. In English we have no choice between pronouncing *fire* as a dissyllable *fi-er*, or as *fir*, if we wish to make a monosyllable of it. But the best plan is to regard the *i*, in such words as *fire, sire, &c.*, as=*ïe*, and when we want to make them monosyllables we must treat the diæresis as we treat a *portamento* in music.—F. A. M.]

167. Line 174: *Our arms in strength of malice, &c.*—F. 1 reads thus:

Our Armes in strength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receiue you in,
With all kinde loue, good thoughts, and reuerence.

Pope reads "*exempt from* malice;" Capell and Dyce, "*no* strength of malice;" Collier's MS. Corrector, "in strength of *welcome;*" and Singer suggests, "in strength of *amity*." Knight, the Cambridge editors, Grant White, and Rolfe follow the Folio. Grant White remarks: "The difficulty found in this passage, which even Mr. Dyce suspects to be corrupt, seems to result from a forgetfulness of the preceding context:

Though now we must appear *bloody and cruel*,
As, *by our hands* and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not: they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome, &c.

So (*Brutus* continues) our arms, even in the intensity of their hatred to *Cæsar's* tyranny, and our hearts in their brotherly love to all Romans, do receive you in."

168. Lines 177, 178:

Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

There spoke the politician Cassius, who assumes that Antony is more likely to be influenced by the promise of a share in the substantial profits of the revolution than by the fine patriotism of Brutus.

169. Line 189: THOUGH LAST, NOT LEAST *in love, yours, good Trebonius*.—This has been quoted in support of the Quarto reading in Lear, i. 1. 85:

Although the last not least in our dear love;

but the expression *Though last not least* was an alliterative commonplace at that time, and no argument can be based upon it where the comparative merits of two texts are concerned.

170. Line 196: *Shall it not grieve thee* DEARER *than thy death?*—The use of *dear* in expressions like this (and "*dearest* foe" in Hamlet, i. 2. 182, &c.) is easily explained. The word simply expresses intensity of feeling or interest, whether in the way of love or hate; or, in other words, it "imports the excess, the utmost, the *superlative*, of that to which it is applied." Compare Richard II. note 78.

171. Line 206: *crimson'd in thy* LETHE.—That is, "in the stream that bears thee to oblivion." Collier's MS. Corrector alters *lethe* to *death;* but Collier, in his second edition, restores *lethe*, which is also the reading of Knight, Dyce, Staunton, the Cambridge editors, Grant White, and Rolfe.

172. Lines 207, 208:

O world! thou wast the forest to this HART;
And this, indeed, O world, the HEART *of thee.*

Coleridge would not believe that Shakespeare wrote these lines, and endeavoured to show that the conceit was not introduced as conceits generally are in plays, namely, as

a mere verbal quibble; but there is no good reason for doubting that the passage is genuine. It is in the fashion of the time, which Shakespeare had not then outgrown—if, indeed, he ever did outgrow it completely—and it follows naturally enough from the preceding lines, with their picture of the slain *hart* and the bloody huntsman. As Rolfe notes, the same quibble occurs in As You Like It, iii. 2. 260, and Twelfth Night, i. 1. 21; both of which plays, it may be added, were written about the same time as Julius Cæsar. Compare Richard II. note 115.

173. Line 228: PRODUCE *his body* TO THE MARKET-PLACE.—It will be seen that *produce* is here used in its original Latin sense of *bear forth;* but this does not show, as some have supposed, anything more than a schoolboy acquaintance with Latin. *The market-place* was of course the Forum. Compare I. Henry VI. ii. 2. 4, 5:

> Bring forth the body of old Salisbury
> And here advance it in *the market-place.*

174. Line 241: *Have all* TRUE *rites.*—Dyce follows Pope in reading "*due* rites;" but the change is unnecessary and prosaic.

175. Line 258: *Woe to the* HANDS, &c.—The Ff. have *hand;* but the plural is in accordance with line 158 above: "Now, whilst your purpled *hands,*" &c.

176. Line 262: *the* LIMBS *of men.*—The old reading may be corrupt, but the case is not clear enough to justify a change. Hanmer reads *kind* for *limbs;* Warburton, *line;* Johnson, *lives* or *lymms* (that is, bloodhounds); Collier's MS. Corrector, *loins;* Staunton, *tombs;* and Dyce, *minds.* Walker suggests *times,* and Grant White *sons.*

177. Line 271: *With* ATÉ *by his side come hot from hell.*—Craik observes that "this Homeric goddess had taken a strong hold of Shakespeare's imagination;" as is shown by his repeated references to her. Compare Much Ado, ii. 1. 263: "the infernal *Até;*" Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 694: "More *Ates,* more *Ates!*" and King John, ii. 1. 63;

> An *Ate,* stirring him to blood and strife.

178. Line 273: *the dogs of war.*—Steele, in the Tatler (No. 137), suggests that by *the dogs of war* Shakespeare probably meant "fire, sword, and famine." He compares Henry V. i. Chorus, 5–8:

> Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
> Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
> Leash'd in like *hounds,* should *famine, sword* and *fire*
> Crouch for employment.

See also I. Henry VI. iv. 2. 10, 11:

> You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
> Lean *famine,* quartering *steel,* and climbing *fire.*

179. Line 283: FOR *mine eyes.*—F. 1 has "*from* mine eyes," which F. 2 corrects. Dyce alters *Began* in the next line to *Begin.*

180. Line 289: *No* ROME *of safety for Octavius yet.*—There is a play on *Rome* and *room,* as in i. 2. 156 above. See note 54.

ACT III. Scene 2.

181.—For this scene and the next compare North (Life of Brutus): "Now at the first time, when the murther was newly done, there were sudden outcries of people that ran up and down the city, the which indeed did the more increase the fear and tumult. But when they saw they slew no man, neither did spoil or make havoc of anything, then certain of the Senators, and many of the people, emboldening themselves, went to the Capitol unto them. There, a great number of men being assembled together one after another, *Brutus* made an oration unto them, to win the favour of the people, and to justify that they had done. All those that were by said they had done well, and cried unto them that they should boldly come down from the Capitol: whereupon *Brutus* and his companions came boldly down into the market-place. The rest followed in troupe, but *Brutus* went foremost, very honourably compassed in round about with the noblest men of the city, which brought him from the Capitol, through the market-place, to the pulpit for orations. When the people saw him in the pulpit, although they were a multitude of rakehels of all sorts, and had a good will to make some stir: yet, being ashamed to do it, for the reverence they bare unto *Brutus,* they kept silence to hear what he would say. When *Brutus* began to speak, they gave him quiet audience: howbeit, immediately after, they shewed that they were not all contented with the murther. For when another, called *Cinna,* would have spoken, and began to accuse *Cæsar,* they fell into a great uproar among them, and marvellously reviled him; insomuch that the conspirators returned again into the capitol. There *Brutus,* being afraid to be besieged, sent back again the noblemen that came thither with him, thinking it no reason that they, which were no partakers of the murther, should be partakers of the danger. . . .

"Then *Antonius,* thinking good his testament should be read openly, and also that his body should be honourably buried, and not in hugger-mugger,[1] lest the people might thereby take occasion to be worse offended if they did otherwise: *Cassius* stoutly spake against it. But *Brutus* went with the motion, and agreed unto it: wherein it seemeth he committed a second fault. For the first fault he did, was when he would not consent to his fellow conspirators, that *Antonius* should be slain: and therefore he was justly accused, that thereby he had saved and strengthened a strong and grievous enemy of their conspiracy. The second fault was, when he agreed that *Cæsar's* funerals should be as *Antonius* would have them, the which indeed marred all. For first of all, when *Cæsar's* testament was openly read among them, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed unto every citizen of ROME 75 drachmas a man; and that he left his gardens and arbors unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tiber, in the place where now the temple of Fortune is built: the people then loved him, and were marvellous sorry for him. Afterwards, when *Cæsar's* body was brought into the market-place, *Antonius* making his funeral oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custom of Rome, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion, he framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the

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1 Compare Hamlet, iv. 5. 83, 84:

> and we have done but greenly
> In *hugger-mugger* to inter him.

more; and taking *Cæsar's* gown all bloody in his hand, he laid it open to the sight of them all, shewing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it. Therewithal the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny, that there was no more order kept amongst the common people. For some of them cried out, 'Kill the murtherers:' others plucked up forms, tables, and stalls about the market-place, as they had done before at the funerals of *Clodius;* and having laid them all on a heap together, they set them on fire, and thereupon did put the body of *Cæsar*, and burnt it in the mids of the most holy places. And furthermore, when the fire was throughly kindled some here, some there, took burning firebrands, and ran with them to the murtherers' houses that killed him, to set them on fire. Howbeit the conspirators foreseeing the danger before, had wisely provided for themselves, and fled. But there was a poet called *Cinna*, who had been no partaker of the conspiracy, but was always one of *Cæsar's* chiefest friends: he dreamed, the night before that *Cæsar* bad him to supper with him, and that, he refusing to go, *Cæsar* was very importunate with him, and compelled him; so that at length he led him by the hand into a great dark place, where being marvellously afraid, he was driven to follow him in spite of his heart. This dream put him all night into a fever; and yet notwithstanding, the next morning when he heard that they carried *Cæsar's* body to burial, being ashamed not to accompany his funerals, he went out of his house, and thrust himself into the prease of the common people, that were in a great uproar. And because some one called him by his name *Cinna:* the people thinking he had been that *Cinna* who in an oration he made had spoken very evil of *Cæsar*, they, falling upon him in their rage, slew him outright in the market-place" (p. 122).

182. Line 12: *Be patient till the last*, &c.—Hazlitt says that the speech of Brutus "certainly is not so good as Antony's." To this Knight replies: "In what way is it not so good? As a specimen of eloquence, put by the side of Antony's, who can doubt that it is tame, passionless, severe, and therefore ineffective? But as an example of Shakespeare's wonderful power of characterization, it is beyond all praise. It was the consummate artifice of Antony that made him say, 'I am no orator, as Brutus is.' Brutus was *not* an orator. . . . He is a man of just intentions, of calm understanding, of settled purpose, when his principles are to become actions. But his notion of oratory is this:

> I will myself into the pulpit first,
> And show the reason of our Cæsar's death.

And he does show the *reason*. . . . He expects that Antony will speak with equal moderation—all good of Cæsar—no blame of Cæsar's murderers; and he thinks it an advantage to speak *before* Antony. He knew not what *oratory* really is. But Shakespeare knew, and he painted Antony."

Warburton remarks that the style of the speech of Brutus is an "imitation of his famed laconic brevity." Compare North (Life of Brutus): "But for the Greek tongue, they do note in some of his epistles, that he counterfeited that brief compendious manner of speech of the Lacedæmonians. As when the war was begun, he wrote unto the Pergamenians in this sort: 'I understand you have given *Dolabella* money: if you have done it willingly, you confess you have offended me; if against your wills, shew it then by giving me willingly.' Another time again unto the Samians: 'Your councils be long, your doings be slow, consider the end.' And in another Epistle he wrote unto the Patareians: 'The Xanthians despising my good will, have made their country a grave of despair, and the Patareians that put themselves into my protection, have lost no jot of their liberty: and therefore, whilst you have liberty, either choose the judgment of the Patareians, or the fortune of the Xanthians.' These were *Brutus'* manner of letters, which were honoured for their briefness" (p. 107).

183. Line 17: CENSURE *me in your wisdom.*—The meaning of *censure*, if not clear in itself, is made so by the equivalent *judge* at the end of the sentence. Compare the use of the substantive in Hamlet, i. 3. 69:

> Take each man's *censure*, but reserve thy judgment.

184. Line 41: *The question of his death.*—A statement of the reasons why he was put to death; or the *answer* to any question that may be asked concerning it.

185. Lines 42–44: *his glory not* EXTENUATED, *wherein he was worthy; nor his offences* ENFORCED, *for which he suffered death.*—Again, in Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 125, we have *enforce*, in the sense of exaggerated, opposed to *extenuate:*

> We will *extenuate* rather than *enforce*.

186. Line 57: *Shall* NOW *be crown'd in Brutus.*—The *now* was not in the Ff., but was inserted by Pope, and has been generally adopted by the editors.

187. Line 63: *Cæsar's* GLORIES.—Dyce adopts Walker's suggestion of *glory*.

188. Line 66: *Save* I *alone.*—Compare v. 5. 69 of this play: "Save only *he*." This is one of many illustrations of the loose syntax of the Elizabethan time.

189. Line 70: *I am* BEHOLDING *to you.*—This word *beholding* is often used by other writers of the time instead of *beholden*. Craik has shown that the latter is probably a corruption of *gehealden*, the perfect participle of the Anglo-Saxon *healden*, to hold, whence its meaning of held, bound, or obliged.

190. Line 79: *to* BURY *Cæsar.*—Compare the reference in Coriolanus (iii. 3. 51) to "the holy churchyard." Would Bacon have been guilty of such anachronisms? [It is true that the Romans usually cremated the bodies of their dead in Cæsar's time, but *burial* was the general practice up to the later period of the Republic, and afterwards in the case of children and of persons struck by lightning. Marius was *buried*, but Sulla was cremated. The urns containing the ashes and bones of the dead were always placed in a sepulchre. It is worth remarking that in the well-known speech of Hamlet to his father's ghost he uses the word *inurn'd* (i. 4. 48, 49):

> the sepulchre
> Wherein we saw thee quietly *inurn'd*.

But Hamlet's father was *buried*, not cremated.—F. A. M.]

191. Lines 80, 81:

The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones.

Compare Henry VIII. iv. 2. 45, 46:

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.

192. Line 115: *Has he* NOT, *masters?*—The Ff. omit *not,* which was supplied by Craik and is adopted by Dyce. Walker proposed "Has he, *my* masters?" but the negative seems to be required by the context.

193. Line 138: *And dip their* NAPKINS *in his sacred blood.—Napkin,* for handkerchief, is common in Shakespeare and contemporary writers, and is said to be still used in this sense in Scotland. Compare Hamlet, v. 2. 299:

Here, Hamlet, take my *napkin,* rub thy brows.

In Othello the famous handkerchief is more than once called a *napkin;* as in iii. 3. 290: "I am glad I have found this *napkin.*"

194. Line 177: *the Nervii.*—A warlike Belgic tribe, the subjugation of whom (B.C. 57) was an important event in Cæsar's Gallic campaigns.

195. Line 225: *For I have neither* WIT, *nor words, nor worth.*—F. 1 has *writ* for *wit;* corrected in F. 2. Johnson and Malone defend *writ,* and Knight considers that it "may be explained as a prepared writing."

196. Line 247: *seventy-five* DRACHMAS.—The *drachma* was a Greek coin worth about ninepence. Of course the value of money was then much greater than in our day.

197. Lines 253, 254:

His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
ON THIS SIDE TIBER.

These *orchards,* or gardens, were on *the other side* of the *Tiber,* as a Roman would say, or with reference to the city proper, where the Forum, in which Antony is speaking, was situated. The error is copied by Shakespeare from North's Plutarch. See the passage in note 181 above. Compare also Horace, Satires, i. 9. 18:

Trans Tiberim longe cubat is prope Cæsaris hortos

Compare Much Ado, note 62.

198. Line 273: *I heard* HIM *say.*—Capell and Collier's MS. Corrector change *him* to *them,* and Dyce to *'em.* Knight, the Cambridge editors, and others retain the *him* of the Ff.

ACT III. Scene 3.

199. Line 2: *And things* UNLUCKY *charge my fantasy.*—The Ff. have "things *vnluckily.*" The emendation is due to Warburton, and is generally adopted. Knight, however, retains *vnluckily,* and Collier's MS. Corrector gives *unlikely.*

200. Line 3: *I have no will to wander* FORTH OF *doors.*—Rolfe compares Tempest, v. 1. 160: "thrust *forth of* Milan;" and III. Henry VI. ii. 2. 157: "*forth of* France."

201. Line 13: *Ay, and truly,* YOU WERE BEST.—The *you* was originally dative (it were, or would be, best for you), but was subsequently mistaken for the nominative. Compare the similar misconception in regard to *if you please,* a contraction of *if it please you.*

202. Line 40: *To* BRUTUS', *to* CASSIUS', &c.—The Ff. have "to *Brutus,* to *Cassius,* burne all. Some to *Decius* House, and some to *Caska's;* some to *Ligarius:* Away, go." It is evident that all the names are in the possessive; but Grant White has "To *Brutus,* to *Cassius,*" and "to *Ligarius.*"

ACT IV. Scene 1.

203.—The heading of the scene in the Ff. is simply "*Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus;*" but it is evident that they are supposed to be in Rome. *Lepidus* is sent to Cæsar's house for the will, and is told that, on his return, *Antony* and *Octavius* will be "or here or at the Capitol." The triumvirs actually met on a small island in the river Rhenus (now the Reno), near Bononia (the modern Bologna). Compare North (Life of Antony): "Thereupon all three met together (to wit, *Cæsar, Antonius,* and *Lepidus*) in an iland environed round about with a little river, and there remained three days together. Now as touching all other matters they were easily agreed, and did divide all the empire of ROME between them, as if it had been their own inheritance. But yet they could hardly agree whom they would put to death: for every one of them would kill their Enemies, and save their Kinsmen and friends. Yet at length, giving place to their greedy desire to be revenged of their Enemies, they spurned all reverence of Blood, and holiness of friendship at their feet. For *Cæsar* left *Cicero* to *Antonius* will, *Antonius* also forsook *Lucius Cæsar,* who was his Uncle by his Mother: and both of them together suffered *Lepidus* to kill his own Brother *Paulus.* Yet some Writers affirm, that *Cæsar* and *Antonius* requested *Paulus* might be slain, and that *Lepidus* was contented with it. In my Opinion there was never a more horrible, unnatural, and crueller change then this was. For thus changing murther for murther, they did as well kill those whom they did forsake and leave unto others, as those also which others left unto them to kill: but so much more was their wickedness and cruelty great unto their friends, for that they did put them to death being innocents, and having no cause to hate them" (p. 169).

204. Line 5: YOUR *sister s son.*—According to Plutarch, the man was Lucius Cæsar, and Mark Antony was the son of *his* sister. Upton suggested that Shakespeare wrote "*You are his* sister's son;" but it is more probable that he got the relationships confused.

205. Line 22: *To groan and sweat under the business.*—The trisyllabic pronunciation of *business,* which its derivation and orthography require, was not lost in Shakespeare's day, though beginning to disappear. Compare Richard II. ii. 1. 217:

To see this *business.* To-morrow next, &c.

206. Line 27: *And graze* IN *commons.*—Craik adopts the reading of Collier's MS. Corrector: "And graze *on* commons."

207. Line 37: *On objects, arts, and imitations.*—The line is not improbably corrupt, but no satisfactory emendation has been proposed. Theobald and Dyce read:

On *abject* orts and imitations;

and Staunton has:

On *abjects, arts*, and imitations,

defining *abjects* as "things thrown away as useless." This reading is adopted by the Cambridge editors. [There seems to me no necessity for altering the text at all; the passage describes a man utterly devoid of originality, content with the *objects, arts,* and fashions or *imitations* which others have pursued or adopted for a long time, till they have become stale or obsolete to most men. *Objects* is a favourite word of Shakespeare, and used by him with a very wide range of meaning; to change it to such an etymological abortion as *abjects* seems to me a fantastic act of critical acrobatics.—F. A. M.]

208. Line 44: *Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out.*—This is the reading of F. 2; F. 1 having only

Our best Friends made, our meanes stretcht.

Malone suggested

Our best friends made, our means stretch'd *to the utmost.*

ACT IV. Scene 2.

209. Line 7: *In his own* CHANGE, *or by ill* OFFICERS.—Either because of some *change* on his own part, or from some fault on the part of his *officers*. Warburton wished to read *charge*, and Johnson *offices*, neither of which is an improvement on the original text.

210. Line 23: *like horses* HOT AT HAND.—"That is, apparently, when *held by the hand*, or led; or rather, perhaps, when acted upon only by the rein" (Craik). Compare Henry VIII. v. 3. 21–24:

those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not *in their hands* to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage.

211. Line 26: *They* FALL *their* CRESTS.—Compare Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 379, 380:

make him *fall*
His *crest.*

Craik says that this transitive use of *fall* "is not common in Shakespeare;" but Rolfe remarks that it occurs sixteen times.

212. Line 50: LUCIUS, *do you the like;* &c.—F. 1 reads thus:

Lucillius, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we haue done our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our doore.

Craik transposed *Lucius* and *Lucilius*, which mends the measure and removes the absurdity of associating a servant-boy and an officer of rank in the guarding of the door. Cassius sends *his* servant Pindarus with a message to his division of the army, and Brutus sends his servant Lucius on a similar errand. The Folio itself confirms this correction, since it makes *Lucilius* oppose the intrusion of the *Poet*, and at the close of the conference Brutus addresses "*Lucilius* and Titinius," who had evidently remained on guard together all the while. Knight and the Cambridge editors nevertheless retain the old reading.

ACT IV. Scene 3.

213.—With this scene compare North (Life of Brutus): "Therefore, before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a little chamber together, and bade every man avoid, and did shut the doors to them. Then they began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a weeping. Their friends that were without the chamber, hearing them loud within and angry between themselves, they were both amazed and afraid also, lest it would grow to further matter: but yet they were commanded that no man should come to them. Notwithstanding, one *Marcus Phaonius* [Favonius], that had been a friend and a follower of *Cato* while he lived, and took upon him to counterfeit a philosopher, not with wisdom and discretion, but with a certain bedlem and frantic motion: he would needs come into the chamber, though the men offered to keep him out. But it was no boot to let *Phaonius*, when a mad mood or toy took him in the head: for he was a hot hasty man, and sudden in all his doings, and cared for never a senator of them all. Now, though he used this bold manner of speech after the profession of the Cynic philosophers, (as who would say, *Dogs*) yet his boldness did no hurt many times, because they did but laugh at him to see him so mad. This *Phaonius* at that time, in despite of the door-keepers, came into the chamber, and with a certain scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old *Nestor* said in *Homer:*

My Lords, I pray you hearken both to me,
For I have seen mo years than suchie three.

Cassius fell a-laughing at him: but *Brutus* thrust him out of the chamber, and called him dog and counterfeit Cynic. Howbeit his coming in brake their strife at that time, and so they left each other" (pp. 134, 135).

214. Line 2: *You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella*, &c.—On this matter compare North (Life of Brutus): "The next day after, *Brutus*, upon complaint of the SARDIANS, did *condemn and note Lucius Pella* for a defamed person, that had been a Prætor of the ROMANS, and whom *Brutus* had given charge unto: for that he was accused and convicted of robbery, and pilfery in his office. This judgment much misliked *Cassius*, because he himself had secretly (not many days before) warned two of his friends, attainted and convicted of the like offences, and openly had cleared them: but yet he did not therefore leave to employ them in any manner of service as he did before. And therefore he greatly reproved *Brutus*, for that he would shew himself so straight and severe, in such a time as was meeter to bear a little then to take things at the worst. *Brutus* in contrary manner answered, that he should remember the Ides of *March*, at which time they slew *Julius Cæsar*, who neither pilled nor polled the country, but only was a favourer and suborner of all them that did rob and spoil, by his countenance and authority" (p. 135).

215. Line 4: *my* LETTER.—F. 1 has "my *Letters;*" corrected in F. 2. Dyce and some others retain the plural, and change *was* in the next line to *were;* but it is more likely that a letter should have been added to *letter* than that *were* should have been misprinted *was*.

216. Line 9: *Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself.*—Capell and Dyce read "*And* let me tell you," &c. [The

line is deficient in a syllable, but there is no necessity to add anything. The speaker pauses before answering. The addition of *And* is incredibly weak.—F. A. M.]

217. Line 20: *What villain touch'd his body,* &c.—That is, "who that touched his body was such a villain," &c. Compare v. 4. 2 below: "What bastard doth not!"

218. Line 28: BAY *not me.*—The Ff. have "*baite* not me," which Theobald corrected.

219. Line 37: *Away,* SLIGHT *man!*—Compare iv. 1. 12 above:

> This is a *slight,* unmeritable man;

and Othello, ii. 3. 279: "so *slight* so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer."

220. Line 45: *Must I* OBSERVE *you?*—"Must I be obsequious to you, or treat you as a superior?" Rolfe compares II. Henry IV. iv. 4. 30:

> For he is gracious, if he be *observ'd*

(that is, "treated with deference" or "with due regard to his rank.")

221. Line 54: *of* NOBLE *men.*—Collier's MS. Corrector changes this early reading to "of *abler* men," and is followed by Dyce. Wright remarks: "Brutus says *noble* because it is what he wishes Cassius to be."

[Dyce accepts Collier's emendation "*abler* men" without any hesitation. Craik strongly supports it, and Staunton, in his note on the passage, calls it "a very plausible emendation." Collier, in his Notes and Emendations (p. 401), justifies this emendation by reference to the previous speech of Cassio, iv. 3. 30–32:

> I am a soldier, I,
> Older in practice, *abler* than yourself
> To make conditions.

He adds afterwards: "Cassius had said nothing about 'noble men,' and his reply to the above has reference to what he did actually utter;" but Cassius has said nothing about "*abler* men" in its general and abstract sense= "more capable," but in a particular sense, with reference to the selection of persons for the offices at his disposal (to *make conditions;* and see foot-note on *conditions*). According to Collier's argument we ought to expect neither *noble* nor *abler,* but *better,* for that is the epithet which Brutus resents so strongly (see above, line 51). Moreover *noble*—pronounced, as it should be, emphatically—is a very appropriate word here, as it contrasts strongly with *slight* applied to Cassius by Brutus above (line 37). This emendation seems to me, like so many of those made in Collier's MS. copy, to be just such a one as a person, going through the plays with his pencil, would make on the spur of the moment, because it was what he thought Shakespeare *ought* to have written.—F. A. M.]

222. Line 75: *By any* INDIRECTION.—By any dishonest course, any methods not "straightforward." Compare the adjective in II. Henry IV. iv. 5. 185: "*indirect* crook'd ways."

223. Line 80: *To lock such* RASCAL COUNTERS *from his friends.*—"To refuse this vile money to his friends." *Rascal* was originally the hunter's term for a lean and worthless deer, and was then applied metaphorically to human beings, like so many other names and epithets of inferior animals. *Counters* were round pieces of metal used in arithmetical computations. Compare Winter's Tale, iv. 3. 38: "I cannot do't without *counters.*" In the present passage the word is used contemptuously.

224. Lines 81, 82:

> *Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,*
> *Dash him to pieces!*

The Ff. have the comma after *thunderbolts;* but Collier and one or two others omit it. Craik thinks that *dash* is the infinitive with *to* omitted; but Rolfe is clearly right in regarding it as the imperative: "Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts *and* dash him to pieces."

225. Line 91: *A flatterer's would not, though they* DO *appear.*—Collier's MS. Corrector needlessly changes *do* to *did.*

226. Line 102: PLUTUS' *mine.*—The Ff. have "*Pluto's* Mine;" as "*Plutoes* gold" in Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 197.

227. Line 109: *dishonour shall be* HUMOUR; *i.e.* "Even dishonourable conduct (referring either to the bribery or to the behaviour of Cassius in this quarrel) shall be excused as a mere caprice." Craik suggests that *humour* is a misprint for *honour,* and Grant White agrees with him. The antithesis would be natural enough, but the text is equally natural and expressive, and quite as likely to be what Shakespeare wrote.

228. Line 110: *you are yoked with a* LAMB.—Pope changed *lamb* to *man.* The reference is of course to Brutus himself, though occasionally misunderstood.

[Certainly *lamb* does not seem a very appropriate word here; for Brutus scarcely resembled that innocent and frisky animal. But the commonplace emendation *man* does not mend matters, and, at the best, the imagery here is slightly confused; for the parallel between a *lamb* and a *flint* that gives fire when struck, is scarcely a happy one; though *flint* is certainly descriptive enough of the nature of Brutus. After all, it is most likely that the reading of the Folio is the right one; and that the author may have intended to use a somewhat exaggerated similitude; there being in his mind, as there often was, a double idea. He meant Brutus to say that he had the gentleness of a *lamb* in his nature, as well as that slowness to anger which comes rather from a firm and resolute disposition than from a gentle one.—F. A. M.]

229. Line 119: *Have* NOT YOU *love enough to bear with me.*—This is the reading of the Ff. Pope, followed by some other editors, reads "Have *you not,*" &c.

230. Line 138: COMPANION, *hence!*—For this contemptuous use of *companion,* compare II. Henry VI. iv. 10. 33: "Why, rude *companion,*" &c.; and see Midsummer Night's Dream, note 7. The word is found in this sense as late as the middle of the last century; for instance, in Smollett's Roderick Random (A.D. 1748): "Scurvy *companion!* Saucy tarpaulin! Rude, impertinent fellow!"

231. Lines 152–155:

> IMPATIENT *of my absence,*
> *And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony*
> *Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death*
> *That tidings came.*

Craik remarks: "This speech is throughout a striking exemplification of the tendency of strong emotion to break through the logical forms of grammar, and of how possible it is for language to be perfectly intelligible, sometimes, with the grammar in a more or less chaotic or uncertain state." Some critics have nevertheless wished to correct the syntax by changing *Impatient* to *Impatience*.

232. Line 156: *And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.*—Compare North (Life of Brutus): "And for *Porcia, Brutus* Wife, *Nicolaus* the Philosopher, and *Valerius Maximus* do write, that she determining to kill herself (her parents and friends carefully looking to her to keep her from it), took hot burning coals and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close that she choked herself" (p. 151).

233. Line 173: *That by proscription and bills of outlawry*, &c.—Compare North (Life of Brutus): "After that, these three, *Octavius Cæsar, Antonius*, and *Lepidus* made an agreement between themselves, and by those articles divided the provinces belonging to the empire of ROME among themselves, and did set up *bills of proscription and outlawry*, condemning two hundred of the noblest men of ROME to suffer death, and among that number Cicero was one" (p. 128).

234. Line 179: *Cicero is dead.*—To fill out the measure Steevens reads, "*Ay*, Cicero is dead." Abbott (Grammar, § 486) regards the preceding *one* as a dissyllable.

[It is a mercy that a race of actors educated by Dr. Abbott have not been let loose on the world; for, were they to follow his eccentric rules of pronunciation, our ears would be assailed on the stage with a kind of *boohhooing* to which even the slipshod elocution of our day would seem a grateful melody. This line is one of those that need no patching; the pause amply supplies the place of the missing syllable.—F. A. M.]

235. Line 194: *I have as much of this* IN ART *as you.*—Malone explains *in art* as "in theory;" but Craik, better, as "acquired knowledge, or learning, as distinguished from natural disposition. This is, however, only a more exact statement of what Malone probably meant.

236. Line 209: *Come on refresh'd, new-*ADDED, *and encourag'd.*—For the original reading, "new-*added*," Dyce and Singer independently suggested "new-*aided*," which is plausible if any change be called for. Collier's MS. Corrector has "new-*hearted*," which Craik adopts.

237. Line 228: *Which we will* NIGGARD *with a little rest.*—Craik remarks that this is probably the only instance in the language of *niggard* as a verb; but Rolfe points out another in Sonnet i. 12:

> And, tender churl, makest waste in *niggarding*.

238. Line 231: FAREWELL, *good Messala!*—Hanmer would read "*Now*, farewell," and Walker, *Fare you well.*

239. Line 256: *Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while*, &c.—F. 2 muddles the passage as follows:

> Canst thou hold up thy instrument a straine or two,
> And touch thy heavy eyes a-while.

240. Line 272: *Where I left reading.*—Compare North (Life of Brutus): "Brutus was a careful[1] man, and slept very little, both for that his diet was moderate, as also because he was continually occupied. He never slept in the daytime, and in the night no longer then the time he was driven to be alone, and when everybody else took their rest. But now whilst he was in war, and his head ever busily occupied to think of his affairs and what would happen, after he had slumbered a little after supper, he spent all the rest of the night in dispatching of his weightiest causes; and after he had taken order for them, if he had any leisure left him, he would read some book till the third watch of the night, at what time the captains, petty captains, and colonels, did use to come to him. So, being ready to go into EUROPE, one night very late (when all the camp took quiet rest) as he was in his tent with a little light, thinking of weighty matters, he thought he heard one come in to him, and casting his eye towards the door of his tent, that he saw a wonderful strange and monstrous shape of a body coming towards him, and said never a word. So *Brutus* boldly asked what he was, a god or a man, and what cause brought him thither? The spirit answered him, 'I am thy evil spirit, *Brutus:* and thou shalt see me by the city of PHILIPPES.' *Brutus* being no otherwise afraid, replied again unto it: 'Well, then I shall see thee again.' The Spirit presently vanished away: and *Brutus* called his men unto him, who told him that they heard no noise, nor saw any thing at all" (p. 136).

See also the Life of Cæsar: "he thought he heard a noise at his tent-door, and looking towards the light of the lamp that waxed very dim, he saw a horrible vision of a man, of a wonderfull greatness and dreadful look, which at the first made him marvellously afraid. But when he saw that it did him no hurt, but stood by his bed-side, and said nothing; at length he asked him what he was. The image answered him: 'I am thy ill Angell, *Brutus*, and thou shalt see me by the City of PHILIPPES.' Then *Brutus* replied again, and said, 'Well, I shall see then.' Therewithal, the spirit presently vanished from him" (pp. 103, 104).

Concerning the introduction of the Ghost, Ulrici (Shakespeare's Dramatic Art) asks: "What can justify apparitions and spirits in an *historical*-drama? And in any case, why is it that the ghost of Cæsar appears to Brutus, whose designs, apparently at least, are pure and noble, rather than to Cassius, his sworn enemy? Because, though they appear to be such, they are not so in reality; the design is not really *pure* which has for its first step so arrogant a violation of right. Moreover, Cæsar had been more deeply wronged by Brutus than by Cassius. Brutus, like Coriolanus, had trampled under foot the tenderest and noblest affections of humanity for the sake of the phantom honour of free citizenship. Brutus, lastly, was the very soul of the conspiracy; if his mental energies should be paralysed, and his strong courage unnerved, the whole enterprise must fail. And so, in truth, it went to pieces, because it was against the will of history—that is, against the eternal counsels of God. It was to signify

[1] That is, full of care. Compare Richard III. i. 3. 83, 84:

> By Him that rais'd me to this *careful* height
> From that contented hap which I enjoy'd.

this great lesson that Shakespeare introduced the ghost upon the stage. Only once, and with a few pregnant words, does the spirit appear; but he is constantly hovering in the background, like a dark thunder-cloud, and is, as it were, the offended and threatening spirit of history itself. It is with the same purpose that Shakespeare has introduced spectral apparitions into another of his historical pieces—Richard III. Both dramas belong to the same historical grade; they both represent important turning-points in the history of the world—the close of an old, and the commencement of a new state of things—and in such times the guiding finger of God is more obviously apparent than at others."

ACT V. Scene 1.

241. Line 14: *Their bloody sign of battle is hung out.*—North (Life of Brutus) says: "The next morning, by break of day, the signal of battle was set out in *Brutus'* and *Cassius'* camp, which was an arming scarlet coat" (p. 139).

242. Line 20: *I do not cross you; but I will do so.*—The American editor Hudson explains the line thus: "That is, 'I will do as I have said,' not 'I will cross you.' At this time Octavius was but twenty-one years old, and Antony was old enough to be his father. . . . The text gives the right taste of the man, who always stood firm as a post against Antony, till the latter finally knocked himself to pieces against him." Mr. Aldis Wright also believes that the passage is intended "to bring out the character of Octavius, which made Antony yield." To this Rolfe replies: "We may be alone in our opinion (the editors generally make no comment here), but we believe that both Hudson and Wright are wrong. We can see neither truth nor point in saying 'I do not cross you, but I will do what you say crosses you.' We take it that Octavius yields to Antony, and does it readily, with a play upon *cross:* 'I do not cross you (in Antony's sense of the word), but I *will* cross you (in the sense of crossing over to the other side of the field);' and with the word he *does* cross over. According to Plutarch he commanded the left wing, and this makes the play agree with the history. It is also confirmed by the context. So far from setting himself in opposition to Antony, Octavius in his very next speech asks the former whether they shall *give sign of battle*, and when Antony says *no* he at once accepts this decision and gives orders accordingly."

243. Line 34: *But for your words, they rob the* HYBLA BEES.—*Hybla* in Sicily was proverbial in ancient times for its honey. We have another allusion to it in I. Henry IV. i. 2. 47: "the honey of *Hybla*."

244. Line 44: *O* YOU *flatterers!*—Some editors drop *you* for the sake of the metre.

245. Line 53: *Cæsar's three and* THIRTY *wounds.*—Theobald changed this to "three and *twenty*," the number given by Plutarch and Suetonius; but Shakespeare is careless in these numerical matters.

246. Line 60: *die more* HONOURABLY.—The Ff. have "more *honourable;*" but this is probably a misprint for "more *honourablie.*"

247. Line 61: *A* PEEVISH *schoolboy, worthless of such honour.*—As Dyce (Glossary) remarks: "*Peevish* appears to have generally signified during Shakespeare's days 'silly, foolish, trifling,' &c. though no doubt the word was formerly used, as now, in the sense of 'pettish, perverse,' &c." For a very clear instance of the former sense (which some have been inclined to doubt) see I. Henry VI. v. 3. 185, 186, where, to Suffolk's suggestion that Margaret shall send a kiss to the King as a "loving token," she replies:

> I will not so presume
> To send such *peevish* tokens to a king.

248. Line 80: *our* FORMER *ensign.*—Rowe changed *former* to *foremost* (as in the corresponding passage in North's Plutarch quoted below), and Collier's MS. Corrector to *forward;* but other examples of this use of *former* have been cited by Dyce and others.

On the passage, compare North (Life of Brutus): "When they raised their Camp, there came two Eagles that flying with a marvellous force, lighted upon two of the *foremost* Ensigns, and always followed the soldiers, which gave them meat, and fed them, untill they came near to the city of PHILIPPES; and there one day only before the battle, they both flew away" (p. 137).

249. Line 97: *Let's reason with the worst that may befall.*—See the life of Brutus: "There *Cassius* began to speak first, and said: 'The gods grant us, O *Brutus*, that this day we may win the field, and ever after to live all the rest of our life quietly one with another. But sith the gods have so ordained it, that the greatest and chiefest things amongst men are most uncertain, and that if the battle fall out otherwise to-day than we wish or look for, we shall hardly meet again, what art thou then determined to do, to fly, or die?' *Brutus* answered him, being yet but a young man, and not over greatly experienced in the world, 'I trust (I know not how) a certain rule of philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove *Cato* for killing himself, as being no lawful nor godly act, touching the gods: nor concerning men, valiant; not to give place and yield to divine providence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send us, but to draw back and fly: but being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind. For if it be not the will of God that this battle fall out fortunate for us, I will look no more for hope, . . . but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune'" (p. 140).

250. Line 101: *Even by the rule of that philosophy,* &c.—The passage reads thus in F. 1:

> Euen by the rule of that Philosophy,
> By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death
> Which he did giue himselfe, I know not how:
> But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,
> For feare of what might fall, so to preuent
> The time of life, arming my selfe with patience,
> To stay the prouidence of some high Powers,
> That gouerne vs below

It has been pointed in various ways by the modern editors. Knight and Dyce make *I know not how . . . the time of life* a parenthesis. Craik connects *I know not how,* &c. with the preceding words: "I *know not how* it is, *but I do find it, by the rule of that philosophy,* &c., *cowardly and vile,* &c." The Cambridge editors follow

Craik. Collier puts a period after *himself*, as in the text. This seems the simplest arrangement, the meaning being: "I am determined to *do*, or act, *by the rule of that philosophy*, &c." Then he adds: "I know not why, but I think it *cowardly* to commit suicide for fear of what may happen—rather *arming myself* to endure whatever fate may have in store for me. *To stay* of course means "*to await.*"

251. Line 106: *The* TIME *of life.*—That is, "*the* full *time*," "*the* normal period *of life;*" but Collier's MS. Corrector, in his meddlesome way, changes *time* to *term*, and in the next line he reads *those high powers*, which is a trifle more plausible.

252. Line 111: *No, Cassius, no!* &c.—Craik remarks: "There has been some controversy about the reasoning of Brutus in this dialogue. Both Steevens and Malone conceive that there is an inconsistency between what he here says and his previous declaration of his determination not to follow the example of Cato. But how did Cato act? He slew himself that he might not witness and outlive the fall of Utica. This was, merely 'for fear of what might fall,' to anticipate the end of life. It did not follow that it would be wrong, in the opinion of Brutus, to commit suicide in order to escape any certain and otherwise inevitable calamity or degradation, such as being led in triumph through the streets of Rome by Octavius and Antony."

ACT V. Scene 2.

253.—With this and the following short scenes, compare the Life of Brutus in North's Plutarch: "Then *Brutus* prayed *Cassius* he might have the leading of the right wing, the which men thought was far meeter for *Cassius*, both because he was the elder man, and also for that he had the better experience. But yet *Cassius* gave it him, and willed that *Messala* (who had charge of one of the warlikest legions they had) should be also in that wing with *Brutus*. . . . In the meantime *Brutus*, that led the right wing, sent little bills to the colonels and captains of private bands, in the which he wrote the word of the battle."

"First of all, he (Cassius) was marvellous angry to see how *Brutus'* men ran to give charge upon their enemies, and tarried not for the word of the battle, nor commandment to give charge: and it grieved him beside, that after he had overcome them, his men fell straight to spoil, and were not careful to compass in the rest of the enemies behind: but with tarrying too long also, more than through the valiantness or foresight of the captains his enemies, *Cassius* found himself compassed in with the right wing of his enemy's army. Whereupon his horsemen brake immediately, and fled for life towards the sea. Furthermore, perceiving his footmen to give ground, he did what he could to keep them from flying, and took an ensign from one of the ensign-bearers that fled, and stuck it fast at his feet: although with much ado he could scant keep his own guard together. So *Cassius* himself was at length compelled to fly, with a few about him, unto a little hill, from whence they might easily see what was done in all the plain: howbeit *Cassius* himself saw nothing, for his sight was very bad, saving that he saw (and yet with much ado) how the enemies spoiled his camp before his eyes. He saw also a great troupe of horsemen, whom *Brutus* sent to aid him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him: but yet he sent *Titinnius*, one of them that was with him, to go and know what they were. *Brutus'* horsemen saw him coming afar off, whom when they knew that he was one of *Cassius'* chiefest friends, they shouted out for joy, and they that were familiarly acquainted with him lighted from their horses, and went and embraced him. The rest compassed him in round about on horseback, with songs of victory, and great rushing of their harness, so that they made all the field ring again for joy. But this marred all. For *Cassius*, thinking indeed that *Titinnius* was taken of the enemies, he then spake these words: 'Desiring too much to live, I have lived to see one of my best friends taken, for my sake, before my face.' After that, he got into a tent where nobody was, and took *Pindarus* with him, one of his bondsmen whom he reserved ever for such a pinch, since the cursed battle of the PARTHIANS, where *Crassus*[1] was slain, though he notwithstanding scaped from that overthrow: but then, casting his cloak over his head, and holding out his bare neck unto *Pindarus*, he gave him his head to be stricken off. So the head was found severed from the body: but after that time *Pindarus* was never seen more. Whereupon some took occasion to say that he had slain his master without his commandment. By and by they knew the horsemen that came towards them, and might see *Titinnius* crowned with a garland of triumph, who came before with great speed unto *Cassius*. But when he perceived, by the cries and tears of his friends which tormented themselves, the misfortune that had chanced to his captain *Cassius* by mistaking, he drew out his sword, cursing himself a thousand times that he had tarried so long, and slew himself presently in the field. *Brutus* in the meantime came forward still, and understood also that *Cassius* had been overthrown: but he knew nothing of his death till he came very near to his camp. So when he was come thither, after he had lamented the death of *Cassius*, calling him the last of all the ROMANS, being unpossible that ROME should ever breed again so noble and valiant a man as he: he caused his body to be buried, and sent it to the city of THASSOS, fearing lest his funerals within the camp should cause great disorder." . .

"There was the son of *Marcus Cato* slain, valiantly fighting among the lusty youths. For notwithstanding that he was very weary and over-harried, yet would he not therefore fly; but manfully fighting and laying about him, telling aloud his name, and also his father's name, at length he was beaten down amongst many other dead bodies of his enemies, which he had slain round about him. So there were slain in the field all the chiefest gentlemen and nobility that were in his army, who valiantly ran into any danger to save *Brutus'* life: amongst whom there was one of *Brutus'* friends called *Lucilius*, who seeing a troupe of barbarous men making no reckoning of all men else they met in their way, but going all together right against *Brutus*, he determined to stay them

[1] Misprinted "*Cassius*" in the ed. of 1676.

with the hazard of his life, and being left behind, told them that he was *Brutus:* and because they should believe him, he prayed them to bring him to *Antonius,* for he said he was afraid of *Cæsar,* and that he did trust *Antonius* better. These barbarous men, being very glad of this good hap, and thinking themselves happy men, they carried him in the night, and sent some before unto *Antonius,* to tell him of their coming. He was marvellous glad of it, and went out to meet them that brought him. . . . In the meantime *Lucilius* was brought to him, who stoutly with a bold countenance said: '*Antonius,* I dare assure thee, that no enemy hath taken nor shall take *Marcus Brutus* alive, and I beseech God keep him from that fortune: for wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himself.' . . . *Lucilius'* words made them all amazed that heard him. *Antonius* on the other side, looking upon all them that had brought him, said unto them: 'My companions, I think ye are sorry you have failed of your purpose, and that you think this man hath done you great wrong: but I assure you, you have taken a better booty than that you followed. For instead of an enemy, you have brought me a friend: and for my part, if you had brought me *Brutus* alive, truly I cannot tell what I should have done to him. For I had rather have such men my friends than mine enemies. Then he embraced *Lucilius,* and at that time delivered him to one of his friends in custody; and *Lucilius* ever after served him faithfully, even to his death."

"Furthermore, *Brutus* thought that there was no great number of men slain in battle: and to know the truth of it, there was one called *Statilius,* that promised to go through his enemies, for otherwise it was impossible to go see their camp: and from thence, if all were well, he would lift up a torch-light in the air, and then return again with speed to him. The torch-light was lift up as he had promised, for *Statilius* went thither. Now *Brutus* seeing *Statilius* tarry long after that, and that he came not again, he said: 'If *Statilius* be alive, he will come again.' But his evil fortune was such that, as he came back, he lighted into his enemies' hands and was slain. Now the night being far spent, *Brutus* as he sat bowed towards *Clitus,* one of his men, and told him somewhat in his ear: the other answered him not, but fell a-weeping. Thereupon he proved *Dardanus,* and said somewhat also to him: at length he came to *Volumnius* himself, and speaking to him in Greek, prayed him for the studies' sake which brought them acquainted together, that he would help him to put his hand to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. *Volumnius* denied his request, and so did many others: and amongst the rest, one of them said, there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needs fly. Then *Brutus,* rising up, 'We must fly indeed, but it must be with our hands, not with our feet.' Then taking every man by the hand, he said these words unto them with a cheerful countenance: 'It rejoiceth my heart, that none of my friends hath failed me at my need, and I do not complain of my fortune, but only for my country's sake: for as for me, I think myself happier than they that have overcome, considering that I leave a perpetual fame of virtue and honesty, the which our enemies the conquerors shall never attain unto by force or money; neither can let their posterity to say that they, being naughty and unjust men, have slain good men, to usurp tyrannical power not pertaining to them.' Having so said, he prayed every man to shift for himself, and then he went a little aside with two or three only, among the which *Strato* was one, with whom he came first acquainted by the study of rhetoric. He came as near to him as he could, and taking his sword by the hilt with both his hands, and falling down upon the point of it, ran himself through. Others say that not he, but *Strato* (at his request) held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and that *Brutus* fell down upon it, and so ran himself through, and died presently. *Messala,* that had been *Brutus'* great friend, afterwards became *Octavius Cæsar's* friend: so, shortly after, *Cæsar* being at good leisure, he brought *Strato, Brutus'* friend unto him, and weeping said: '*Cæsar,* behold, here is he that did the last service to my *Brutus.*' *Cæsar* welcomed him at that time, and afterwards he did him as faithful service in all his affairs as any GRECIAN else he had about him, until the battle of ACTIUM" (pp. 140–151).

ACT V. SCENE 3.

254. Line 41: *Now be a* FREEMAN.—We have printed *freeman* here as one word, as it is no doubt equal to the Latin *libertus* or *libertinus,* the equivalent of *freedman, i.e.* a slave who has obtained or been given his freedom. Compare what Pindarus says below (line 47), *So, I am free;* by which he means, apparently, that he has obtained his freedom through the death of Cassius.

In the passage above, iii. 2. 25, "to live all *free men,*" where some editors hyphen *free men,* as if it were equal to the Latin *liberti,* we prefer to print the words *free men* as two words; *free* having the ordinary sense of one who enjoys liberty but is not, necessarily, a liberated slave.—F. A. M.

255. Line 43: *here, take thou the* HILTS.—Rolfe notes that Shakespeare uses *hilts* with reference to a single weapon five times, *hilt* three times. For another instance of the plural, see Richard III. i. 4. 160: "with the *hilts* of thy sword."

256. Line 61: *As in thy red rays thou dost sink* TO NIGHT. —Some editors read *to-night,* but Craik well says that "a far nobler sense is given to the words by taking *sink to night* to be an expression of the same kind as *sink to rest.*" There is no hyphen in the Ff.

257. Line 85: *But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow.* —Here the analogy of other passages shows that Craik is wrong in making *hold thee* equivalent to *hold,* in i. 3. 117 above (see note 81), meaning "but *hold*" or "but *stop;*" and that it is rather to be interpreted, as Dyce gives it, as "but have thou, receive thou." Compare Taming of the Shrew, iv. 4. 17: "*hold thee* that to drink;" and Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 651: "yet *hold thee,* there's some boot." In these passages, as in sundry others, *thee* seems to be colloquially used for "thou."

258. Line 99: THE *last of all the Romans.*—Rowe, whom Dyce follows and defends, reads "*Thou* last," &c. North (see extract above) has the expression *the last of all the Romans;* and though it does not occur in an apostrophe, as here, it is probable that Shakespeare copied it. Rhe-

torically the old reading is quite as appropriate as the modern one.

259. Line 104: *to* THASSOS *send his body.*—The Ff. have *Tharsus*, which is obviously a misprint for *Thassos*, the form in North, though *Thasos*, which the Cambridge editors substitute, is the classical form of the name. *Thasos* was an island in the Ægean Sea.

260. Line 105: *His* FUNERALS.—North uses the plural, which is also found in Titus Andronicus, i. 1. 381. Elsewhere Shakespeare has *funeral*, except in the Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 14:

Turn melancholy forth to *funerals*,

where it is a true plural. On the other hand, Shakespeare uses *nuptial* for *nuptials* several times. See Much Ado, note 268.

ACT V. Scene 4.

261. Line 2: *What bastard doth not! i.e.* "Who so base, so false to his ancestry, that he doth not?" See note 217 above.

262. Line 17: *I'll tell* THE *news.*—The Folio reading is "I'le tell *thee* newes;" corrected by Pope.

ACT V. Scene 5.

263. Line 19: *And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.*—Compare North (Life of Cæsar): "The second battle being at hand, this spirit appeared again unto him, but spake never a word. Thereupon *Brutus*, knowing that he should die, did put himself to all hazard in battle, but yet fighting could not be slain" (p. 104). See also Life of Brutus: "The Romans called the valley between both camps, the Philippian Fields" (p. 137).

264. Line 33: *Farewell to thee* TOO, *Strato.—Countrymen*, &c.—The Ff. read: "Farewell to thee, *to* Strato, countrymen;" which was corrected by Theobald.

265. Line 62: *Ay, if Messala will* PREFER *me to you.*—*Prefer* seems to have been the usual phrase for recommending a servant. Compare Bacon, Advancement of Learning, ii. 21. 1: "And if it be said, that the cure of men's minds belongeth to sacred divinity, it is most true; but yet moral philosophy may be *preferred* unto her as a wise servant and humble handmaid."

266. Line 68: *This was the noblest Roman of them all.*—Compare North (Life of Brutus): "For it was said that *Antonius* spake it openly divers times, that he thought, that of all them that had slain *Cæsar*, there was none but *Brutus* only that was moved to do it, as thinking the act commendable of itself: but that all the other conspirators did conspire his death for some private malice or envy, that they otherwise did bear unto him" (p. 130).

267. Line 71: *He only, in a* GENERAL *honest thought*, &c.—Craik follows Collier's MS. Corrector in reading "a *generous* honest thought;" but *general* is simply an anticipation of "to all."

268. Line 73: *His life was gentle, and the elements*, &c.—There is a passage resembling this in Drayton's poem, The Barons' Wars, published in 1603; and, before the date of the play was proved to be as early as 1601, it was a question whether Drayton or Shakespeare was the borrower. If either, it must have been the former; but allusions to the well-balanced mingling of the four elements (fire, air, earth, and water) to produce the perfection of humanity, are common in writers of the time. Compare, for instance, Ben Jonson, Cynthia's Revels, ii. 3: "A creature of a most perfect and divine temper, one in whom the humours and *elements are peaceably met*, without emulation of precedency."

It may be noted that the passage in Drayton, as printed in 1603 and in all the subsequent editions before 1619, reads as follows:

Such one he was, of him we boldly say,
In whose rich soul all sovereign powers did suit,
In whom in peace th' elements all lay
So mixt, as none could sovereignty impute;
As all did govern, yet all did obey;
His lively temper was so absolute,
That 't seemed when heaven his model first began,
In him it showed perfection in a man.

In the edition of 1619 it takes the following shape, which, it will be seen, bears a somewhat closer resemblance to the passage in Julius Cæsar:

He was a man (then boldly dare to say)
In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit,
In whom so mixt the elements did lay
That none to one could sovereignty impute;
As all did govern, so did all obey:
He of a temper was so absolute,
As that it seemed, when Nature him began,
She meant to show all that might be in man.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN JULIUS CÆSAR.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.
The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Across[1] (adv.)..	ii.	1	240

[1] = folded (of arms), also in Lucrece, 1662; used in four passages = from side to side; used as prep. in Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 15.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Afloat[2].....	iv.	3	222
Airless.....	i.	3	94
Alchemy[3].....	i.	3	159

[2] Sonnet lxxx. 9.
[3] Sonnet xxxiii. 4; cxiv. 4.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Alliance[4].....	iv.	1	43
Awl.....	i.	1	25

[4] = league, confederacy; = different degrees of relationship, used frequently; = marriage, six times.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Bang (sub.)....	iii.	3	20
*Barren-spirited	iv.	1	36
Basis[5].....	iii.	1	115

[5] = pedestal; = foundation, occurs five times.

WORDS PECULIAR TO JULIUS CÆSAR.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Bound[1]	iv.	3	221
Chew[2]	i.	2	171
*Chimney-tops[3]	i.	1	44
*Climber-upward	ii.	1	23
Cobbler	i.	1	11, 23
Couchings	iii.	1	36
Crimsoned	iii.	1	206
Cynic	iv.	3	133
Disconsolate	v.	3	55
Drowsily	iv.	3	240
Engagements	ii.	1	307
*Falling-sickness	i.	2.	256, 258
Fearfulness	i.	1	80
Ferret (adj.)	i.	2	186
Former[4]	v.	1	80
Freeman[5]	v.	3	41
Gusty	i.	2	100
High-sighted	ii.	1	118
Honey-heavy	ii.	1	230
Honeyless	v.	1	35
*Honourable-dangerous	i.	3	124
*Ill-tempered	iv.	3.	115, 116
Improve	ii.	1	159
Indifferent[6]	i.	3	115
Insuppressive	ii.	1	134
Intermit	i.	1	59
Laugher[7]	i.	2	72
Lethe[8]	iii.	1	206
Limitation[9]	ii.	1	283
Low-crooked	iii.	1	43
Mender	i.	1	16
*New-added	iv.	3	209
New-fired[10]	ii.	1	332
New-planted	iii.	2	253
Niggard (vb. tr.)	iv.	3	228
Nimbleness	iv.	3	202
*Noblest-minded[11]	i.	3	122
Noonday	i.	3	27
Noted[12]	iv.	3	2
Obscurely[13]	i.	2	323
Outlawry	iv.	3	173
Over-earnest	iv.	3	122
Path (verb)	ii.	1	83
Phantasma	ii.	1	65
Posture[14]	v.	1	33
Prætor	i.	3	143
	ii.	4	35
Pre-formed	i.	3	67
Pre-ordinance	iii.	1	38
Proscription	iv.	1	17
	iv.	3	173, 178, 180
Protester	i.	2	74
Pulpit	iii.	1	80, 84, 229, 236, 250
Purgers	ii.	1	180
Rabblement	i.	2	245
Recover[15]	i.	1	28
Recreate[16]	iii.	2	256
Rent[17]	iii.	2	179
Replication[18]	i.	1	51
Rheumy	ii.	1	266
Round[19]	ii.	1	24
Ruddy	ii.	1	289
Sacrificers	ii.	1	166
Sleek-headed	i.	2	193
Smatch	v.	5	46
Soundless[20]	v.	1	36
Stare[21]	iv.	3	280
Stingless	v.	1	35
Strange-disposed	i.	3	33
Sweaty[22]	i.	2	247
*Sword-hilts	v.	5	28
Tag-rag (adj.)	i.	2	260
Torch-light	v.	5	2
*True-fixed	iii.	1	61
Unassailable	iii.	1	69
Underlings	i.	2	141
Unpurged	ii.	1	266
Unscorched	i.	3	18
Untouched[23]	iii.	1	142
Untrod	iii.	1	136
Upmost	ii.	1	24
Villager	i.	2	172
Void[24]	ii.	4	37
Wafture	ii.	1	246
Whizzing	ii.	1	44
Wrathfully	ii.	1	172

1 = fated, destined.

2 Figuratively = to ponder; frequently used in its ordinary sense.

3 *Chimney's top* occurs in III. Henry VI. v. 6. 47.

4 = foremost; frequently used in other senses.

5 See note 254.

6 = of no moment; used elsewhere in other senses.

7 Lover's Complaint, 124.

8 Used figuratively = death; = oblivion, in four other passages; = the river of that name, in Hamlet, i. 5. 33.

9 = restriction; = appointed time, in Coriolanus, ii. 3. 146.

10 Sonnet cliii. 9.

11 *Noble-minded* occurs in I. Henry VI. iv. 4. 37; Tit. And. i. 1. 209.

12 = stigmatized; this verb is used in various senses elsewhere.

13 = indirectly; = darkly, out of sight, in Lucrece, 1250.

14 = direction, nature.

15 = to cover again; used frequently in various other senses.

16 Venus and Adonis, 1095.

17 = a breach.

18 = reverberation; = reply, occurs three times.

19 = step of a ladder.

20 = dumb; occurs in Sonn. lxxx.

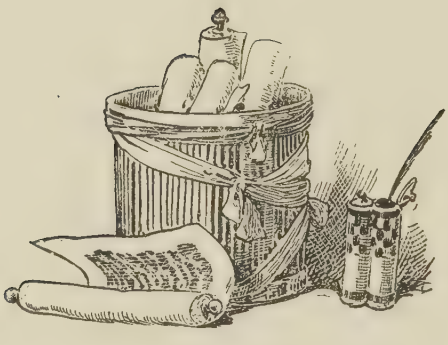
10 = unfathomable.

21 = to stand on end; *up-staring*, in this sense, occurs in The Tempest, i. 2. 213.

22 = wet with perspiration; used figuratively in Ham. et, i. 1. 77 = toilsome.

23 = uninjured; occurs in Rich. III. iii. 7. 19 = unmentioned.

24 = open; = null, in III. Henry VI. iii. 3. 142: = destitute of, in four other passages.



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF FLORENCE.
BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.
LAFEU[1], an old Lord at the French court.
PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram.
First Lord,[2] / Second Lord,[2] } Two brothers } belonging to the French court, serving with Bertram in the Florentine war.
First Gentleman,[2] / Second Gentleman,[2] } belonging to the French army.
A Gentleman, attached to the French army.
Steward, / Clown, } servants to the Countess of Rousillon.
A Page. First Soldier.[2] Second Soldier.

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, mother to Bertram.
HELENA,[3] a gentlewoman protected by the Countess
An old Widow of Florence.
DIANA, daughter to the Widow.
VIOLENTA,[4] / MARIANA, } neighbours and friends to the Widow.

SCENE—Partly in France and partly in Tuscany.

HISTORICAL PERIOD: the 13th or 14th century.

TIME OF ACTION (according to Daniel).

ELEVEN DAYS distributed over about three months.

Day 1: Act I. Scene 1.—Interval; Bertram's journey to Court.
Day 2: Act I. Scenes 2, 3.—Interval; Helena's journey to Court.
Day 3: Act II. Scenes 1, 2,—Interval two days; cure of the King's malady.
Day 4: Act II. Sc. 3, 4, 5.—Interval; Helena's return to Rousillon; Bertram's journey to Florence.
Day 5: Act III. Scenes 1, 2.
Day 6: Act III. Scenes 3, 4.—Interval "some two months" (iv. 3. 56).
Day 7: Act III. Scene 5.
Day 8: Act III. Scenes 6, 7; Act IV. Scenes 1, 2.
Day 9: Act IV. Scenes 3, 4.—Interval; Bertram's return to Rousillon; Helena's return to Marseilles.
Day 10: Act IV. Scene 5; Act V. Scene 1.
Day 11: Act V. Scenes 2, 3.

[1] LAFEU: Spelt *Lafew* in the Folio.
[2] See note on Dramatis Personæ.
[3] HELENA: Sometimes spelt *Hellen* in the Folio.
[4] VIOLENTA: A mute personage. Perhaps her part was omitted for practical reasons in the copy from which the Folio was printed.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

All's Well That Ends Well was first printed in 1623 in the First Folio. In the entry of this volume in the Stationers' Register, November 8th of that year, it is enumerated among such plays as had not been previously entered to other men. This is the first time we hear of the play under its present name, and the period at which it was first produced is therefore purely a matter of conjecture. The theories here put forward are substantially those received by most modern critics, but every reader is at liberty to form his own opinion.

Francis Meres, in the list of Shakespeare's plays which he gives in the well-known passage of his *Palladis Tamia* (1598), mentions a comedy entitled *Love labours wonne*, and this immediately following *Love labors lost*. No other mention of this comedy has ever been found, and since Meres' testimony to its existence is unimpeachable, we are left to make the best conjecture we can as to its fate. Has it been lost, or is it one of the plays which we now know by another name? That Love's Labour's Won, an undoubted work of so popular a dramatist as Shakespeare, should have utterly disappeared, while Love's Labour's Lost has survived, is very unlikely; and there is every probability that, if it had so far escaped the printer, there would have been an acting copy in existence which the editors of the First Folio would have secured. But they have printed no play under this name, and we must, therefore, conclude that it is in some sense or other identical with one of the existing plays. Which play this was is a question which seems to have troubled nobody till Farmer in his Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare suggested that it was All's Well That Ends Well, and although two or three others have been put forward,[1] no other has such strong claims.

There is, however, an insuperable difficulty in the way of the supposition that Love's Labour's Won and All's Well are absolutely identical. Considerations of style and metre forbid us to suppose that the latter in its present shape was written as early as 1598; if it was, we should have to put it earlier than such plays as Much Ado, As You Like It, and Twelfth Night, none of which are mentioned by Meres, and which he could not fail to have pointed to, had he been acquainted with them, rather than to the "Gentlemen of Verona" and the "Errors" in order to prove Shakespeare's excellence "for the stage." But although the prevailing tone and style of All's Well unquestionably indicate a later date than these three plays, there are good reasons for believing that it is an earlier play remodelled, and that this earlier play was the Love's Labour's Won of Meres. Love's Labour's Won was evidently considered by Meres to be a companion play to Love's Labour's Lost, and in All's Well there are certain passages quite in the rhyming, balanced, somewhat artificial style of that play—passages which Mr. Fleay, who was the first to call attention to them, aptly terms "boulders from the old strata imbedded in the later deposits." The following is a list of them as picked out by Mr. Fleay, and among them, at the end of the play, may be noticed an expression of Helena suggestive of the old title:

> This is done:
> Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
> —Act v. 3. 314, 315.

Act i. 1. 231–244. Speech of Helena, preserved for its poetic worth; it is also very appropriate to

[1] *The Tempest*, Hunter (impossible!); *Much Ado*, Brae; *The Taming of the Shrew*, Hertzberg.

the situation, emphasizing, as it does, Helena's self-reliance and strength of purpose.

Act i. 3. 134–142. Nine lines spoken by the Countess, the first four in alternate rhymes.

Act ii. 1. 132–213. Dialogue between the King and Helena in continuous rhyme, quite different in tone from the rest of the play, and quite in Shakespeare's early style. The gradual yielding of the sick king to Helena's persuasions is well depicted, and it probably struck the author as a bit worth preserving.

Act ii. 3. 78–111. Rhymed lines spoken by the King, Helena, and the two lords, with prose comments by Lafeu inserted on the revision. Helena's choice of a husband, naturally a telling bit in the original play.

Act ii. 3. 132–151. Speech of the King, of which the same may be said.

Act iii. 4. 4–17, and iv. 3. 252–260. Two letters in the form of sonnets. "This sort of composition," says Mr. Fleay, "does not quite die out till the end of Shakespeare's Second Period, but it is very rare in that period, and never appears in the Third." It is, however, conceivable that Shakespeare may have recurred to this form for a letter by a poetical character like Helena, or a fantastic character like Parolles, even in his Third Period.

Act v. 3. 60–72, 291–294, 301–304, 314–319, 325–340. Rhyming bits, chiefly from the speeches of the King and Helena, the last, which includes the epilogue, forming a suitable finish to the play.

The above passages will be seen to be quite in Shakespeare's early style, as we find it in Love's Labour's Lost, the title of which play probably suggested that of Love's Labour's Won, and we cannot be far wrong in surmising that both plays were written about the same time, *i.e.* in the period 1590–92.[1] The date at which the play was recast and appeared in its present shape of All's Well That Ends Well was probably the period 1601–1604. We should thus put it, with Professor Dowden and others, later than the romantic comedies Much Ado, As You Like It, and Twelfth Night, and earlier than the three great tragedies, Othello, Lear, and Macbeth, while we should bring it near to Measure for Measure, to which the conjectural date 1603 has been assigned,—a play which, apart from certain resemblances of incident, it resembles perhaps more closely than any other in "motif" and expression.

The source from which Shakespeare derived the story of All's Well is the story of Giletta of Narbona, which forms the Ninth Novel of the Third Day of the Decameron. He probably became acquainted with it through the translation in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1566–67, but all that he derived from it was the outline of the plot. The name Giletta he changed to Helena, Beltramo he anglicized into Bertram; the other names, with the exception of that of Helena's father, Gerard de Narbon, are his own. Lafeu, the Countess, the Steward, the Clown, and Parolles, are entirely his own creation, nor is there the slightest hint of the comic scenes in the original story, the extent of Shakespeare's obligation to which will be evident from the following analysis of it.

Giletta, the daughter of Gerado of Narbona, a physician, having been brought up in the family of the Count of Rossiglione with his only son Beltramo, fell in love with Beltramo "more than was meete for a maiden of her age." On his father's death, Beltramo, as the king's ward, was sent to Paris, "for whose departure the maiden was verie pensife." Accordingly she watched for an opportunity of going herself to Paris and joining Beltramo, and at last, hearing that the king "had a swellynge upon his breast, whiche by reason of ill cure, was growen to a Fistula," and had abandoned all hope of cure, she thought that "if the disease were suche (as she supposed,) easely to bryng to passe that she might have the Counte Beltramo to her husbande." So she "made a pouder of certain herbes, which she thought meete for that disease, and rode to Paris" (act i. sc. 1 and 3). Here she obtained an interview with the king, and "putte hym in comforte, that she was able to heale hym, saiyng: 'Sire, if it shall please your grace, I trust in God, without any paine or griefe unto your highnesse, within eighte daies I will make you whole of this disease.' The kyng hearyng her saie so, began to mocke her, saiyng: 'How is it possible for thee, beyng a yong woman, to doe that, whiche the best renoumed Phisicions in the worlde can not?'

[1] In common with Love's Labour's Lost may be noticed the name Dumain, All's Well, iv. 3. 200, &c.; and *perhaps* an allusion to the crazy Italian, Monarcho (see Love's Labour's Lost, Introduction), All's Well, i. 1. 118.

He thanked her, for her goodwill, and made her a directe answere, that he was determined no more to followe the counsaile of any Phisicion. Whereunto the maiden answered: 'Sire, you dispise my knowledge, bicause I am yonge, and a woman, but I assure you, that I doe not minister Phisicke by profession, but by the aide and helpe of God: and with the cunnyng of maister Gerardo of Narbona, who was my father, and a Phisicion of greate fame, so longe as he lived.' The kyng hearyng those wordes, saied to hymself: 'This woman peradventure is sent unto me of God, and therfore, why should I disdain to prove her cunnyng? Sithens she promiseth to heale me within a litle space, without any offence or grief unto me.' And beyng determined to prove her, he said: 'Damosell, if thou doest not heale me, but make me to breake my determinacion, what wilt thou shall folowe thereof.' 'Sire,' saied the maiden: 'Let me be kept in what guarde and kepyng you list: and if I dooe not heale you within these eight daies, let me bee burnte: but if I do heale your grace, what recompence shall I have then?' To whom the kyng answered: 'Bicause thou art a maiden, and unmaried, if thou heale me, accordyng to thy promisse, I will bestowe thee upon some gentleman, that shalbe of right good worship and estimacion:' To whom she answeared: 'Sire I am verie well content, that you bestowe me in mariage: But I will have suche a husbande, as I my self shall demaunde; without presumpcion to any of your children, or other of your bloudde'" (act ii. sc. 1). The king granted her request, and being cured by her even before the appointed time, told her to choose such a husband as she wished. Accordingly she chose Beltramo. The king, however, "was very lothe to graunte him unto her: But bicause he had made a promis, whiche he was lothe to breake, he caused him to be called forthe, and saied unto hym: 'Sir Counte, bicause you are a gentleman of greate honor, our pleasure is, that you retourne home to your owne house, to order your estate according to your degree: and that you take with you a Damosell which I have appointcted to be your wife.' To whom the Counte gave his humble thankes, and demaunded what she was? 'It is she (quoth the kyng) that with her medecines, hath healed me.' The Counte knewe her well, and had alredie seen her, although she was faire, yet knowing her not to be of a stocke, convenable to his nobilitie, disdainfullie said unto the king, 'Will you then (sir) give me, a Phisicion to wife? It is not the pleasure of God, that ever I should in that wise bestowe my self.' To whom the kyng said: 'Wilt thou then, that we should breake our faithe, which we to recover healthe, have given to the damosell, who for a rewarde thereof, asked thee to husband?' 'Sire (quod Beltramo) you maie take from me al that I have, and give my persone to whom you please, bicause I am your subject: but I assure you, I shall never bee contented with that mariage.' 'Well you shall have her (saied the Kyng), for the maiden is faire and wise, and loveth you moste intirely: thinkyng verelie you shall leade a more joyfull life with her, then with a ladie of a greater house.'" So Beltramo had to give way and was married to Giletta, but immediately after the marriage he begged leave to return home (act ii. sc. 3). "And when he was on horseback, he went not thither, but took his journey into Thuscane, where understandyng that the Florentines, and Senois were at warres, he determined to take the Florentines parte, and was willinglie received, and honourablie interteigned, and made capitaine of a certaine nomber of men, continuyng in their service a longe tyme" (act iii. sc. 3). As for Giletta, she returned to Rousillon, and governed the country very wisely for some time, hoping thereby to induce her husband to return to her. At last she sent to the count offering to leave the country, if that would satisfy him. His reply was, "Lette her doe what she list. For I doe purpose to dwell with her, when she shall have this ryng, (meaning a ryng which he wore) upon her finger, and a soonne in her armes, begotten by me" (act iii. sc. 2). Giletta, however, was not to be discouraged, and giving out that she intended to devote the rest of her days to a religious life, she left Rousillon, "tellyng no man whither shee went, and never rested, till she came to Florence (act iii. sc. 4): where by Fortune at a poore widowes house, she contented her self, with the state of a poore

pilgrime, desirous to here newes of her lorde, whom by fortune she sawe the next daie, passing by the house (where she lay) on horsebacke with his companie. And although she knewe him well enough, yet she demaunded of the good wife of the house what he was: who answered that he was a straunge gentleman, called the Counte Beltramo of Rossiglione, a curteous knighte, and welbeloved in the citie, and that he was merveilously in love with a neighbor of her, that was a gentlewoman, verie poore and of small substaunce, neverthelesse of right honest life and report, and by reason of her povertie, was yet unmaried, and dwelte with her mother, that was a wise and honest Ladie" (act iii. sc. 5). Giletta accordingly repaired to this lady, and with her laid the plot by which she was to fulfil the two conditions which her husband had laid down (act iii. sc. 7). The lady got the ring from Beltramo, "although it was with the Countes ill will," and having sent him word that her daughter was ready "to accomplishe his pleasure," she substituted Giletta in her place (act iv. sc. 2). By way of recompensing the service the lady had done her, Giletta gave her five hundred pounds and many costly jewels "to marie her daughter" (act iv. sc. 4), and Beltramo having returned to Rousillon, she remained at Florence till she was "brought a bedde of twoo soones, whiche were verie like unto their father," and "when she sawe tyme," she took her journey to Rousillon, and appeared in her husband's hall with her two sons in her arms just as he was about to sit down to table with a large company. She then produced the ring, and called upon Beltramo to recognize his children, and to receive her as his wife. This he could not refuse to do, but "abjected his obstinate rigour: causyng her to rise up, and imbraced and kissed her, acknowledying her againe for his lawfull wife (act v. sc. 3)."

STAGE HISTORY.

No record of the performance of All's Well That Ends Well in Shakespeare's time remains, nor do we find any mention of it among the plays performed on the reopening of the theatres at the Restoration, nor can any record be found of such a play as Love's Labour's Won having ever been acted. It was not till the middle of the eighteenth century that any manager thought it worth his while to bring this play forward on the stage, when it was produced for Mrs. Giffard's benefit at the theatre in Goodman's Fields (March 7, 1741), Mrs. Giffard taking the part of Helena, and her husband that of Bertram. The Parolles of this revival was Joseph Peterson, an actor of some note, who played Buckingham to Garrick's Richard III. on the occasion of the latter's first appearance at Goodman's Fields, October 26, 1741; Miss Hippesley was the Diana; she, as well as Mrs. Giffard, were in the cast in Richard III. at Garrick's début, the former as Prince Edward, the latter as Queen Anne.

Davies, who does not seem to have known of the performance at Goodman's Fields, says that this play, "after having lain more than a hundred years undisturbed upon the prompter's shelf, was, in October, 1741, revived at the theatre in Drury Lane" (Dramatic Miscellanies, vol. ii. p. 7). It was really on the 22nd January, 1742, that this production took place; a production attended by so many calamities to the actors that the play was termed by them "the unfortunate comedy." On this first representation Mrs. Woffington, who played Helena, was taken so ill that she fainted on the stage during the first act (Genest, vol. iii. p. 645), and the part had to be read. The play was advertised for the following Friday, but had to be deferred till February 16th in consequence of Milward's illness. This illness was said to have been caused by his wearing too thin clothes in the part of the King which he played with great effect. He was seized with a shivering fit, and, when asked by one of his fellow-actors how he was, replied, "How is it possible for me to be sick, when I have such a physician as Mrs. Woffington?" (Davies, vol. ii. p. 7). This illness soon terminated fatally, for on February 9th we find that there was a performance of All 's Well for the benefit of Milward's widow and children. Davies says that Mrs. Ridout, "a pretty woman and a pleasing actress," was taken ill and forbidden to act for a month, and that Mrs. Butler

"was likewise seized with a distemper in the progress of this play" (*ut supra*, p. 9). Genest challenges the correctness of both these statements, on the ground that the names of these actresses appear in the bills for the remaining performances of this play; but, unless the habits of theatrical managers were different to what they are now, such a fact as the appearance of a name on the bills would not be a positive guarantee that the actor or actress so named did absolutely perform. Other troubles besides those occasioned by illness beset the production of this play. Fleetwood, the manager, had promised the part of Parolles to Macklin, but "Theophilus Cibber, by some sort of artifice, as common in theatres as in courts, snatched it from him to his great displeasure" (*ut supra*, p. 9). Macklin had to content himself with the part of the clown. In spite of these fatalities and these contretemps this revival certainly seems to have been successful; for the comedy was repeated nine times; Delane taking the place of Milward. Berry's performance of Lafeu is much praised by Davies; nor does Cibber seem to have made the ridiculous failure in the part that might have been expected. When the piece was revived at Covent Garden, April 1st, 1746, Chapman succeeded Macklin as the clown; this actor was admitted to be the best representative of Shakespeare's clowns and of some other comic characters, but was the victim of a delusion that he could play tragedy; and he indulged this delusion in the theatre at Richmond which belonged to him, playing such parts as Richard III. to the utter ruin of his own property. This revival at Covent Garden was notable for the fact that Woodward first played Parolles, a part in which he is said to have been unequalled. Mrs. Pritchard was the Helena. The piece was produced again, under Garrick's management at Drury Lane, February 24, and March 2, 1756; probably owing to the instigation of Woodward, who was so fond of the part of Parolles that he revived this comedy on several occasions, not only in London but under his own management in Dublin. Mrs. Pritchard now exchanged the part of Helena for that of the Countess. On October 23rd, 1762, Woodward having left Garrick's company, King took the part of Parolles, Bertram being played by Palmer. On July 26, 1785, All 's Well was produced at the Haymarket in three acts for the benefit of Bannister, jun., who played Parolles; Mrs. Inchbald, the celebrated authoress, being the Countess, and Miss Farren, afterwards Countess of Derby, Helena. On December 12, 1794, All 's Well was produced, as arranged for the stage by John Kemble at Drury Lane. The cast included himself as Bertram, with King as Parolles and Mrs. Jordan as Helena. It was only played for one night. This play would seem to have been cast in 1793, as the first edition bears that date and contains Mrs. Siddons' name as the representative of Helena. On May 24, 1811, this version was again played under Charles Kemble's management; Fawcett playing Parolles and Munden Lafeu. The comedy seems, on the whole, to have been tolerably well received. It is said that Fawcett[1] was a comparative failure, and was even hissed on coming off the stage. So discouraged was he that he insisted on surrendering the part; but Kemble persuaded him not to do so, as if he did, he would "knock up the play." The piece was only played once more, on June 22nd. Kemble's alteration is a very good one. He has retained as much as possible of the original text, and has not introduced any embellishments of his own; but, by means of judicious excisions and a few ingenious transpositions, he has made a very good acting version of the play. We do not find any further record of its performance except at Bath, May 23, 1820, when, according to Genest, "it was acted in a respectable manner" (vol. ix. p. 132). The last time that it was produced at a London theatre was in 1852, September 1st, when Phelps revived it at Sadlers Wells, Phelps himself taking the part of Parolles; but the revival was not very successful.

Although All 's Well That Ends Well from the nature of its main story can never be a

[1] Fawcett's copy of Kemble's edition of this play dated 1811 is in my possession. It is marked, for stage purposes, as far as his own part is concerned; but the alterations and cuts are very few.—F. A. M.

popular play, we may hope some day to see its revival, if only for a short period, when any actor can be found of sufficient vivacity and impudence—coupled with a thorough knowledge of his art—to play the part of Parolles. At any rate the experiment of its revival might be worth trying at some of those matinées, at which such dismal and depressing experiments are wont to be made on the patience of the audience, and on the long-suffering endurance of the critics.—F. A. M.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

There is no doubt that at a first reading All's Well That Ends Well is one of the least attractive of Shakespeare's plays: it has neither the freshness and sprightliness of the earlier comedies, nor the thrilling interest of the great tragedies which succeeded it. But on re-reading it its beauties rise into relief before us; and although we should undoubtedly gain much from a careful representation of it upon the stage, we can more easily afford to dispense with the actor's aid than in most plays. There are no telling situations, no stirring incidents, the action moves calmly and soberly to its conclusion, but our interest in the heroine carries us through. It is to Shakespeare's conception of her character, perhaps, that his choice of what might seem an unpromising subject is due; but every character in the play is sketched with a master's hand, and if some scenes are dramatically irrelevant, as, for instance, those in which the clown is introduced, they fulfil their purpose in the fresh lights which they throw upon the principal personages, each of whom is a finished portrait. There is no waste of words in this play: the whole is instinct with thought, and it is perhaps from the irrepressible reflective energy of the writer's mind that the number of obscurities of language arises.

Nothing can give a clearer notion of the genius of Shakespeare than a comparison between the bald, wooden narrative in the *Palace of Pleasure* and the picture which he has painted from it. The characters which he has adopted from his original are so transformed that they may be considered almost as much new creations as those which are wholly of his own invention. Compare Helena with the Giletta of the story. Of Giletta and her proceedings we have an unimpassioned straightforward narrative told in business-like fashion. We read of her love for Beltramo, and her desire to have him for a husband; of the conditions which he lays down, and of her fulfilment of them; we recognize in her a woman of a determined will, but we do not feel for her the love and admiration which we feel for Helena. Boccaccio retails the incidents, Shakespeare lets us into the secrets of the heart. Helena is his ideal of true womanhood, of true self-devotion, only equalled among all his heroines by Imogen and Hermione. The devotion of Helena is the key to the play, and as if to exalt it still higher, as if to emphasize the boundless capabilities of a woman's love, when once it has fastened itself upon an object, he has given it an object so unworthy as Bertram. Brought up with the young and handsome noble, we cannot wonder, though we may regret, that she has fallen in love with him; but regrettable as the passion of such a woman for such a man may be, when once she has given herself to him—

> "I dare not say I take you; but I give
> Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
> Into your guiding power" —

she will shrink from nothing that may follow; she will save him even from himself.

It is but a superficial criticism that sees anything immodest in the conduct of Helena. She is not afraid to choose her husband, but her courage is equalled by her humility. She can meet adversity with resignation. When her hopes are dashed by the seeming refusal of the king to accept her offices she does not complain:

> "My duty, then, shall pay me for my pains:
> I will no more enforce mine office on you;
> Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
> A modest one, to bear me back again."

And when she is scornfully rejected by Bertram, although her claims have all the advantage of the king's powerful advocacy, she accepts the situation with a sigh which only too plainly indicates the painfulness of the effort:

"That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad:
Let the rest go."

The same spirit of self-sacrifice animates her subsequent conduct. For Bertram she is ready to suffer anything. In obedience to his commands she returns home, but she will not stay there when she finds that her presence keeps him away:

"My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all."

Yet she is not a woman who never tells her love, not one who sits like Patience on a monument smiling at grief. She is a woman, who, with all her gentleness and tenderness, combines an indomitable resolution. Although she has abandoned her home for her husband's sake, so assured is she of her power to help and preserve him, that she goes straight to Florence in search of him, where she may at least watch over him in her disguise, and perchance find some occasion of securing him. The occasion offers, and with the decision which is one of her characteristics, she seizes it at once, saves her husband from sin, and in the end, if she has not yet won his affection, is at any rate acknowledged by him as his lawful wife.

The loveliness of Helena is felt by every personage in the drama except Bertram and Parolles. In this respect the latter is not worth consideration; but Bertram, the son of a noble father and a gentle mother, might have been expected at least to recognize her worth. Every allowance must be made for his aristocratic prejudices, and above all, for the constraint put upon him in a matter in which no man brooks constraint—the choice of a wife; but we cannot but feel that he is throughout unworthy of such a woman as Helena, and, like Johnson, we cannot reconcile our hearts to him. Had he had the courage to brave the king's displeasure and refuse the wife proffered to him, we might have questioned his taste, but could not have condemned his conduct; but after once accepting her his action is inexcusable. If in the end he finds salvation it is through no merit of his own; the victim of a delusion for a worthless led-captain, he is cured by the device of his friends; false to his promises to the girl whose seducer he believed himself to be, he is rescued from meshes of his own deceit and from his sovereign's displeasure by the timely interposition of his wife. We are left to hope that under her guidance he will be led to better things.

Much of Bertram's shortcoming is attributed to Parolles, a snipt-taffeta fellow with whose inducement the young nobleman corrupts a well-derived nature; and Parolles is indeed a pitiful rascal. An abject sneak and coward, he is the only thorough specimen of his class that Shakespeare has depicted. He has been compared with Falstaff, but the very idea is sacrilege; he has not a spark of the wit and the geniality which always gives us a kindly feeling for honest Jack. When he is exposed he feels no shame; he hugs himself in his disgrace:

"Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live."

Yet, like old Lafeu, who was the first that "found" him, we are content to dismiss this miserable creature, not without compassion, "Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to."

A peculiar charm is lent to this play by the halo which it casts around old age. With this, as with all other phases of humanity, Shakespeare manifests his intense power of sympathy. The King, Lafeu, and the Countess are each delightful in their way. The King, who joins a benevolent regard for the rising generation to his eulogy of the past; Lafeu with his dry genial humour; and above all, the aged Countess, the most admirable character of her class that Shakespeare has drawn for us. The scene in which she elicits from Helena the confession of her love for Bertram sets before us at once her calm matronly dignity, her womanly insight, and her sympathy with the emotions of a girlish heart; unlike her son she could see that nobility does not depend upon birth alone, and in Helena she could recognize "a maid too virtuous for the contempt of empire."

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew.—(Act i. 1. 3, 4.)

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rousillon, in France. The hall of the Countess of Rousillon's house.*

Enter BERTRAM, *the* COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, HELENA, *and* LAFEU, *all in black.*

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

[*Laf.* You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father: he that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold[1] his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.]

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

[1] *Hold,* continue.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father,—O, that "had"! how sad a passage[2] 't is!—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; [had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work.] Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so,—Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: [he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula,[3] my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious.—]

[2] *Passage,* something passed, an event.

[3] *Fistula,* a sinuous ulcer.

Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; [for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity,—they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness;] she derives her honesty,[1] and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'T is the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek.—No more of this, Helena,—go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than to have it.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed; but I have it too.

[*Laf.* Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.]

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

[*Laf.* How understand we that?]

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share[2] with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key; be check'd[3] for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head!—Farewell, my lord:
'T is an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

[1] *Honesty*, honourable position, claims to respect.
[2] *Share*, go even with, be as great as.
[3] *Check'd*, rebuked.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram. [*Exit.*

Ber. The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you! [*To Helena*] Be comfortable[4] to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father.

[*Exeunt Bertram and Lafeu.*

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour[5] in 't but Bertram's.
I am undone: there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
[In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself:]
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'T was pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking[6] eye, his curls,
In our heart's table,—heart too capable[7]
Of every line and trick[8] of his sweet favour:
But now he 's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics.—Who comes here?
One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely[9] a coward;
[Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place,[10] when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous[11] folly.]

[4] *Comfortable*, serviceable. [5] *Favour*, features.
[6] *Hawking*, hawk-like. [7] *Capable*, susceptible.
[8] *Trick*, peculiarity. [9] *Solely*, without an equal.
[10] *Place*, precedence.
[11] *Superfluous*, having more than enough.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Save you, fair queen!

Hel. And you, monarch!

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain[1] of soldier in you: let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers-up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 't is too cold a companion; away with 't!

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There 's little can be said in 't; 't is against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't: out with 't! within ten year it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: away with 't!

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'T is a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with 't while 't is vendible; answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now.[2] Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears,—it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 't is a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 't is a withered pear: will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,[3]
That blinking Cupid gossips.[4] Now shall he—
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—
The court 's a learning-place;—and he is one—

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wish well.—'T is pity—

Par. What 's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't,
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. [*Exit.*]

[1] *Stain,* tinge

[2] *Wear not now,* are not in fashion.

[3] *Adoptious christendoms,* assumed Christian names or appellations.

[4] *Gossips,* gives as a sponsor.

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde,[1] I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That 's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition, that your valour and fear make in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear[2] well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so, farewell. [*Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated[3] sky
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native[4] things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense;[5] and do suppose
What hath been cannot be: who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease,—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.
[*Exit.*

[1] *Retrograde,* in astronomy, means, seeming to move contrary to the succession of the signs.
[2] *Wear,* fashion.
[3] *Fated,* invested with the power of destiny.
[4] *Native,* congenial, kindred. [5] *In sense,* in thought.

SCENE II. *Paris. The King's palace.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING OF FRANCE *with letters, and divers Attendants.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by th' ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving[6] war.

First Lord. So 't is reported, sir.

King. Nay, 't is most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend[7]
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

First Lord. His love and wisdom
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

Sec. Lord. It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For[8] breathing and exploit.

King. What 's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

First Lord. It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

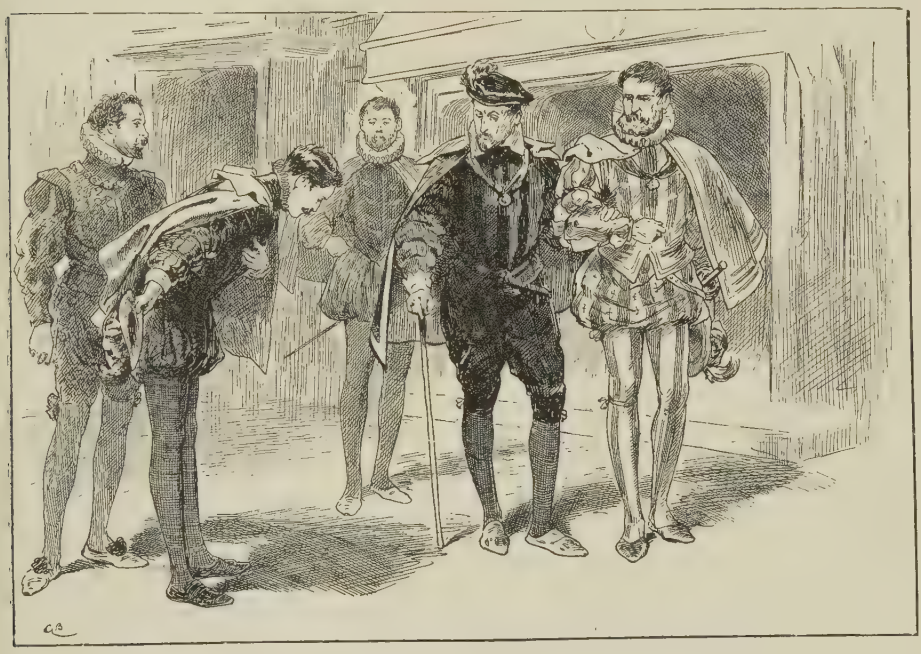
King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank[9] nature, rather curious[10] than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now

[6] *Braving,* defiant.
[7] *Our dearest friend, i.e.* our cousin Austria.
[8] *Sick for,* pining for. [9] *Frank,* bountiful.
[10] *Curious,* careful.

As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception[1] bid him speak, and at this time



King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face.—(Act I. 2. 19.)

His tongue obey'd his[2] hand: who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled.[3] Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph
As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! He would always say,—
Methinks I hear him now; his plausive[4] words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,—"Let me not live,"—
This his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it[5] was out,—"Let me not live," quoth he,

[1] *Exception*, disapprobation.
[2] *His*, its.
[3] *He humbled*, he made himself humble.
[4] *Plausive*, pleasing.
[5] *It*, *i.e.* the pastime.

"After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive[1] senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions:"—this he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.
Sec. Lord. You 're loved, sir;
They that least lend it[2] you shall lack[3] you first.
King. I fill a place, I know 't.—How long is 't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.
Ber. Some six months since, my lord.
King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications:[4]—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son 's no dearer.
Ber. Thank your majesty.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*]

SCENE III. *The Countess of Rousillon's garden.*

Enter COUNTESS, STEWARD, *and* CLOWN.

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; [for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.]

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: [the complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe: 't is my slowness that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.]

Clo. 'T is not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 't is not so well that I am poor; though many of the rich are damned: but, if I may have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body; for they say barns are blessings.

[*Count.* Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage,—sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You 're shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He that ears[5] my land spares my team, and gives me leave to in the crop; if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: he that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one,—they may joul[6] horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

---

[1] *Apprehensive*, fantastic, finical.
[2] *It*, love. [3] *Lack*, miss.
[4] *Applications*, attempts at healing.
[5] *Ears*, ploughs. [6] *Joul*, thrust.

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next[1] way:

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.]

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond[2] done, done fond,
Was this King Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? You corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson: one in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but one every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 't would mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere 'a pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—[Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—] I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither.

[*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; [Dian no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward.] This she delivered in the most bitter touch[3] of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence,[4] in the loss[5] that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly; [keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor misdoubt.[6]] Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom; and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon.

[*Exit Steward.*

Enter HELENA.

[Even so it was with me when I was young:
If ever we are nature's, these[7] are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on 't: I observe her now.]

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother:

[1] *Next*, nearest. [2] *Fond*, foolishly.

[3] *Touch*, sensation. [4] *Sithence*, since.
[5] *Loss*, misfortune. [6] *Misdoubt*, mistrust, disbelieve.
[7] *These*, these faults, line 141.

Why not a mother? [When I said a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: what 's in
"mother,"
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 'tis often seen
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native[1] slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden!] does it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why,—that you are my daughter?
Hel. That I am not.
Count. I say, I am your mother.
Hel. Pardon, madam,
The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.
Count. Nor I your mother?
Hel. You are my mother, madam; would you were—
So that my lord your son were not my brother—
Indeed my mother!—or were you both our mothers,[2]
I care no more for[3] than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can't no other,[4]
But I your daughter, he must be my brother?
Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law:
[God shield, you mean it not! "daughter" and "mother"
So strive upon your pulse.] What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: now I see
[The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head: now to all sense 'tis gross]
You love my son; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
[But tell me then, 'tis so;—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly[5] shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind[6] they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so?]
If it be so, you've wound a goodly clew;
If it be not, forswear 't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,[7]
To tell me truly.
Hel. Good madam, pardon me!
Count. Do you love my son?
Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!
Count. Love you my son?
Hel. Do not you love him, madam?
Count. Go not about; my love hath in 't a bond,[8]
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.[9]
Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son:—
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
[I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet in this captious and intenible[10] sieve
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,[11]
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,

[1] *Native*, kindred, as in i. 1. 238.
[2] *Both our mothers*, the mother of both of us.
[3] *I care no more for*, I care as much for, wish it equally.
[4] *Can't no other*. Can it not be otherwise, but that if I am your daughter, &c.
[5] *Grossly*, palpably. [6] *In their kind*, in their way.
[7] *Avail*, interest; compare iii. 1. 22. [8] *Bond*, obligation.
[9] *Appeach'd*, informed against you.
[10] *Captious and intenible*, capacious, and incapable of retaining.
[11] *Cites a virtuous youth*, proves that you were no less virtuous when young.

Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love; O, then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies!]

Count. Had you not lately an intent,—speak truly,—

To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty;[1] [and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive[2] were
More than they were in note:] amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd[3] lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had from the conversation[4] of my thoughts
Haply been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? he and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him;
They, that they cannot help: how shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin[, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine,[5] have left off
The danger to itself] ?

Hel. There 's something in 't,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success,[6] I 'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on 's grace's cure
By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe 't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court: I 'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

[SCENE I. *Paris. The King's palace.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter KING, *attended with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war;* BERTRAM, PAROLLES.

King. Farewell, young lords; these warlike principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lords, farewell:—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain,[7] all
The gift doth stretch itself as 't is receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

First Lord. It is our hope, sir,
After well enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes[8] the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let high Italy—
Those bated[9] that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy—see that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when

1 *Sovereignty,* efficacy. 2 *Inclusive,* comprehensive.
3 *Render'd,* said to be. 4 *Conversation,* intercourse.
5 *Doctrine,* learning. 6 *Success,* fortune.
7 *Gain,* profit. 8 *Owes,* owns.
9 *Bated,* beaten down, subdued.

The bravest questant[1] shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.
Sec. Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!
King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them:
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.
Both Lords. Our hearts receive your warnings.
King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.
[*Exit, attended.*
First Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!
Par. 'T is not his fault, the spark.
Sec. Lord. O, 't is brave wars!
Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.
Ber. I am commanded here,[2] and kept a coil with,[3]—
"Too young," and "the next year," and "'t is too early."
Par. An thy mind stand to't, boy, steal away bravely.
Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,[4]
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up,[5] and no sword worn
But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal away.
First Lord. There 's honour in the theft.
Par. Commit it, count.
Sec. Lord. I am your accessary; and so, farewell.
Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.
First Lord. Farewell, captain.
Sec. Lord. Sweet Monsieur Parolles!
Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:—you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.[6]
Sec. Lord. We shall, noble captain.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! what will ye do?
Ber. Stay; the king!

Re-enter KING. BERTRAM *and* PAROLLES *retire.*

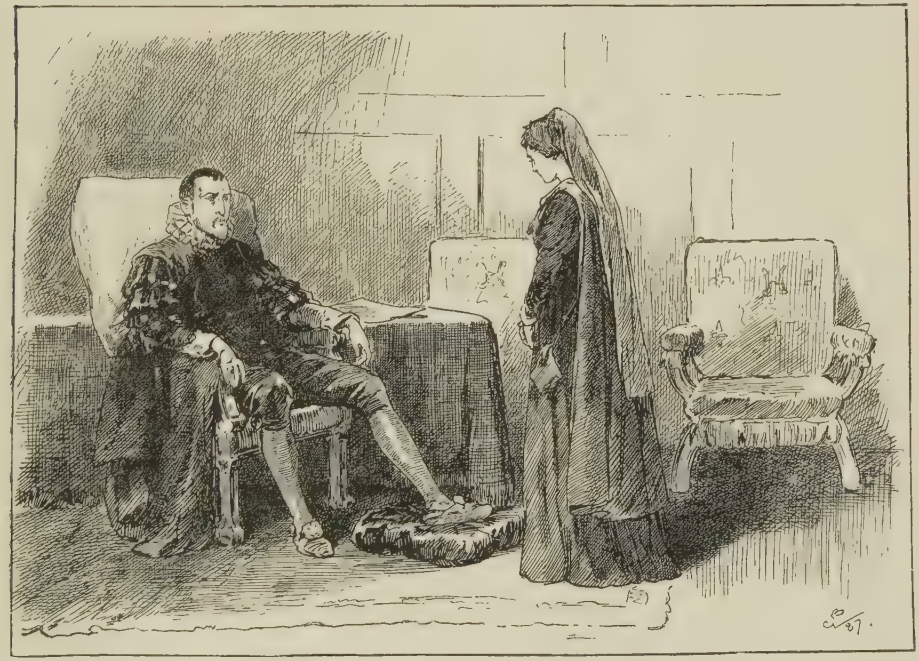
Par. [*To Ber.*] Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list[7] of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.
Ber. And I will do so.
Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men.
[*Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.*

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. [*Kneeling*] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.
King. I 'll fee thee to stand up.
Laf. [*Rising*] Then here 's a man stands that has brought his pardon.
I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy;
And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.
King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for 't.
Laf. Good faith, across: but, my good lord, 't is thus;
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?
King. No.
Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them: I've seen a medicine[8]

[1] *Questant*, seeker, aspirant.
[2] *I am commanded here, i.e.* to remain here.
[3] *Kept a coil with*, made a fuss about.
[4] *A smock*, used contemptuously for a woman.
[5] *Till honour be bought up*, and therefore there is no more left to be gained.
[6] *For me*, concerning me.
[7] *List*, boundary, limit.
[8] *Medicine*, physician.

That 's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary[1]
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in 's hand,
And write to her a love-line.
King. What "her" is this?
Laf. Why, Doctor She: my lord, there 's one arriv'd,
If you will see her:—now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance,[2] I have spoke
With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,[3]
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more



King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure.—(Act ii. 1. 117, 118.)

Than I dare blame my weakness: will you see her,—
For that is her demand,—and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.
King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou took'st it.
Laf. Nay, I 'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit.*

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU, *with* HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.
King. This haste hath wings indeed.
Laf. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears: I 'm Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well.
[*Exit.*

[1] *Canary,* a lively dance. [2] *Deliverance,* utterance. [3] *Profession,* what she professes to be able to do.

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father;
In what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him is enough. On 's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience th' only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear: I have so:
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidible estate,—I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty, then, shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest[1] 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ[2] in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From simple sources;[3] and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied:[4]
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:[5]
It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As 't is with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The great'st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher[6] his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax[7] of impudence,—
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; nay, worse—if worse—extended
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak

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[1] *Set up your rest*, are resolved.
[2] *Holy writ*, Matthew xi. 25, *or* Daniel i. 17 and ii. 48, 49.
[3] *Great floods*, &c., Exod. xvii. 6.
[4] *Great seas*, &c., Exod. xiv. 21.
[5] *Barr'd*, prevented, put at a disadvantage.
[6] *Torcher*, light-giver.
[7] *Tax*, reproach.

His powerful sound within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate,—
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime[1] can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate[2]
Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death, if I die.
Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property[3]
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deserv'd:[4] not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?
King. Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it even?
King. Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of heaven.
Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.
King. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy résolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,—
Though more to know could not be more to trust,—
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on: but rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

1 *Prime*, flower of life.
2 *Intimate*, suggest the idea of.
3 *Property*, the particular quality, that which is *proper* to it.
4 *Well deserv'd*, having deserved well to die.

Scene II. *Rousillon. The hall of the Countess's house.*

Enter Countess *with a letter, and* Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks,—the pin-buttock,[5] the quatch-buttock,[6] the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta[7] punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris[8] for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean[9] to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could:—I

5 *Pin-buttock*, *i.e.* thin and pointed like a pin.
6 *Quatch-buttock*, a squat or flat buttock.
7 *Taffeta*, a thin, soft, silk stuff.
8 *A morris*, a morris (Moorish) dance.
9 *Quean*, a hussy.

will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. "O Lord, sir!"—there's a simple putting off.—More, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours that loves you.

Clo. "O Lord, sir!"—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. "O Lord, sir!"—Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. "O Lord, sir!"—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, "O Lord, sir!" at your whipping, and "Spare not me"? Indeed, your "O Lord, sir!" is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't.[1]

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my "O Lord, sir!" I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time,
To entertain 't so merrily with a fool.

Clo. "O Lord, sir!"—why, there 't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir: to your business. Give Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen and my son:
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: you understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Scene III. *Paris. A room of state in the palace.*

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

Laf. They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern[2] and familiar, things supernatural and causeless.[3] Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.[4]

Par. Why, 't is the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 't is.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,—

Par. So I say.

Laf. Both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Par. So I say.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 't is; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right; as 't were a man assured of a—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—what do ye call there?

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That 's it; I would have said the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me, I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 't is strange, 't is very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he 's of a most facinerious spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heaven—

Par. Ay, so I say.

[*Laf.* In a most weak—[*pausing*] and debile minister great power, great transcendence:[5] which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—[*pausing*] generally[6] thankful.

Par. I would have said it;] you say well.—Here comes the king.

[1] *Bound to 't*, destined to undergo it.

[2] *Modern*, commonplace.

[3] *Causeless*, for which no cause can be assigned.

[4] *Fear*, object of fear.

[5] *Transcendence*, superiority.

[6] *Generally*, not for one person only, but universally.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.
Act II Scene 3. line 111.

Hel. (to Bertram.) This is the man

Enter KING, HELENA, *and Attendants.* LAFEU *and* PAROLLES *retire.*

Laf. Lustig,[1] as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: why, he's able to lead her a coranto.[2]

Par. Mort du vinaigre! is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.— [*Exit an Attendant.*

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou'st power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when Love please!—marry, to each, but one!

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal[3] and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That I protest I simply am a maid.—
Please it your majesty, I've done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
"We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be refus'd,[4]
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll ne'er come there again."

King. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—[*To First Lord*] Sir, will you hear my suit?

First Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.[5]

Laf. I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace for my life.

Hel. [*To Sec. Lord*] The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes and her humble love!

Sec. Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so, I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipped; or I would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. [*To Third Lord*] Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got 'em.

Hel. [*To Fourth Lord*] You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

Fourth Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure thy father drunk wine:—but if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel.] [*To Bertram*] I dare not say I take you; but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

[1] *Lustig,* cheerful.
[2] *Coranto,* a quick lively dance.
[3] *Curtal,* a horse with a docked tail.
[4] *Be refus'd,* if thou art refused.
[5] *The rest is mute,* I have no more to say to you.

King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her;
she 's thy wife
Ber. My wife, my liege! I shall beseech
your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.
King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?
Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry
her.
King. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from
my sickly bed.
Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me
down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Dis-
dain[1]
Rather corrupt[2] me ever!
King. 'T is only title thou disdain'st in her,
the which
I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all to-
gether,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off[3]
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous,—save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter,—thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
[From lowest place when virtuous things
proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell 's,[4] and virtue
none,
It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good without a name. Vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title.] She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she 's immediate heir;
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire: honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers: the mere word 's a slave,
Debosh'd[5] on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be
said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue and she
Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.
Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do 't.
King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst
strive to choose.
Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord,
I 'm glad:
Let the rest go.
King. My honour 's at the stake; which to
defeat,
I must produce my power. Here, take her
hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision[6] shackle up
My love and her desert; [that canst not dream,
We, poising us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not
know,
It is in us to plant thine honour where
We please to have it grow.] Check thy con-
tempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
[Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power
claims;]
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers[7] and the careless lapse[8]
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and
hate
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine an-
swer.
Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: when I consider
What great creation and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which
late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 't were, born so.
King. Take her by the hand,

[1] *Disdain*, overweening pride of my own.
[2] *Corrupt*, deprave.
[3] *Stand off*, keep at a distance from each other.
[4] *Swell 's*, swell us.
[5] *Debosh'd*, debased.
[6] *Misprision*, contempt.
[7] *Staggers*, perplexity, bewilderment.
[8] *Careless lapse*, uncared-for falling away from right.

And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favour of the king
Smile upon this contráct; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: [the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends.] As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious;[1] else, does err.

[*Exeunt King, Bertram, Helena, Lords, and Attendants.*

Laf. [*To Parolles, who is strutting by him*] Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.—(Act ii. 3. 243.)

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation!—My lord! my master!

Laf. Ay; is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be unstood without bloody succeeding. My master!

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rousillon?

Par. To any count,—to all counts,—to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man: count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old. [*Walks insolently by him.*

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries,[2] to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing

[1] *Thy love's to me religious,* thy love to me is conscientiously fulfilled.

[2] *Ordinaries,* meals.

thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up;[1] and that thou 'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser—

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. [If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage.] I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in the default,[2] he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: [for doing I am past; as I will by thee,[3] in what motion age will give me leave.] [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I 'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I 'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of—I 'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there 's news for you: you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: [he is my good lord; whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is that 's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands.] By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I 'd beat thee: methinks 't, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee: I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I 'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Par. Good, very good; it is so then:—good, very good; let it be concealed awhile.

Re-enter BERTRAM.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited[4] to cares for ever!

Par. What 's the matter, sweet-heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I 've sworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, sweet-heart?

Ber. O, my Parolles, they have married me!—
I 'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There 's letters from my mother: what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay,
That would be[5] known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars!

[1] *Taking up*, rebuking, contradicting.
[2] *In the default*, at a need.
[3] *As I will by thee, i.e.* as I will pass by thee.
[4] *Forfeited*, forsaken, abandoned.
[5] *Would be*=requires to be.

[He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky[1] here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed.] To other regions!
France is a stable! we that dwell in't jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so: I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: [his present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike:] war is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capriccio[2] hold in thee, art sure?

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that's, before me thou'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.—(Act ii. 4. 29–31.)

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: to-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it.—'T is hard:
A young man married is a man that's marr'd:
[Therefore, away, and leave her; bravely go:
The king has done you wrong; but, hush, 't is so.] [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Paris. An antechamber in the palace.*

Enter Helena *with a letter, and* Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

[*Clo.* She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?]

[1] *Kicky-wicky*, a playful term for a wife.

[2] *Capriccio*, properly an Italian word = fancy.

Clo. Truly, she 's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she 's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she 's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave,—how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away! thou 'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou 'rt a knave; that 's, before me thou 'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
[The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does
acknowledge;
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;[1]
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with
sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,[2]
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.]

Hel. What 's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.[3]

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In everything I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you. [*Exit Par.*] Come, sirrah. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Paris. Another apartment in the palace.*

Enter LAFEU *and* BERTRAM.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial[4] goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.

[*Ber.* I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have, then, sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent.] Here he comes: I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. [*To Bertram*] These things shall be done, sir.

[*Laf.* Pray you, sir, who 's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well, I, sir; he, sir, 's a good workman, a very good tailor.]

Ber. [*Aside to Par.*] Is she gone to the king?

Par. [*Aside to Ber.*] She is.

Ber. [*Aside to Par.*] Will she away to-night?

Par. [*Aside to Ber.*] As you 'll have her.

Ber. [*Aside to Par.*] I've writ my letters, casketed my treasure,

[1] *To a compell'd restraint,* by referring to a compulsory abstinence.

[2] *The curbed time,* the time of restraint.

[3] *Probable need,* a specious appearance of necessity. —*Johnson.*

[4] *Dial,* watch.

Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End ere I do begin.

Laf. [A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner;[1] but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.]God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you 'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: [trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil.] [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass.—Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting;[2] only he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
[Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled: this drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse[3] than ask why I entreat you;]
For my respects[4] are better than they seem,
And my appointments[5] have in them a need
Greater than shows itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother: [*Giving a letter.*
'T will be two days ere I shall see you; so,
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great: farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say 't is mine,—and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed.—
I would not tell you what I would, my lord:—
Faith, yes;—
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewell. [*Exit Helena.*
Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.—
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Something at the latter end of a dinner, i.e.* for the sake of his traveller's tales.

[2] *Parting,* departing.

[3] *Muse,* wonder.

[4] *Respects,* motives: that to which I have respect, or regard, in acting as I do.

[5] *Appointments,* engagements.

ACT III.

[SCENE I. *Florence. A room in the Duke's palace.*

Flourish. Enter the DUKE *of Florence, attended; the two Frenchmen with a troop of Soldiers.*

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

First Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

Sec. Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self unable motion:[1] therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

First Lord. But I am sure the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails[2] they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Rousillon. The hall of the Countess's house.*

Enter COUNTESS *with letter, and* CLOWN.

Count. [*Having read Helena's letter*] It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing. I know a man that had this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court: [our old ling[3] and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court:] the brains of my Cupid's knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*

Count. [*Reads*] "I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the *not* eternal. You shall hear I am run away: know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you. Your unfortunate son, BERTRAM."

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter CLOWN.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within between two soldiers and my young lady!

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: [the danger is in standing to 't; that 's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children.] Here they come will tell you more: for my part, I only hear your son was run away. [*Exit.*

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[1] *Motion*, perception, intuition. [2] *Avails*, profit.

[3] *Ling*, a fish (*Gadus molva*).

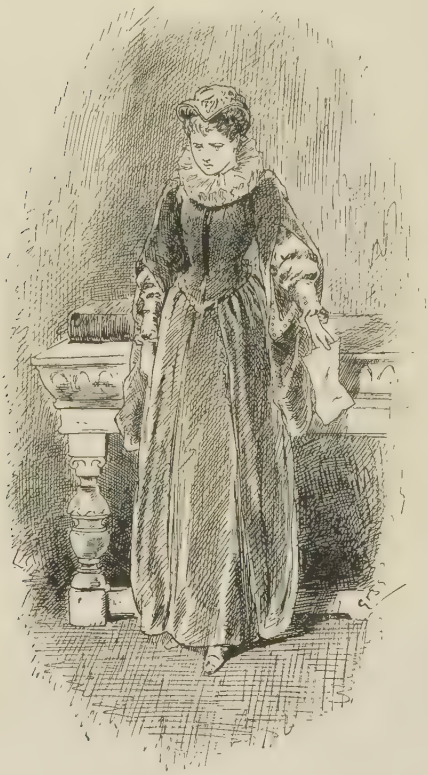
Enter HELENA *with a letter, and two Gentlemen.*

First Gent. Save you, good madam.
Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.
Sec. Gent. Do not say so.
Count. Think upon patience.—Pray you, gentlemen,—
I've felt so many quirks[1] of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't:—where is my son, I pray you?
Sec. Gent. Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence:
[We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.]
Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my passport.
[*Reads*] "When thou canst get the ring upon my finger which never shall come off, [and show me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to,] then call me husband: but in such a *then* I write a *never*."
This is a dreadful sentence.
Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?
First Gent. Ay, madam;
And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.
Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety: he was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?
Sec. Gent. Ay, madam.
Count. And to be a soldier?
Sec. Gent. Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience[2] claims.
Count. Return you thither?
First Gent. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.
Hel. [*Reads*] "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."
'T is bitter.
Count. Find you that there?
Hel. Ay, madam.
[*First Gent.* 'T is but the boldness of his hand, haply, which his heart was not consenting to.]
Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There 's nothing here that is too good for him,
But only she; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly mistress.—Who was with him?
First Gent. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.
Count. Parolles, was 't not?
First Gent. Ay, my good lady, he.
Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.[3]
[*First Gent.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds[4] him much to have.
Count.] Y' are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.
Sec. Gent. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.
Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near?
[*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*
Hel. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is 't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? [O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,

[1] *Quirks*, humours. [2] *Convenience*, propriety.

[3] *With his inducement*, owing to his instigation.
[4] *Holds*, considers, judges.

[Fly with false aim; move the still-piecing[1] air,
That sings with piercing; do not touch my
lord!]
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to 't;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause



Hel. I am the caitiff that do hold him to 't.—(Act iii. 2. 117.)

His death was so effected: better 't were
I met the ravin[2] lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence[3] honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all: I will be gone;
My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I 'll steal away.
[*Exit.*

[1] *Still-piecing*, closing again immediately.
[2] *Ravin*, ravenous.
[3] *Whence*, from there where.

[SCENE III. *Florence. Before the Duke's palace.*

Flourish. Enter the DUKE *of Florence*, BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *and Soldiers. Drum, and trumpets.*

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.
Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We 'll strive to bear it, for your worthy sake,
To th' extreme edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go thou forth;
And Fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!
Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Rousillon. Hall in the Countess's house.*

Enter COUNTESS *and* STEWARD.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know she 'd do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.
Stew. [*Reads*]
"I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify:

His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom[1] I myself embrace, to set him free."

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!—
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice[2] so much,
As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger:—
When haply he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is dearest to me, I've no skill in sense
To make distinction:—provide this messenger:—
My heart is heavy and mine age is weak:
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Florence. Before the gates. A distant march.*

Enter an old WIDOW *of Florence,* DIANA, VIOLENTA, *and* MARIANA, *with other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. [*Distant march.*] We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice

Stew. [*Reads*]. I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone.
—(Act iii. 4. 4.)

ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions[3] for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; [their promises, enticements, oaths,

[1] *Whom, i.e.* death. [2] *Advice,* consideration, discretion.

[3] *Suggestions,* incitements, temptations.

tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession,[1] but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them.] I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house; thither they send one another: I'll question her.

Enter HELENA, *disguised like a pilgrim.*

God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is 't.—Hark you! they come this way.— [*A march afar.*
If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for I think I know your hostess
As ample[2] as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The Count Rousillon: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He 's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 't is reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking: think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the count
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What 's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise,[3] or to[4] the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated: all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.[5]

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'T is a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. I war'nt, good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:—

Flourish of trumpets.

Enter BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *and the whole army.*

[That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.]

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;
That with the plume: 't is a most gallant fellow.

[1] *Succession, i.e.* their following the example of others who have been wrecked before them.
[2] *Ample,* fully.
[3] *In argument of praise,* as for praise.
[4] *To,* in comparison with.
[5] *Examin'd,* called in question.

I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honester,
He were much goodlier: is't not a handsome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'T is pity he 's not honest: yond 's that same knave [*pointing at Parolles*]
That leads him to these passes:[1] were I his lady,
I 'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he 's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He 's shrewdly vex'd at something: look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!
[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, and army.*

Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host:[2] of enjoin'd penitents
There 's four or five, to Great Saint Jaques[3] bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We 'll take your offer kindly.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI. *A room in Bertram's lodgings.*

Enter Bertram *and the two French Lords.*

Sec. Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to 't; let him have his way.

First Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding,[4] hold me no more in your respect.

Sec. Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

Sec. Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he 's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.[5]

[*First Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.]

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

First Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

Sec. Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

[*First Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says he has a stratagem for 't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed.]—Here he comes.

Sec. Lord. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.[6]

Enter Parolles.

Ber. How now, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

First Lord. A pox on 't, let it go; 't is but a drum.

Par. But a drum! is 't but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was excellent command,—to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

[1] *Passes*, courses. [2] *Host*, lodge.
[3] *Jaques*, dissyllable here, as in iii. 4. 4, and elsewhere.
[4] *Hilding*, a base fellow.
[5] *Entertainment*, service, as in iv. i. 17.
[6] *In any hand*, in any case.

[*First Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.]

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet.*[1]

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach[2] to 't, monsieur: if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I 'll about it this evening: [and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation;[3]] and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou 'rt valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership,[4] will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

Sec. Lord. No more than a fish loves water. —Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do 't?

[*First Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.]

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

Sec. Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: [but we have almost embossed him,[5]—you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.]

First Lord. We 'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case[6] him. He was first smoked[7] by the old Lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

Sec. Lord. I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

Sec. Lord. As 't please your lordship: I 'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.

First Lord. But you say she 's honest.

Ber. That 's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,[8]
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I 've done. She 's a fair creature:
Will you go see her?

First Lord. With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII. *Florence. A room in the Widow's house.*

Enter Helena *and* Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds[9] I work upon.

---

[1] *Hic jacet*, here lies.
[2] *Stomach*, inclination.
[3] *My mortal preparation*, my preparation for death.
[4] *To the possibility of thy soldiership*, as far as the matter depends on what thy soldiership may possibly accomplish.
[5] *Embossed him*, inclosed him like game.
[6] *Case*, flay, strip.
[7] *Smoked*, smelled out, found out.
[8] *We have i' the wind*, we have scent of.
[9] *Grounds*, foundations.

Wid. Though my estate be fall'n, I was
well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.
Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken
Is so from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.
Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well approves
You're great in fortune.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further.—(Act iii. 7. 1, 2.)

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos
your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolv'd to carry her: let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear[1] it;
Now his important[2] blood will naught deny
That she'll demand: a ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.
Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.
Hel. You see it lawful, then: it is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent: after this,

[1] *Bear*, manage, execute. [2] *Important*, importunate.

To marry her, I 'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.
Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall perséver,
That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics[1] of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads[2] us
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on 't.
Hel. Why, then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:[3]
But let 's about it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The French camp before Florence.*

Enter Second French Lord, with five or six other Soldiers in ambush.

Sec. Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will,—though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

First Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

Sec. Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

First Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

Sec. Lord. But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

First Sold. E'en such as you speak to me.

Sec. Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now, he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: choughs' language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic.—But couch, ho! here he comes,—to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it: they begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carry it; they will say, "Came you off with so little?" and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what 's the instance?[4] Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring[5] of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] 'T would not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped—

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

[1] *Musics*, bands of musicians.
[2] *It nothing steads*, it is of no use.
[3] *Fact*, crime.
[4] *Instance*, proof.
[5] *Baring*, shaving.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] How deep?
Par. Thirty fathom.
Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.
Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's: I would swear I recovered it.
Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] You shall hear one anon.
[*Drum beats without.*

Par. A drum now of the enemy's!
Sec. Lord. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.
All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.
Par. O, ransom, ransom!—do not hide mine eyes. [*They seize and blindfold him.*
First Sold. Boskos thromuldo boskos.

Par. Within these three hours 't will be time enough to go home.—(Act iv. 1. 27, 28.)

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment;
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me;
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.
First Sold. *Boskos vauvado:*—
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—
Kerelybonto:—sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.
Par. O!
First Sold. O, pray, pray, pray!—
Manka revania dulche.
Sec. Lord. *Oscorbidulchos volivorco.*
First Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.
Par. O, let me live!
And all the secrets of our camp I 'll show,
Their force, their purposes; nay, I 'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.
First Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.
First Sold. *Acordo linta:*—
Come on; thou art granted space.
[*Exit, with Parolles guarded by four Soldiers. Drum beats without.*
Sec. Lord. Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and my brother,
We 've caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled[1]
Till we do hear from them.
Sec. Sold. Captain, I will.
Sec. Lord. 'A will betray us all unto ourselves:—
Inform on that.
Sec. Sold. So I will, sir.
First Lord. Till then I 'll keep him dark and safely lock'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Florence. A room in the Widow's house.*

Enter BERTRAM *and* DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.
Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.
Ber. Titled goddess;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was
[When your sweet self was got.
Dia. She then was honest.
Ber. So should you be.]
Dia. No:
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more o' that,—
I prithee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
Dia. Ay, so you serve us
Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave[2] our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.
Ber. How have I sworn!
Dia. 'T is not the many oaths that make the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.
[What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the High'st to witness: then, pray you, tell me,]
If I should swear by God's great attributes,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,[3]
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him. Therefore your oaths
Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd,
At least in my opinion.
Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say thou 'rt mine, and ever
My love as it begins shall so persever.
Dia. I see that men make ropes in such a scarre,
That we 'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.
Ber. I 'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power
To give it from me.
Dia. Will you not, my lord?
Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.
Dia. Mine honour 's such a ring:
My chastity 's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose: thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.
Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I 'll be bid by thee.

[1] *Muffled*, blindfolded.
[2] *Barely leave*, leave bare, naked.
[3] *Holding*, binding force, validity.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window:
I'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet-maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring, that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.
Ber. A heaven on earth I've won by wooing thee. [*Exit.*
Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end.—
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in 's heart; she says all men
Have the like oaths: [he had sworn to marry me
When his wife 's dead; therefore I'll lie with him
When I am buried.] Since Frenchmen are so braid,[1]
Marry that will, I live and die a maid:
Only, in this disguise, I think 't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

Scene III. *The Florentine camp.*

Enter the two French Lords.

First Lord. You have not given him his mother's letter?

Sec. Lord. I have delivered it an hour since: there is something in 't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

First Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

Sec. Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty[2] to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

First Lord. When you have spoken it, 't is dead, and I am the grave of it.

Sec. Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; [and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour:] he hath given her his monumental[3] ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

Sec. Lord. I have delivered it an hour since.—(Act iv. 3. 3.)

First Lord. [Now, God delay our rebellion! as we are ourselves, what things are we!

Sec. Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

First Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents?]

[1] *Braid*, deceitful.

[2] *Bounty*, benevolence.

[3] *Monumental*, memorial.

We shall not, then, have his company to-night?

Sec. Lord. Not till after midnight; [for he is dieted to his hour.

First Lord. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company[1] anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously[2] he had set this counterfeit.[3]

Sec. Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.]

First Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

Sec. Lord. I hear there is an overture of peace.

First Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

Sec. Lord. What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

First Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

Sec. Lord. Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

First Lord. Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath; and now she sings in heaven.

Sec. Lord. How is this justified?[4]

First Lord. The stronger[5] part of it by her own letters, which make her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

Sec. Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

First Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

[*Sec. Lord.* I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

First Lord. How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

Sec. Lord. And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

First Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now! where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king. [*Exit.*

Sec. Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

First Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.]

Enter BERTRAM.

How now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success:[6] I have congied[7] with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained[8] my convoy; and between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

Sec. Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module,[9] has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

Sec. Lord. [Bring him forth: has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

[1] *Company*, companion. [2] *Curiously*, carefully.
[3] *Counterfeit*, false coin, *i.e.* Parolles.
[4] *Justified*, proved. [5] *Stronger*, more certain.
[6] *An abstract of success*, a few brief successful strokes.
[7] *Congied*, taken leave. [8] *Entertained*, engaged.
[9] *Counterfeit module*, delusive image.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

Sec. Lord. I have told your lordship already, —the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench that had shed[1] her milk:] he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has a'?

Sec. Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in 't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Ber. A plague upon him! [*looking off*]. Muffled! he can say nothing of me.—Hush, hush!

Enter the six Soldiers, bringing in PAROLLES *blindfolded.*

First Lord. Hoodman[2] comes!—*Portotartarossa.*

First Sold. He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

First Sold. Bosko chimurcho.

First Lord. Boblibindo chicurmurco.

First Sold. You are a merciful general.—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

First Sold. [*Reads*] "First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong." What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

First Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do: I 'll take the sacrament on 't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All 's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

[*First Lord.* You 're deceived, my lord: this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist,— that was his own phrase,—that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape[3] of his dagger.

Sec. Lord. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have everything in him by wearing his apparel neatly.]

First Sold. Well, that 's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I 'll speak truth.

First Lord. He 's very near the truth in this.

[*Ber.* But I con him no thanks for 't, in the nature he delivers it.]

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

First Sold. Well, that 's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth 's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

First Sold. [*Reads*] "Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot."[4] What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: [Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that] the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

First Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks.—Demand of him my condition,[5] and what credit I have with the duke.

First Sold. Well, that 's set down. [*Reads*] "You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories: demand them singly.

First Sold. Do you know this Captain Dumain?

[1] *Shed,* upset. [2] *Hoodman,* Parolles blindfolded.

[3] *Chape,* the metal tip at the end of the scabbard.

[4] *A-foot, i.e.* in infantry. [5] *Condition,* character.

Par. I know him: a' was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child,—a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

[*First Lord* (*Dumain*) *lifts his hand as if to strike Parolles.*

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; [though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

First Sold. Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

First Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.]

First Sold. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

First Sold. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

First Sold. Here 't is; here 's a paper: shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

First Lord. Excellently.

First Sold. [*Reads*]

"Dian, the count 's a fool, and full of gold,"—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

[*Bertram lifts his hand as if to strike Parolles.*

First Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; [for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.]

Ber. Damnable, both-sides rogue!

First Sold. [*Reads*]

"When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;
After he scores, he never pays the score:
Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
Men are to mell[1] with, boys are not to kiss:
For count of this,[2] the count 's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear,
PAROLLES."

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in 's forehead.

Sec. Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he 's a cat to me.

First Sold. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

[*First Lord whispers to the Soldier.*

Par. [*Falls on his knees*] My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

First Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain: you have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus: he professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules: he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: [drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw.] I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

First Lord. I begin to love him for this.

[*Ber.* For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he 's more and more a cat.]

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[1] *Mell*, meddle.

[2] *Count of this*, take notice of this.

First Sold. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, has led[1] the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; [except, in that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files:] I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

[*First Lord.* He hath out-villained villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a cat still.]

First Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.—(Act iv. 3. 349.)

Par. Sir, for a cardecue[2] he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, [the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.]

First Sold. What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

Sec. Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

First Sold. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil: he excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: in a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

First Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

First Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. [*Aside*] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve

[1] *Led*, carried.

[2] *Cardecue*, quart d'écu, a quarter of a French crown = fifteen pence.

well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

First Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die [*Parolles groans*]: the general says, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die.—Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

First Sold. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.* So, look about you: know you any here?

[*All laugh, and bow mockingly to Parolles.*

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

Sec. Lord. God bless you, Captain Parolles.

First Lord. God save you, noble captain.

Sec. Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

First Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you: but fare you well. [*Exeunt Bertram and Lords, laughing.*

First Sold. You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. [*Rising*] Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

First Sold. [If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation.] Fare ye well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there. [*Exit with Soldiers.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'T would burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

[Scene IV. *Florence. Room in the Widow's house.*

Enter Helena, Widow, *and* Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 't is needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd
His grace is at Marseilles; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,[1]
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love: doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive[2]
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions,[3] I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you:
But, with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our wagon is prepar'd, and time revives us:

[1] *Breaking,* disbanding.
[2] *Motive,* instrument.
[3] *Impositions,* injunctions.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL: still the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Rousillon. Hall of the Countess's house.*

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, *and* CLOWN.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow[1] there, [whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour:] your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'T was a good lady, 't was a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather, the herb of grace.[2]

Clo. The black prince, sir; *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.—(Act iv. 5. 44, 45.)

Laf. They are not herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

[*Laf.* Whether dost thou profess thyself,—a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

[1] *A snipt-taffeta fellow*, a fellow who wore ribbons or snippings of taffeta—Lafeu's contemptuous allusion to Parolles' fine clothes. Compare ii. 5. 18–21.

[2] *Herb of grace*, rue.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman? 40

Clo. Faith, sir, a' has an English name; but his fisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest[1] thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still. 48

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire. 58

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee.] Go thy ways: let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave and an unhappy.[2]

Count. So he is. My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace,[3] but runs where he will. 71

Laf. I like him well; 't is not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it? 82

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty: he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed. 88

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

[*Laf.* Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.]

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under't or no, the velvet knows; but 't is a goodly patch of velvet: [his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed[4] face.]

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier. 109

[*Exeunt Countess and Lafeu.*

Clo. Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man.

[*Exit.*

[1] *Suggest*, seduce. [2] *Unhappy*, roguish.
[3] *No pace*, no settled, orderly habits.
[4] *Carbonadoed*, disfigured with cuts.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The coast of France, near Marseilles.*

Enter HELENA, WIDOW, *and* DIANA, *with two Attendants.*

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it:
But, since you 've made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital
As nothing can unroot you.—In happy time;—

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.
Gent. And you.
Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.
Gent. I have been sometimes there.
Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fall'n
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues; for the which
I shall continue thankful.
Gent. What 's your will?
Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence.
Gent. The king 's not here.
Hel. Not here, sir!
Gent. Not, indeed:
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.
Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!
Hel. ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL yet,
Though time seem so advérse and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.
Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king —(Act v. 1. 18, 19.)

Gent. This I 'll do for you.
Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again:—
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rousillon. The court-yard of the Countess's house.*

Enter CLOWN, *meeting* PAROLLES *in tattered apparel.*

Par. Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir,

been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in Fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: [I will henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's buttering. Prithee, allow the wind.[1] 10

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, prithee, stand away: a paper from Fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman!] Look, here he comes himself. 19

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.—(Act v. 2. 11, 12.)

Enter LAFEU.

[Here is a pur of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat,—but not a musk-cat,—that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious,[2] foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort, and leave him to your lordship.]

[*Exit.*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratched. 29

Laf. And what would you have me to do, 'tis too late to pare her nails now. [Wherein have you played the knave with Fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her?] There 's a cardecue for you: let the justices make you and Fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

[*Laf.* You beg a single penny more: come? you shall ha 't; save your word. 40

[1] *Allow the wind*, don't stop it, stand to the leeward of me.

[2] *Ingenious*, conscious how contemptible he is.

Par.] My name, my good lord, is Parolles.
Laf. [You beg more than "word," then.—] Cox[1] my passion! give me your hand:—how does your drum?
Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me!
Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.
Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.
Laf. Out upon thee, knave! [dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out.] [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming; I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.
Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Rousillon. A room in the Countess's house.*

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, *the two French Lords, with Attendants.*

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.
Count. 'T is past, my liege;
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.
King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high[2] bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.
Laf. This I must say,—
But first I beg my pardon,—the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.
King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither;—
We 're reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition:—let him not ask our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
Th' incensing relics of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 't is our will he should.
First Gent. I shall, my liege. [*Exit.*
King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?
Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.
King. Then shall we have a match. I 've letters sent me
That set him high in fame.

Re-enter First Lord, ushering in Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on 't.
King. I am not a day of season,[3]
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once: but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.
Ber. [*Kneeling*] My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.
King. All is whole;
[*Bertram rises.*
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let 's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?
Ber. Admiringly, my liege: at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
[Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective[4] did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;[5]
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions

[1] *Cox*, God's (disguised form of the word).
[2] *High*, violently
[3] *A day of season*, a seasonable day.
[4] *Perspective*, an optical glass. [5] *Favour*, features.

To a most hideous object:] thence it came
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.
King. Well excus'd:
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt: but love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, "That 's good that 's gone." [Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures,[1] to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what 's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.]
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we 'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.
Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse![2]
Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested,[3] give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—
[*Bertram gives Lafeu a ring.*
By my old beard,
And every hair that 's on 't, Helen, that 's dead,
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.
Ber. Hers it was not.
King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to 't.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to reave[4] her
Of what should stead her most?
Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.
Count. Son, on my life,
I 've seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.
Laf. I 'm sure I saw her wear it.
Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord; she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd: but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune,[5] and inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd
In heavy satisfaction,[6] and would never
Receive the ring again.
King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct[7] and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring: 't was mine, 't was Helen's,
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 't was hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,—
Where you have never come,—or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.
Ber. She never saw it.
King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'t will not prove so;—

[1] *Displeasures,* dislikes.
[2] *Cesse,* cease.
[3] *Digested, i.e.* and so reduced to nothing, and lost.
[4] *Reave,* bereave, deprive.
[5] *Subscrib'd to mine own fortune,* acknowledged how matters stood with me.
[6] *Heavy satisfaction,* sorrowful acquiescence.
[7] *Tinct,* tincture.

And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.— [*Guards seize Bertram.*
[My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him!—]
We'll sift this matter further.
Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit, guarded.*
King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I've been to blame or no, I know not:
[*Presenting a letter to the King.*
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for four or five removes[1] come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: [her business looks in her
With an importing[2] visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.]

King. [*Reads*] "Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: grant it me, O king! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPULET."

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll[3] for this:
I'll none of him.
King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:—
Go speedily and bring again the count.
[*Exeunt Gentleman and some Attendants.*
I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.
Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM, *guarded.*

King. I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.

Re-enter GENTLEMAN, *with* WIDOW *and* DIANA.

What woman's that?
Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet:
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.
Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring;
And both shall cease,[4] without your remedy.
King. Come hither, count: do you know these women?
Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them: do they charge me further?
Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?
Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.
Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,—
Either both or none.
Laf. [*To Bertram*] Your reputation comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.
Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

---

[1] *Removes*, stages of her journey; for she failed to overtake the king.
[2] *Importing*, significant.
[3] *Toll*, pay toll.
[4] *Cease*, come to an end, perish.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend
Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour
Than in my thought it lies!
Dia. [Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.
King.] What say'st thou to her?
Ber. She's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gamester to the camp.
Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
[*Showing it to the King and Countess.*
Whose high respect and rich validity[1]
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.
Count. He blushes, and 't is it:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thousand proofs.
King. Methought you said
You saw one here in court could witness it.
Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument: his name's Parolles.
Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.
King. Find him, and bring him hither.
[*Exit Lafeu.*
Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd,[2]
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that or this for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?
King. She hath that ring of yours.
Ber. I think she has: certain it is I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her own suit, coming with her modern[3] grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate: she got the ring;
[And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.]
Dia. I must be patient:
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me.[4] I pray you yet,—
Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,—
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.
Ber. I have it not.
King. What ring was yours, I pray you?
Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.
King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.
Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.
King. The story, then, goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.
Dia. I have spoke the truth.
Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.
King. You boggle[5] shrewdly, every feather starts you.—

Re-enter LAFEU *with* PAROLLES.

Is this the man you speak of?
Dia. Ay, my lord.
King. Tell me, sirrah,—but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off,—
By him and by this woman here what know you?
Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman: tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.
King. Come, come, to the purpose: did he love this woman?
Par. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?
King. How, I pray you?
Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.
King. How is that?
Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.
King. As thou art a knave, and no knave.—
What an equivocal companion[6] is this!
Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

[1] *Validity*, value. [2] *Debosh'd*, debased.
[3] *Modern*, modish.
[4] *Diet me*, put me under strict treatment.
[5] *Boggle*, start aside, swerve.
[6] *Companion*, contemptuously, as we use *fellow*.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty[1] orator.

Dia. Do you know he promised me marriage?

Par. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew [of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and] things which would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: but thou art too fine[2] in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.—

This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it, then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave't him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away; I do not like her now;
To prison with her: and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

[*Dia.* By Jove, if ever I knew man, 't was you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty:
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't;
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I'm either maid, or else this old man's wife.]

King. She does abuse our ears: to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. [*She gives Widow the ring.*]—Stay, royal sir:
[*Exit Widow.*
The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
[He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd;
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:]
So there's my riddle,—One that's dead is quick:
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, *with* Helena.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;
'T is but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both:—O, pardon!

Hel. [O my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind.] There is your ring;
And, look you, here's your letter; this it says:
"When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c." This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

[1] *Naughty*, good-for-nothing. [2] *Fine*, subtle.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!—
[*To Countess*] O my dear mother, do I see you living?
Laf. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon:—
[*To Parolles*] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher: so, I thank thee: wait on me home, I 'll make sport with thee: let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.
King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.—
[*To Diana*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I 'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess that, by thy honest aid,
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly[1] more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.
[*Flourish.*

EPILOGUE.

[The king's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts. [*Exeunt.*]

[1] *Resolvedly,* clearly.

NOTES TO ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

1. DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. The Dramatis Personæ of this play have been left, either through oversight or through the haste with which the play was written, in a very confused and unsatisfactory condition as far as the naming of them goes. We have at least four important speaking characters who have no names at all, viz. the First and Second Lord, the First Soldier, and the Gentleman attached to the French court who aids Helena in her suit to the king (v. 1.); besides these we have Two Gentlemen belonging to the French army (iii. 2.), and the usual quantity of nameless lords and gentlemen. In the case of the French lords who accompany Bertram to the war, the omission seems the more singular, because from iv. 3. 199–324 we learn that they were two brothers, and that their names were *Dumain*. In the edition which Kemble prepared for the stage we find no less than five additional Dramatis Personæ named: *Dumain, Lewis*=First and Second Lords, who take an important part in act iv. scene 3; *Jaques* and *Biron*, belonging to the French army, and friends, apparently, of Bertram; and *Tourville*, a gentleman belonging to the French court, who appears in act v. It would certainly be far more convenient to adopt some names for the First and Second Lord, if not for all these characters; but there is no internal evidence in the play on which we can assign to any of these nameless characters any name except *Dumain* to the First Lord,

and *Dumain*, jun., to his brother; the latter's Christian name not being mentioned. The First Soldier, who plays the part of the Interpreter, is generally known by that title, as appears from the notices of the performance of this play. We have therefore given a somewhat fuller description of the Dramatis Personæ than that usually given; and though we have not ventured to go so far as to adapt into the list of Dramatis Personæ the names to be found in Kemble's acting edition, yet it would be a very great convenience if, as far as concerns the First and Second Lord, editors were to agree to adopt the names of *Dumain* and *Lewis*, for the first of which, as we have already said, there is a justification in the text.—F. A. M.

ACT I. Scene 1.

2. Line 5: *to whom I am now in ward.*—Wardship was one of the feudal incidents. In virtue of it the lord had the care of his tenant's person during his minority, and enjoyed the profits of his estate. By another "incident," that of marriage, the lord had the right of tendering a husband to his female wards, or a wife to his male wards; a refusal involving the forfeit of the value of the marriage, that is, the sum that any one would give the lord for such an alliance. These customs prevailed in England and in some parts of Germany, but in no province of France with the exception of Normandy. Shakespeare, however, is not responsible for whatever error there may be in making the French king impose a wife upon Bertram, as he only followed the original story. See Hallam, Middle Ages, vol. i. p. 177, ed. 1853.

3. Lines 10–12: *whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than* LACK *it where there is such abundance.*—So worthy a gentleman as Bertram would be more likely to arouse kindly feelings in a man of defective sympathies, than fail to win them from so generous a heart as that of the King of France. Warburton altered *lack* to *slack*, which, says Capell, "is the very term the place calls for; and so natural a correction, that he who does not embrace it, must be under the influence of some great prepossession."

4. Lines 47–49: *where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity,—they are virtues and traitors too.*—While we commend his virtues we naturally feel pity for the man in whom they are but bright spots in a nature otherwise vicious; but why are these virtues called traitors? Surely not, as Johnson thought, because they betray his too confiding friends into evil courses, but because they are false to, inconsistent with, the rest of his character.

5. Line 58: *livelihood.*—Liveliness; not used by Shakespeare in its modern sense. Compare:

> With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
> The precedent of pith and *livelihood.*
> —Venus and Ad. 25, 26.

6. Line 61: *than to have it.*—F. 1 reads "*then* to haue—." The reading in the text is due to Dyce. For the insertion of *to* in the second member of the comparison Abbott (Shakespearian Grammar, § 416) quotes Bacon (Essays, 103): "In a word, a man were better relate himself to a Statue or Picture, *than to* suffer his thoughts to pass in smother." Capell printed: "than have it."

7. Lines 65, 66: *If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.*—If grief in any shape is the enemy of the living, excessive indulgence in it must soon make of it a fatal or deadly enemy. It is to this sentiment that Lafeu refers (l. 68): "How understand we that?"

8. Line 85: *The best wishes, &c.*—Since Rowe the whole of this speech has been given as spoken to Helena. On the suggestion of Dr. Brinsley Nicholson (Shakespeariana, vol. i. p. 54) I have assumed the first part of it: "The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you"—to be addressed to the countess.

9. Lines 91, 92:

> *these great tears grace his remembrance more*
> *Than those I shed for him.*

Not, as Johnson supposed, the tears shed by great people, the King and Countess, but, as Monck Mason says, "the big and copious tears she then shed herself, which were caused in reality by Bertram's departure, though attributed by Lafeu and the Countess to the loss of her father; and from this misapprehension of theirs graced his remembrance more than those she actually shed for him."

10. Line 100: *sphere.*—The sphere of a star is the orbit in which it moves; and this is generally the sense in which Shakespeare uses the word; he rarely applies it to the star itself, as in the following:—

> all kind of natures
> That labour on the bosom of this *sphere.*—Timon, i. 1. 65, 66.

11. Line 106: *In our heart's* TABLE.—The table is the material on which the picture is drawn; compare:

> Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd
> Thy beauty's form in *table* of my heart.—Sonn. xxiv.

12. Lines 114–116:

> *That they take place, when virtue's steely bones*
> *Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see*
> *Cold wisdom waiting on* SUPERFLUOUS *folly.*

The vices of Parolles suit him so well that they enable him to take precedence over men of unattractive, unyielding virtue; he is received into good society when they are left out in the cold, and wisdom starves while folly has more than enough.

For this use of "superfluous" compare:

> Let the *superfluous* and *lust*-dieted man,
> That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
> Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly.
> —Lear, iv. 1. 70–72.

13. Line 150: *He that hangs himself, &c.*—He that hangs himself and a virgin are, in this circumstance, alike; they are both *self-destroyers.—Malone.*

14. Line 160: *within* TEN *year it will make itself* TEN.—F. 1 reads "within *ten* yeare it will make it selfe *two;*" which is clearly wrong. The correction is due to Sir Thomas Hanmer.

15. Line 171: *which* WEAR *not now.*—F. 1 reads "which *were* not now." The correction is Rowe's.

16. Line 179: *Not my virginity yet.*—This speech has

caused much perplexity to the commentators. Johnson says: "The whole speech is abrupt, unconnected and obscure;" and Warburton is persuaded that "the eight lines following *friend* (l. 181) is the nonsense of some foolish conceited player," who, finding a thousand loves mentioned and only three enumerated, added a few more of his own. The obscurity, however, is not so great as appears at first sight. The chief difficulty is the occurrence of the word *there*, without anything being mentioned to which it could refer: 'THERE *shall your master have a thousand loves*' (l. 180). From l. 191: '*The court's a learning-place*,' it is clear that, with possibly a secret undercurrent of reference to herself (Rolfe), the place in Helena's mind is the *court*, where Bertram would be entangled in all these thousand love affairs. Nevertheless the transition from the short line '*not my virginity yet*' is abrupt, and perhaps intentionally so. Sir Philip Perring (Hard Knots in Shakespeare, 1886, p. 151) says: "A short line here is surely not out of place, where the subject is cut short—where there is a break, a pause—perhaps a silent wish, a secret sigh; where at any rate there is a marked crisis in the conversation, and Helena has to extemporize another more appropriate but not less engaging topic." If this explanation does not satisfy us, we must take refuge in the supposition that some words have been lost, the recovery of which will complete the sense; and accordingly Hanmer reads:

> Not my virginity yet.—You're for the court:
> There shall your master, &c.

This reading was adopted by Capell, while Malone suggested that the omission is in Parolles's speech, and that after the words "'tis a withered pear" we should read, "I am now bound for the court; will you anything with it? [*i.e.* the court]." It may be noticed that the Folio has only a colon at *yet*, a fact which, so far as it is of any value at all, tends to show that the line is incomplete. As they stand the words "Not my virginity yet" are a reply to Parolles's question, "Will you anything with it?" and mean "I will nothing with my virginity yet."

17. Line 181: *A mother, and a mistress*, &c.—These are the names Helena applies to the various mistresses who will captivate Bertram at court; for instance, a rare and matchless dame would be a *phœnix*, and one who commands him and his affections, a *captain*.

18. Line 188: *christendoms*.—Christian names—the only time Shakespeare uses the word in this sense. Malone quotes Nash, Four Letters Confuted (1593): "But for an author to renounce his *Christendome* to write in his owne commendation, to refuse the name which his Godfathers and Godmothers gave him in his baptisme," &c.

19. Line 218: *a virtue of a good wing*.—The meaning of this passage appears to be this: "If your valour will suffer you to go backward for advantage, and your fear for the same reason will make you run away, the composition that your valour and fear make in you, must be a virtue that will fly far and swiftly." A bird *of a good wing* is a bird of swift and strong flight.—*Monck Mason*

20. Line 227: *when thou hast* NONE, *remember thy friends*.—Dyce quotes W. W. Williams (The Parthenon, Nov. 1, 1862, p. 848), who proposed to read: "when thou hast *money*, remember thy friends."

21. Lines 237, 238:

> *The mightiest* SPACE *in fortune nature brings*
> *To join like likes, and kiss like* NATIVE *things*.

Malone correctly gives the meaning: "The affections given us by nature often unite persons between whom fortune or accident has placed the greatest distance or disparity; and cause them to join like likes (*instar parium*), like persons in the same situation or rank of life." *Space* will then be put for *spaces*, according to the metrical usage, by which "the plural and possessive cases of nouns in which the singular ends in *s, se, ss, ce* and *ge* are frequently written . . . without the additional syllable" (Abbott, Sh. Gram. § 471). See also W. S. Walker, Shakespeare's Versification, art. li. p. 243, where a large number of examples are quoted. For "native" in the sense of *congenial, kindred* compare:

> 'tis often seen
> Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
> A *native* slip to us from foreign seeds.—Act i. 3. 150–152.

and

> The head is not more *native* to the heart.—Hamlet, i. 2. 47.

22. Line 241: *What* HATH BEEN CANNOT *be*.—Hanmer suggested: "What hath *not* been *can't* be;" and so Dyce; but I agree with Sir Philip Perring (Hard Knots, p. 153) in thinking the change unnecessary. These timid venturers regard as impossible what, in spite of their obstinate refusal to believe it, has actually taken place.

ACT I. Scene 2.

23. Line 1: *Senoys*.—The *Sanesi*, as they are termed by Boccace. Painter, who translates him, calls them *Senois*. They were the people of a small republic, of which the capital was *Sienna*. The Florentines were at perpetual variance with them.—*Steevens*.

24. Line 11: *He hath arm'd our answer*.—He hath furnished us with a ready and fit answer.

25. Line 18: *Count* ROUSILLON.—The Folio, which here has Count *Rosignoll*, usually spells the word *Rossillion*. Painter has *Rossiglione*.

26. Lines 33–36:

> *but they may jest,*
> *Till their own scorn return to them unnoted*
> *Ere they can hide their levity in honour:*
> *So like a courtier*, &c.

The punctuation is that of the Folio. Sir William Blackstone (approved by Capell, Steevens, and Dyce) proposed to punctuate:

> Ere they can hide their levity in honour,
> So like a courtier.

But the original punctuation gives the better sense: "The young lords of the present day," says the king, "may go on with their mockeries till no one pays any attention to them, and without that power of keeping their folly within the bounds required by self-respect which Bertram's father had. *He* was so much all that a courteous gentleman ought to be that his pride was without contempt, and his sharpness without bitterness, unless in-

deed it was his equal who had roused him: his sense of honour was a perfectly regulated clock, of which his tongue was the hammer, and ever struck the note of disapprobation when the hand pointed to the right moment, and then only." The Globe editors mark line 36 as corrupt.

27. Line 45: *In their poor praise he humbled.* — Sir Philip Perring seems to me very happy in his interpretation of these words: "in the sentence 'he humbled' I catch the *ipsissima verba* of the humble poor—their own poor way of expressing their appreciation of the great man's condescension" (Hard Knots, p. 155). *He humbled*, then, is in the phrase of "creatures of another place," "he made himself humble." Malone explains it, "he being humbled in their poor praise," *i.e.* humbling himself by accepting their praises. The Globe editors mark the line as corrupt.

28. Lines 50, 51:

So in APPROOF *lives not his epitaph*
As in your royal speech.

Approof, as in ii. 5. 3: "of very valiant *approof*," is the state of being approved; and the lines mean, as Dr. Schmidt explains, after Heath and Malone, "His epitaph receives by nothing such confirmation and living truth as by your speech."

29. Lines 59, 60:

After my flame lacks oil, to be the SNUFF
Of younger spirits.

Snuff is the burnt wick, and used metaphorically for a feeble and expiring old age, and the words mean "to be called a *snuff* by *younger spirits*." Compare:

> My *snuff* and loathed part of nature should
> Burn itself out. —Lear, iv. 6. 39, 40.

30. Lines 61, 62:

whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments.

Johnson explains this: "Who have no other use of their faculties than to invent new modes of dress."

ACT I. Scene 3.

31.—Steevens calls attention to some verses by William Cartwright prefixed to the folio Beaumont & Fletcher, 1647, which may have reference to this dialogue between the Countess and the Clown, or to that between Olivia and the Clown in Twelfth Night, act i. sc. 5.:

> Shakespeare to thee was dull, whose best jest lyes
> I' th' Ladies questions, and the Fooles replyes;
> Old fashion'd wit, which walkt from town to town
> In turn'd Hose, which our fathers call'd the Clown;
> Whose wit our nice times would obsceannesse call,
> And which made Bawdry passe for Comicall.
> —Ed. 1647, sig. d 2 b.

32. Line 3: *Madam, the care I have had to* EVEN *your content*, &c.—"It ill becomes me to publish my deserts myself; I would have you look in the record of my deeds, to discover the trouble I have taken to act up to your satisfaction." For the verb *even* in this sense compare:

> There's more to be considered; but we 'll *even*
> All that good time will give us [and so make the most of it].
> —Cymbeline, iii. 4. 184, 185.

33. Line 20: *to go to the world.*—To be married. Compare: "Thus *goes* every one *to the world* but I, and I am sunburnt; I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband!" (Much Ado, ii. 1. 331). And "a woman of the world" is a married woman. "I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be *a woman of the world*" (As You Like It, v. 3. 3).

34. Line 20: ISBEL *the woman and I.*—F. 1 has "*Isbell* the woman and w"; the correction was made in F. 2.

35. Line 25: *Service is no heritage.*—According to Ritson a proverbial expression. The connection seems to be, "if service is no blessing, children are." The Rev. John Hunter (ed. 1873) quotes Psalm cxxvii. 3, "Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord."

36. Line 46: *You're shallow, madam, in great friends.*—"You don't understand fully what a great friend is." Hanmer altered to "you 'r shallow, madam; e'en great friends;" and the change was adopted by Capell, Malone, and Dyce.

37. Line 49: *to in the crop*, spelt *Inne* in the Folio, is to get it in, harvest it.

38. Lines 55, 56: *young Charbon the puritan and old Poysam the papist.*—Malone suggested that Poysam was a misprint for Poisson, alluding to the custom of eating fish on fast-days; and that Charbon, "Firebrand," was an allusion to the fiery zeal of the Puritans. Dyce quotes a writer in Notes and Queries, Aug. 8, 1863, p. 106. After dismissing the latter part of Malone's conjectures as unsatisfactory this writer continues: "As however Poisson is significant of the fasting and self-denying Papist, so I think Charbon, Chairbon, or Chairbounne was given authentically to the fast-denying or sleek Puritan as derivable from *chair bonne*, or *bonne chair*. The antithesis and the appropriateness of the allusions prove the truth of these emendations and interpretations; and if other proof were wanting, it is to be found in this, that Shakespeare has clearly appropriated to his own purposes the old French proverb, 'Jeune chair, et viel poisson'—*young* flesh and *old* fish (are the daintiest). Hence also, the full meaning intended to be conveyed is not that some, but that the best men, whatever their age or whatever may be their own or their wives' religious opinions, all share the common fate."

39. Line 58: *they may* JOUL *horns together.*—For *joul* (*i.e.* dash, thrust), compare: "That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave *jowls* it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jawbone" (Hamlet, v. 1. 83).

40. Line 64: *the ballad.*—Steevens quotes John Grange, The Golden Aphroditis, whereunto be annexed his Garden, 1577:

> Content yourself as well as I, let reason rule your mind,
> As cuckoldes come by destinie, so cuckowes sing by kind.

41. Line 90: *but* ONE *every blazing star.*—F. 1 has "*ore* every;" the emendation is due to the Collier MS. Staunton printed "'fore."

42. Line 96: *That man should be at woman's command*, &c.—"'T is a wonder if a man should execute a woman's commands, and yet no mischief be done! But then

honesty like mine, though not very precise or puritanical, will do no mischief; it will bear itself humbly, and do my lady's bidding, though all the while secretly priding itself on its own excellence." The Puritans, as everybody knows, took violent offence at the surplice, and their "big hearts" would brook nothing more ornamental than the black gown. The surplice might be styled a surplice of humility when worn in humble submission to the orders of the church. Steevens quotes A Match at Midnight, 1633 (Dodsley, ed. Hazlitt, vol. xiii. p. 14): "H' has turned his stomach for all the world like a Puritan's at the sight of a surplice;" and The Hollander, 1640: "A puritan who, because he saw a surplice in the church would needs hang himself in the bell-ropes."

For "*no* puritan" Tyrwhitt proposed *a* puritan; "though honesty be a puritan, *i.e.* strictly moral, it will not stand out obstinately against the injunctions of the church, but will humbly submit itself to them." This conjecture had the approval of Malone, but the original reading gives sufficiently good sense.

43. Line 118: *Love no god that would not extend his might,* ONLY *where qualities were level.—Only,* as Schmidt points out, is used as if the sentence were not negative, but affirmative = "that would extend it only where, &c."

44. Line 119: DIAN NO *queen of virgins.*—The words *Dian no* were inserted by Theobald. The Folio has "leuell, Queene of Virgins, that," &c. For the word *knight,* applied to a female, compare:

> Pardon, goddess of the night,
> Those that slew thy *virgin knight.*
> —Much Ado, v. 3. 12, 13.

Thy virgin knight is Hero, who, like Helena, belonged to Diana's order of chastity. See Much Ado, note 386.

45. Line 120: *that would suffer her poor knight surprised.*—Rowe unnecessarily inserted "to be" before "surprised." Dyce quotes:

> And *suffer* not their mouthes *shut up,* oh Lord,
> Which still thy name with praises doo record.
> —Drayton's Harmonie of the Church, 1591, sig. F 2.

46. Lines 157, 158:

> *That this distemper'd messenger of wet,*
> *The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?*

Referring, says Henley, to "that suffusion of colours which glimmers around the sight when the eye-lashes are wet with tears," he compares:

> And round about her tear-distained eye
> Blue circles stream'd like *rainbows in the sky.*
> —Rape of Lucrece, 1586, 1587.

47. Line 177: *The mystery of your* LONELINESS.—Theobald's correction for the *louelinesse* of the Folios.

48. Line 183: *th' one to th' other.* F. 1 has "*'ton tooth* to th' other," a manifest printer's error.

49. Line 184.—The plural *behaviours* is here, as often elsewhere, used in the sense of "gestures," "manners;" *e.g.* "one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his *behaviours* to love" (Much Ado, ii. 3. 7).

50. Line 194: *bond.*—For this word in the sense of *obligation,* compare "you make my *bonds* still greater," *i.e.* my *obligations* to you (Measure for Measure, v. 1. 8); and:

> To build his fortune I will strain a little
> For 't is a *bond* in men.
> —Timon of Athens, i. 1. 143, 144.

51. Line 197: *appeach'd.*—For this sense of *appeach'd* = informed against, compare:

> were he twenty times my son,
> I would *appeach* him. —Rich. II. v. 2. 101, 102.

52. Line 208: *this* CAPTIOUS *and* INTENIBLE *sieve.*—Farmer supposed *captious* to be a contraction of *capacious;* Malone thought it only signified "capable of receiving what was put into it." No other instance of the word is known. *Intenible* is the reading of F. 2; F. 1 has *intemible.*

53. Line 210: *And lack not to lose still.*—If, like the daughters of Danaus, she still kept on pouring water into a sieve, though the supply never failed, she lost it all. Her love failed not, but since it never was rewarded it was thrown away.

54. Lines 218, 219:

> *Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian*
> *Was both herself and love.*

Malone proposed to read:

> Love dearly, and wish chastely, that, &c.,

but the separation of the dependent clause from "wish" by another verb is but the result of rapid composition. The words of course mean: "If you ever entertained an honest passion which implies the union of chastity and desire, of Diana and Venus, then pity me."

55. Line 226: *I will tell truth.*—So F. 1; F. 2 has "I will tell *true.*"

56. Line 229: *manifest experience* = experience manifested to the world. W. S. Walker (Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare, 1860, vol. ii. p. 245) proposed *manifold,* and so Dyce.

57. Lines 232, 233:

> *As notes, whose faculties inclusive were*
> *More than they were in note.*

"As prescriptions which were really more powerful than they were reputed to be." *They were in note* = so far as note has been taken of them. [Schmidt explains *inclusive:* "full of force and import;" but does not *more inclusive* mean "including more qualities," *i.e.* "more comprehensive"? F. A. M.]

58. Lines 248–251:

> *There's something* IN 'T
> . . . . . THAT *his good receipt*
> *Shall for my legacy, be sanctified.*

For *in't* Hanmer unnecessarily substituted *hints,* which, besides, is not used elsewhere by Shakespeare as a verb. *That* is, as very often, used to introduce a fact supposed to be in connection with what precedes = "it being the case that." The following passages will well illustrate this use:—

> What foul play had we, *that* we came from thence?
> —Tempest, i. 2. 60.
> I doubt he be not well, *that* he comes not home.
> —Merry Wives, i. 4. 43.

59. Line 260: INTO *thy attempt.*—*Into* is frequently equivalent to *unto;* compare:—

> for his sake
> Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
> *Into* the danger of this adverse town.
> —Twelfth Night, v. 1. 85.

ACT II. Scene 1.

60. Lines 1, 2:

> *Farewell, young lords; these warlike principles*
> *Do not throw from you:—and you, my lords, farewell.*

It appears from act i. 2. 13–15—

> Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
> The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
> To stand on either part;

that the young lords had leave from the king to espouse either side in the Tuscan quarrel. Hence we may conclude, with the Cambridge editors, that there are two parties of lords taking leave of the king here,—the party who were going to join the Florentines, and the party who were going to join the Senoys, and the king turns first to the one and then to the other.

61. Lines 3–5:

> *Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain, all*
> *The gift doth stretch itself as 't is receiv'd,*
> *And is enough for both.*

If both parties of young lords endeavour to profit by it, and make it their own, the good advice the king has given them will be a gift ample enough for both.

62. Line 6: *After well enter'd soldiers.*—The meaning of this passage is: "After our being well entered, initiated, as soldiers"—a Latinism; compare such a phrase as *post urbem conditam.* Latinisms in *construction,* though common in learned writers such as Bacon and Ben Jonson, are very rare in Shakespeare. Milton uses the one in question:—

> Nor delay'd
> The winged saint *after his charge received.*
> —P. L. v. 248.

and

> He, *after Eve seduced* unminded slunk
> Into the wood fast by. —Ib. 332.
> —Quoted by Abbott, Sh. Gr. § 418.

63. Lines 12–14:

> *let* HIGH *Italy*—
> *Those* BATED *that inherit but the fall*
> *Of the last monarchy—see that you come,* &c.

The Folios read *higher Italy.* I have ventured to print Schmidt's conjecture *high* (*i.e.* "great," "exalted") Italy; the passage then becomes fairly intelligible.

If we take *bated* to mean "beaten down," "subdued," as in—

> These griefs and losses have so *bated* me,
> That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
> To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
> —Merch. of Ven. iii. 3. 32–34.

The sense will be, "Let great Italy witness your valour, exhibited, as it will be, in subduing those upstart states which have been formed out of the ruins of the Roman empire, the last of the four great monarchies of the world." One of these states would be Sienna, with whom the Florentines were now "by the ears." It is very improbable that Shakespeare was thinking of any particular quarrel between these two states—such as that of 1495 mentioned by Staunton. For the framework of the play he was simply following Painter's story, without any historical specifications whatever. Thus the King of France is simply King of France, and not Charles VIII., who invaded Italy in 1494 and made an alliance with the Florentine, or any other individual king. Of those who retain the original reading, "*higher* Italy," some give it a geographical signification: "the side next to the Adriatic," says Hanmer, "was denominated the higher Italy, and the other side the lower;" but both Florence and Sienna are on the *lower* side, and Capell accordingly says that "the poet has made a little mistake, using '*higher*' where he should have said 'lower;' but this is of no moment:" while Johnson explains it to mean merely *upper* Italy. Warburton, on the other hand, thought it had a moral sense and meant *higher* in rank and dignity than France—a most forced interpretation. For *bated* Hanmer printed *bastards,* the bastards of Italy being opposed to the *sons* of France. The Globe marks the line as corrupt.

64. Line 30: *I shall stay here the* FOREHORSE *to a smock.*—The forehorse of a team was gaily ornamented with tufts, and ribbons, and bells. Bertram complains that, bedizened like one of these animals, he will have to squire ladies at the court instead of achieving honour in the wars.—*Staunton.*

65. Lines 32, 33:

> *and no sword worn*
> *But one to dance with.*

Light swords were worn for dancing. Douce (Illustrations, ed. 1839, p. 194) quotes: "I thinke wee were as much dread or more of our enemies, when our Gentlemen went simply, and our Seruingmen plainely, without Cuts or gards, bearing their heauy Swordes and Buckelers on their thighes, in sted of cuts and Gardes and light daunsing Swordes; and when they rode carying good Speares in theyr hands, in stede of white rods, which they cary now, more like ladies or gentlewemen then men; all which delicacyes maketh our men cleane effeminate and without strength" (W. Stafford. A Compendious or briefe examination of certayne ordinary complaints, 1581, p. 65, of the New Shakspere Society's reprint). Compare also

> he [Octavius] at Philippi kept
> His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck
> The lean and wrinkled Cassius.
> —Ant. and Cleop. iii. 11. 35.

i.e. Octavius did not draw his sword.

66. Line 37: *I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.*—As they grow together, the tearing them asunder was torturing a body.—*Monck Mason.*

67. Line 43: *one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice.*—Theobald's correction for "one Captaine *Spurio* his sicatrice, with" of the Folios.

68. Line 54: *they wear themselves in the cap of the time,* &c.—The language of Parolles is affected and sententious throughout, like that of Don Armado in Love's Labour's Lost. Hence its occasional obscurity. "These young men," he says, "are the ornaments in the cap of fashion, and there they muster, or arrange, the correct modes of

walking, eating, and speaking, all under the influence of the most popular leader of fashion."

69. Line 64: *I'll* FEE *thee to stand up.—Fee* is Theobald's correction for *see* of the Folios. Staunton (comparing Richard II. v. 3. 129, 130:

> *Boling.* Good aunt, stand up.
> *Duch.* I do not sue to stand;
> Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.)

reads *sue*. "The afflicted king mindful of his own debility remarks, 'Instead of your begging permission of me to rise I'll sue thee for the same grace.'"

70. Line 70: *Good faith, across; i.e.* "I would you had broken it across;" for in tilting it was thought awkward and disgraceful to break the spear *across* the body of the adversary, instead of by a direct thrust. Staunton thinks the allusion is "to some game where certain successes entitle the achiever to mark *a cross*."

71. Line 75: *I've seen a* MEDICINE.—For *medicine* in this sense (French, *médecin*), compare:

> Camillo,
> Preserver of my father, now of me,
> The *medicine* of our house, how shall we do?
> —Wint. Tale, iv. 4. 596–598.

and

> Meet we the *medicine* of the sickly weal,
> And with him pour we in our country's purge
> Each drop of us. —Macbeth, v. 2. 27–29.

72. Line 77: *dance canary.*—A lively dance. See note 54 to Love's Labour's Lost, and Douce, Illustrations of Shakespeare, p. 136.

73. Line 80: *To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand.*—Charlemain late in life vainly attempted to learn to write.—*Dyce.*

74. Lines 87, 88:

> *hath amaz'd me more*
> *Than I dare blame my weakness.*

i.e. more than I like to confess, the confession involving a confession of weakness.

75. Line 138: *Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.*—In the game of *primero* "to set up one's rest" was to stand upon the cards you have in your hand in the hope that they may prove better than those of your adversary; hence its very common figurative use, "to take a resolution." Compare Romeo and Juliet, note 18.

76. Line 147: *despair most* FITS.—*Fits*, according to Dyce, who quotes Nichols's Illustrations, &c., vol. ii. p. 343, is Theobald's correction for *shifts* of the Folios. Theobald, however, printed *sits*, which is Pope's emendation.

77. Lines 158, 159:

> *I am not an impostor, that proclaim*
> *Myself against the level of mine aim.*

I am not an impostor, pretending to have another object in view from that which I am really aiming at.

78. Lines 164, 165:

> *Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring*
> *Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring.*

"Ere they shall conduct him round his daily orbit." The *pilot's glass* in line 168 must be a two-hour glass.

79. Line 167: HIS *sleepy lamp.*—The Folios have "*her* sleepy lamp:" corrected by Rowe.

80. Lines 175–177:

> *my maiden's name*
> *Sear'd otherwise; nay, worse—if worse—extended*
> *With vilest torture let my life be ended.*

"May my name be otherwise branded, stigmatized as belonging to anything rather than a maiden." What follows is the reading of the Globe Shakespeare, and explains itself. The passage as it stands in the Folios is very difficult. F. 1 has

> my maiden's name
> Seard otherwise, *ne* worse *of worst* extended
> With vildest torture, let my life be ended.

Schmidt (Sh. Lex. s. v. *extend*) attempts to explain this as follows: "nor would that be an increase of ill; it would not be the worst mended by what is still worse." But *ne=nor* occurs nowhere else in any work attributed to Shakespeare except in the doubtful Prologue to Pericles (ii. 36), and none but the most servile worshipper of the Folio will be content with this explanation. The other three Folios alter *ne* to *no* ("*no* worse of worst extended"), which Steevens interprets, "provided nothing worse is offered to me (meaning violation), let my life be ended with the worst of tortures." Of the various emendations suggested, the reading given in the text seems decidedly the best. Malone first suggested *nay* for *ne*.

81. Line 184: *Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all.*—To mend the metre Theobald printed: "Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all." But see Abbott, Sh. Gr. § 509: "Lines with four accents are found when a number of short clauses or epithets are connected together in one line, and must be pronounced slowly."

82. Line 195: *Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of* HEAVEN.—The Folios have "hopes of *helpe*"—perhaps from the verb occurring twice two lines above. The correction is Thirlby's, and is one required by the rhyme.

83. Line 213: *my deed shall match thy* DEED.—So the Folios. The Globe reads "my deed shall match thy *meed*."

ACT II. Scene 2.

84. Line 24: *as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger.*—"Tib and Tom," says Douce (Illustrations, p. 196), "were names for any low and vulgar persons, and they are usually mentioned together in the same manner as Jack and Gill." *Rush rings* were sometimes used in the marriage ceremony, especially where the parties had cohabited previously. They were also employed as rustic gifts emblematic of marriage. Boswell quotes:

> O thou greate shepheard, Lobbin, how great is thy griefe!
> Where bene the nosegayes that she dight for thee?
> The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,
> The knotted *rush-ringes*, and gilte Rosemaree?
> —Spenser, Shepherds Calendar, November.

ACT II. Scene 3.

85. Lines 1–46: *They say . . . Here comes the king.*—I have printed this passage as it stands in the Globe ed. Johnson, who saw that "the whole merriment of the

scene consists in the pretensions of Parolles to knowledge and sentiments which he has not," was the first to make any change in the distribution of the dialogue. The Folio distributes it as follows:

Line 11: *Par.* So I say both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus.*
Ol. Laf. Of all the learned and authenticke fellowes.
Par. Right so I say.
Line 40: *Ol. Laf.* In a most weake—
Par. And debile minister great power, grear transcendence, which should indeede giue vs a further vse to be made, then alone the recou'ry of the king, as to bee
Old Laf. Generally thankfull.
Enter King, Hellen, and attendants.
Par. I would have said it, &c.

The rest is as it appears in the text.

86. Line 29: *A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.*—The title of some pamphlet is here ridiculed.—*Warburton.*

87. Line 31: *Why, your* DOLPHIN *is not lustier.*—Steevens thought the Dauphin was intended; but Malone, followed by Dyce, rightly interpreted it of the *dolphin*, which is "a sportive lively fish." Compare:

his delights
Were *dolphin-like;* they show'd his back above
The element they lived in. —Ant. & Cleop. v. 2. 88–90.

88. Line 64: *marry, to each, but one!*—Monck Mason says: "To each, except Bertram, whose mistress she hoped to be herself." But it is much more natural to understand it, as Rolfe does, to mean "*but one* mistress."

89. Line 66: *My mouth no more were broken.*—A *broken mouth* is a mouth which has lost part of its teeth.—*Johnson.*

90. Line 67: *And* WRIT *as little beard.*—From meaning "to subscribe" ("a gentleman born . . . who *writes* himself Armigero," Merry Wives, i. 1. 9), *to write* came to mean "to claim a title," "lay claim to." Compare, "I must tell thee, sirrah, I *write* man" (line 208 of this scene): "and yet he 'll be crowing as if he had *writ* man ever since his father was a bachelor" (II. Hen. IV. i. 2. 30).

91. Line 68: *a noble father.*—The Folio here has the stage-direction: *She addresses her to a Lord.*

92. Lines 84, 85: *I had rather be in this choice than throw* AMES-ACE *for my life.*—It is very difficult to see what Lafeu means here. *Ames-ace*, formed from the old French *ambes as*, and now called *ambs-ace*, is the two aces at dice. Now if this were the highest throw, the ace counting highest as in whist, the meaning would be clear; Lafeu would say that he would rather have a good chance of winning such a prize as Helena, than have the best possible luck at gaming. But unfortunately there is no proof forthcoming that ames-ace was ever counted as the highest throw; on the contrary, except in games in which all doublets counted double, and in which ames-ace was still the lowest doublet, as seizes was the highest,—it was always the lowest throw. Even in the expression of Thomas Nashe, "as you love good fellowship and ames-ace" ("The Induction to the Dapper Mounsier Pages of the Court," prefixed to the Unfortunate Traveller, 1594; Works, ed. Grosart, v. 9), the reference is probably to the custom of throwing for wine, the lowest thrower having to pay for it; and the meaning will be, "as you love good fellowship and would rather throw for wine even if you were the loser, than spoil the sport of the company." The next point to be settled is the meaning of "for my life:" does it mean "in exchange for, as the price of, my life," or "during my whole life?" If the former, we must suppose the preservation of Lafeu's life to depend upon the remote chance of his throwing ames-ace, and the expression will not amount to more than, "I had rather be in this choice than just escape with my life." But if this is so, why should he have mentioned ames-ace rather than any other throw? The latter alternative is the more probable, that is, that the case suggested by Lafeu is his throwing ames-ace, or having bad luck during the remainder of his life. But how is this to the point, and what is the drift of the speech? Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, who was kind enough to send me a very full discussion of *ames-ace*, answers the question as follows: —"The humorous old man [Lafeu] uses a humorous comparison, one not unknown then or now. We may call it, for want of a better term, *a comparison by contraries*, or if you will, *an ironical comparison;* but another example will best explain it. One lauding a sweet-songed prima donna says, 'I'd rather hear her than walk an hundred miles with peas in my boots.' Literally taken this is nonsense, but taken in the spirit in which such a saying is uttered, it is seen that the greatness of his desire is to be measured by the difficulty, toil, pain, and resolution required to complete the task with which he associates that desire." And Mr. P. A. Daniel, who accepts Dr. Nicholson's interpretation, gives another known example of this mode of expression; to the effect, "I would rather have it, than a poke in the eye with a birch rod." Rolfe takes the same view: as he concisely puts it, "He ironically contrasts this ill luck [ames-ace for life] with the good luck of having a chance in the present choice."

93. Line 90: *No better, if you please; i.e.* I wish no better wife than you.

94. Line 105: *There's one grape yet,* &c.—Old Lafeu, having, upon the supposition that the lady was refused, reproached the young lords as *boys of ice*, throwing his eyes on Bertram, who remained, cries out, "There is one yet into whom his father put good blood—but I have known thee long enough to know thee for an ass."—*Johnson.*

95. Line 132: *From lowest place* WHEN *virtuous things proceed.*—*When* is Thirlby's correction for *whence* of the Folios.

96. Lines 156, 157:

My honour's at the stake; WHICH *to* DEFEAT
I must produce my power.

Which often stands for *which thing* (Abbott, Sh. Gr. § 271). So here it is "which danger to defeat." Theobald changed *defeat* to *defend*, and so Dyce reads.

97. Line 170: *Into the* STAGGERS.—Some species of the *staggers*, or the *horse's apoplexy*, is a raging impatience, which makes the animal dash himself with a destructive violence against posts or walls. To this the allusion, I suppose, is made.—*Johnson.*

98. Lines 185, 186:

whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born BRIEF.

The *brief* may be, as Johnson suggests, the marriage contract; but Malone compares:

she told me,
In a sweet verbal *brief*, it did concern
Your highness with herself. —Act v. 3. 136–138.

And—

To stop which scruple, let this *brief* suffice,
It is no pamper'd glutton we present,
Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin.
—The History of Sir John Oldcastle, Prologue 5–7.

which passages prove that *brief* need not always imply a written document; it may therefore mean the *brief* troth plight which has just taken place, and upon which the king says, it is convenient that the marriage ceremony shall forthwith follow.

99. Line 190: *else, does err.*—The Folio here inserts: *Parolles and Lafew stay behind, commenting of this wedding.*

100. Line 210: *What I dare too well do, I dare not do.*—"I am only too ready to chastise you, but I must not. I am quite man enough to do so, but it is not expedient. You are a lord, and there is no fettering of authority" (see below, line 252).

101. Line 269: METHINKS'T.—The Folios have *methink'st.*

102. Lines 276–279: *you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry; i.e.* more than the warrant of your birth and virtue gives you title to be. Hanmer, with some plausibility, altered to "more than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission."

103. Line 297: *That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home.*—So F. 1. The later Folios have *kicksy-wicksy:* probably a colloquial term formed from *kick*, and implying restiveness; here applied in an intelligible, though not very complimentary sense to a wife. Nares quotes:

Perhaps an ignis fatuus now and then
Starts up in holes, stinks, and goes out agen;
Such *kicksee-wicksee* flames shew but how dear
Thy great light's resurrection would be here.
Poems subj. to R. Fletcher's Eplg. [1656], p. 168.

and one of Taylor the water-poet's books is entitled, A Kicksey-Winsey, or a lerry-come-twang: wherein John Taylor hath satyrically suted 750 bad Debtors, that will not pay him for his Return of his Journey from Scotland.

104. Lines 308, 309:

war is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife.

The "dark house," says Johnson, "is a house made gloomy by discontent." "Detested" is Rowe's correction for "detected" of the Folios.

105. Line 310: *capriccio.*—F. 1 has *caprichio.* This Italian word was adopted as an English one. Cotgrave gives under *Caprice*, "a humour, *caprichio*, &c."

ACT II. Scene 4.

106. Line 16: FORTUNES.—Capell's correction for *fortune* of the Folios.

107. Line 35: *The search, sir, was profitable.*—Before these words, as at the commencement of the speech, "Did you find me," the Folios have the prefix *Clo.* Perhaps a short speech of Parolles—for instance, "In myself," as Dr. Brinsley Nicholson suggests (Shakespeariana, vol. i. p. 55)—has fallen out here.

108. Line 44: *puts it off to a compell'd restraint.*—Defers it by referring to a compulsory abstinence. So:

Please it your lordship, he hath put me off [for payment]
To the succession of new days this month.
—Tim. of Ath. ii. 2. 19, 20.

109. Lines 45, 46:

Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time.

The want and delay of "the great prerogative and rite of love" is strewed with the sweets (of expectation), which they (the want and delay) distil now in the time of restraint and abstinence.

ACT II. Scene 5.

110. Line 29: END *ere I do begin.*—The Folios have: "*And* ere I doe begin." The emendation, [to whomsoever it may be due,] was found in the margin of Lord Ellesmere's copy of the First Folio, and is supported by a passage in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, act ii. sc. 4. 31:

I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.
—*Staunton.*

111. Line 40: *like him that leaped into the custard.*—It was customary at City banquets for the City fool to *leap into* a large bowl of *custard* set for the purpose. Theobald quotes:

He may perchance, in tail of a sheriff's dinner,
Skip with a rhyme on the table, from New-nothing,
And *take his Almain-leap into a custard,*
Shall make my lady mayoress and her sisters
Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders.
—Ben Jonson, The Devil is an Ass, i. 1. (p. 97, ed. 1631).

112. Lines 51–53: *I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand.*—So F. 1. Probably some word has fallen out after *have;* Malone suggested *qualities.* F. 2 reads: "than you have or will deserve."

113. Lines 94, 95:

Ber. *Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewell.*

The Folios assign these words to Helena:—

Hel. I shall not breake your bidding, good my Lord:
Where are my other men? Monsieur, farwell.

The change in distribution and punctuation is due to Theobald, who observes that "neither the Clown, nor any of her retinue are now upon the stage: Bertram observing Helen to linger fondly, and wanting to shift her off, puts on a show of haste, asks Parolles for his servants, and then gives his wife an abrupt dismission."

ACT III. Scene 1.

114. (Stage-direction) The two Frenchmen.—These are distinguished in the Folio as "*French E*" and "*French G*," and in i. 2 as "1 *Lo. G.*" and "2 *Lo. E.*" I have followed the Globe editors in styling uniformly *G First*

Lord, *E Second Lord*, except in the last nine lines of iii. 6, where *G* once is evidently (and so the Globe) *Second Lord*, and *E* twice *First Lord*. The Folio sometimes calls them "*Cap. G*" and "*Cap. E*," and in iv. 1 *E* is "1 *Lord E*." Capell and Malone suggested that the initials E and G stand for the names of the actors who played the parts, and in the list of actors prefixed to F. 1 we find the names William Ecclestone, Samuel Gilburne, and Robert Goughe. The same actors, as Capell points out, also took the parts of the two Gentlemen in act iii. 2., who are styled in the Folio "*French E*" and "*French G*."

115. Lines 11–13:

> *But like a common and an outward man,*
> *That the great figure of a council frames*
> *By self unable* MOTION.

"I cannot explain state secrets, except as an ordinary outsider who frames for himself a tolerable idea of the nature of a great council, though unable to form any judgment on the weighty points there discussed." This seems to be the general sense of this somewhat obscure passage. A "self unable motion" is a "motion" which is itself unable to do something or other; and here apparently to discharge the functions of a counsellor. For *motion* in the sense of "mental sight," "intuition," compare

> this sensible warm *motion* to become
> A kneaded clod. —Meas. for Meas. iii. 1. 120, 121.

116. Line 22: *When better fall, for your avails they* FELL. —The past tense is required by the rhyme; otherwise one would be tempted to read "they *fall*;" "when better men (*i.e.* men in higher posts) are slain, you will step into the places they have left vacant."

ACT III. Scene 2.

117. Lines 7, 8: *he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the* RUFF, *and sing.*—The ruff is probably, as most of the commentators take it to be, the top of the boot which turned over with a fringed and scalloped edge and hung loosely over the leg: this was usually called a *ruffle:* "not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels catch'd hold of the *ruffle* of my boot, and being Spanish leather, and subject to tear, overthrows me" (Ben Jonson, Every Man out of his Humour, iv. 4, p. 149, ed. 1616).

118. Line 9: SOLD *a goodly manor for a song.*—So F. 3; Ff. 1 and 2 have "*hold* a goodly," &c.

119. Line 14: *our old* LING *and our Isbels o' the country.* —So F. 2; F. 1 has "our old *Lings.*"

120. Line 20: E'EN *that.*—Theobald's correction for "*In* that" of the Folios.

121. Line 21.—F. 1 inserts the heading *A Letter*, and omits *Count* [*reads*].

122. Line 53: *Can woman me unto't.*—"Can make me weak enough to give way to it as a woman usually does."

123. Line 68: *If thou engrossest all the griefs* ARE *thine; i.e.* all the griefs which are thine, the relative, as often in Shakespeare, being omitted. Rowe altered it to "all the griefs *as* thine," unnecessarily weakening the passage.

124. Line 71: *And thou art* ALL *my child; i.e.* my only child. For *all* in this sense of *alone, only*, compare:

> To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
> To find a face where *all* distress is stelled.
> Many she sees where cares have carved some,
> But none where *all* distress and dolour dwell'd.
> —Rape of Lucrece, 1443–46.

> Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
> They love you *all* [*i.e.* only you]. —Lear, i. 1. 101, 102.

The word *all* of course agrees with *thou*, not with *child*.

125. Lines 92, 93:

> *The fellow has a deal of that too much,*
> *Which holds him much to have.*

"He has a deal of that too-much (excess), which considers him to have much," *i.e.* excess of vanity, which makes him fancy he has many good qualities. Rolfe, whose view of the passage this is, compares:

> For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
> Dies in his own *too much.*
> —Hamlet, iv. 7. 118, 119.

126. Lines 113, 114:

> *move the still-*PIECING *air*
> *That sings with piercing.*

F. 1 has "the still-*peering* aire;" F. 2 the "still *piercing.*" "Still-piecing air," *i.e.* the air which closes again immediately, is due to Malone. "Peece" is an Elizabethan spelling of piece ("Now good *Cesario*, but that *peece* of song," Tw. Night, ii. 4. 2, F. 1); so that if we accept this reading we have only to alter one letter.

127. Lines 123–125:

> *No, come thou home, Rousillon,*
> *Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,*
> *As oft it loses all.*

"Come home from that place, where all that honour gets from the danger it encounters, if it gets anything, is a scar, while it often loses everything."

ACT III. Scene 4.

128. Lines 24, 25:

> *and yet she writes,*
> *Pursuit would be but vain.*

This must be supposed to be in a part of the letter not read aloud by the steward.

ACT III. Scene 5.

129. Line 21: *are not the things they go under.*—Are not the things for which their names would make them pass. —*Johnson.*

130. Line 23: *example . . . cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed*, &c.—All these terrible examples of ruin before their eyes cannot prevent maids from doing as others have done before them. "But that they are limed"="to prevent their being limed." For this use of "but," signifying "prevention," compare:

> Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
> *But* he must die to-morrow?
> —Meas. for Meas. iv. 2. 95, 96.

And see Abbott, Sh. Gr. § 122.

131. Line 36: *To Saint Jaques le Grand.*—By St. James the Great, Shakespeare no doubt signified the apostle so called, whose celebrated shrine was at Compostella, in Spain; and Dr. Johnson rightly observes that Florence was somewhat out of the road in going thither from Rousillon. There was, however, subsequently, another James, of La Marca of Ancona, a Franciscan confessor of the highest eminence for sanctity, who died at the convent of the Holy Trinity near Naples, in A.D. 1476. He was not beatified until the seventeenth century, nor canonized until 1726; but it is quite possible that his reputation was very great in connection with Italy, even at the period of this play; and that Shakespeare adopted the name without considering any other distinction.—*Staunton.*

132. Line 55: *He's bravely* TAKEN *here.*—According to Schmidt, the verb "to take" is here intransitive = "to have the intended effect" (*German*, sich machen). Compare:

> yet I know
> A way, if it *take* right, in spite of fortune
> Will bring me off again. —Hen. VIII. iii. 2. 218–220.

i.e. if it have the right effect. So here the meaning is "he has done well here," "has behaved bravely." Compare also:

> [pageants and shows] Never greater
> Nor, I 'll assure you, better *taken*, sir.
> Hen. VIII. iv. 1. 11, 12.

i.e. better executed. If this is not the meaning we must interpret, "he *is* bravely taken here," *i.e.* "he is received as a brave fellow here."

133. Lines 69, 70:

> *I* WAR'NT, *good creature, wheresoe'er she is,*
> *Her heart weighs sadly.*

For *war'nt* I am indebted to Mr. B. G. Kinnear (who writes it *warnt*), *Cruces Shakespeariana*, 1883, p. 146. In Hamlet, i. 2. 243:

> *Ham.* Perchance 't will walk again.
> *Hor.* I *warrant it* will.

Q. 2 has "I *warn't it* will. F. 1 has "I *write* good creature, wheresoere she is," &c., which Malone and Schmidt defend. F. 2 has "I *right* good creature;" Rowe, "Ah! *right* good creature;" Capell, "Ay, *right*:—Good creature!" The Globe, "I *warrant*, good creature;" Dyce, after Williams, "I *wot*, good creature."

134. Line 86: *That leads him to these* PASSES.—The Folios have *places*. Theobald conjectured *paces; passes*, which Dyce prints, was suggested by Mr. W. N. Lettsom (Walker's Crit. Exam. vol. ii. p. 240), who compares:

> your grace, like power divine,
> Hath looked upon my *passes*.
> —Meas. for Meas. v. 1. 374, 375.

i.e. courses, proceedings.

135. Line 97: *Where you shall* HOST.—For *host* in this sense compare:

> Go bear it to the Centaur, where we *host*.
> —Com. of Err. i. 2. 9.

ACT III. Scene 6.

136. Lines 37–41: *let him fetch his drum; . . . when your lordship sees the bottom of* HIS *success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit* LUMP OF ORE *will be melted.*—The Folios have "*this* success," corrected by Rowe. *Lump of ore* is Theobald's correction for *lump of ours* of the Folios. But why was so much importance attached to a *drum*? Fairholt, quoted by Rolfe, informs us that the *drums* of the regiments in those days were decorated with the colours of the battalion: to lose a *drum* was therefore to lose the colours of the regiment.

137. Lines 41–43: *if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed.*—To *give* a person *John* or Tom *Drum's entertainment* is to turn him forcibly out of your company. The origin of the expression is doubtful. Douce suggested that it was a metaphor borrowed from the beating of a drum, or else alluded to the *drumming* a man out of a regiment; while Rolfe has "no doubt that originally *John Drum* was merely a sportive personification of the drum, and that the *entertainment* was a *beating*, such as the drum gets;" afterwards "the expression came to mean other kinds of abusive treatment than beating." Theobald quotes Holinshed's Description of Ireland:—"no guest had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his [the mayor of Dublin 1551] family: so that his porter, or any other officer, durst not, for both his eares, give the simplest man that resorted to his house, *Tom Drum his entertaynement*, which is, to hale a man in by the heade, and thrust him out by both the shoulders."

138. Line 107: *we have almost* EMBOSSED *him.*—*Emboss* was a hunting term, old French *embosquer*, and meant to inclose (game) in a wood. So here the Second Lord means that they have almost got Parolles in their toils. There is another hunting term *embossed*, meaning "foaming at the mouth from fatigue," with which the above must not be confounded. "When he [the hart] is foaming at the mouth, we saye that he is *embost*" (Gascoigne, Book of Hunting, 1575, p. 242, quoted in Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. xi. p. 406). In this sense the word does not come from *embosquer*, but is merely a technical application of the ordinary verb *emboss*, "to cover with bosses." Shakespeare twice uses it in this sense:

> the poor cur is *emboss'd*.
> —Taming of the Shrew, Ind. 17.

and

> O, he is more mad
> Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
> Was never so *emboss'd*. —Ant. and Cleop. iv. 13. 1–3.

139. Line 110: *We 'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we* CASE *him.*—Another hunting term signifying to skin the animal. Compare:

> Some of 'em knew me,
> Els they had *cased* me like a cony too,
> As they have done the rest, and I think rosted me,
> For they began to baste me soundly.
> —Beaumont and Fletcher, Love's Pilgrimage, ii. 2 (ed. 1647, p. 9).

ACT III. Scene 7.

140. Line 19: RESOLV'D *to carry her.*—So Dyce and Globe. F. 1 has *Resolute*. F. 2 and most editors *Resolves*.

141. Line 21: *his* IMPORTANT *blood.*—Compare:

> Therefore great France
> My mourning and *important* tears hath pitied.
> —Lear, iv. 4. 25, 26.

142. Line 34: *after* THIS.—*This* is omitted in F. 1, added in F. 2.

143. Lines 44–47:

which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a LAWFUL *act;*
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.

For *lawful act* in line 46 Warburton substituted "wicked act," and so Dyce; but Malone satisfactorily explains the original reading: "The first line relates to Bertram. The *deed* was *lawful*, as being the duty of marriage . . . but his *meaning* was *wicked*, because he intended to commit adultery. The second line relates to Helena, whose *meaning* was *lawful*, in as much as she intended to reclaim her husband. . . . The *act* or *deed* was *lawful*, for the reason already given. The subsequent line relates to them both. The *fact* was *sinful*, as far as Bertram was concerned, because he intended to commit adultery; yet neither he nor Helena *actually* sinned; not the wife, because both her intention and action were innocent; not the husband, because he did not accomplish his intention; he did not commit adultery."

ACT IV. Scene 1.

144. Lines 19–22: *therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose.*—"We must each fancy a jargon for himself, without aiming to be understood by one another, for provided we appear to understand, that will be sufficient for the success of our project."—*Henley.* Sir Philip Perring, with great plausibility, proposes to shift the semicolon from *another* to *fancy*.

145. Line 22: *Choughs' language.*—Compare:

lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo: I myself could make
A *chough* of as deep *chat.* —Tempest, ii. 1. 263–266.

146. Line 43: *Wherefore, what 's the* INSTANCE?—According to Schmidt, *instance* is "motive," "that which set him on." So:

The *instances* that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.
—Hamlet, iii. 2. 192, 193.

But Johnson, followed by Rolfe, with greater probability explains it as *proof:* Parolles is seeking for some proof of his exploit. So: "They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them *instances*" (Much Ado, ii. 2. 42).

147. Line 45: *and buy myself another of* BAJAZET'S MULE.—Warburton conjectured *mute*, and so Dyce. A mule is doubtless used as typical of a dumb creature. Reed quotes a story of a "Philosopher" who "for th' emperor's pleasure took upon him to make a *Moyle* [mule] speak;" but what the allusion is in *Bajazet's mule* has not yet been explained.

ACT IV. Scene 2.

148. Lines 21–31: *'T is not the many oaths that make the truth,* &c.—This speech is at a first reading very perplexing, but its meaning becomes clearer on reperusal. Diana's meaning is, I think, as follows: "A mere multitude of oaths is no evidence of integrity of purpose; a single vow made conscientiously is enough, and such a vow a man takes by what he reverences most, namely, by God's great attributes; but even were I to swear by such an awful oath as this that I loved you well, when I loved you so ill that I was trying to induce you to commit a sin, you would not believe me: in fact, an oath taken in the name of a pure and holy Being to commit an impure and unholy sin against him has no validity at all: therefore—your oaths, sworn as they are in God's name to do him a wrong, are so many empty words and worthless stipulations, but in my opinion are unsealed, that is, are unratified, and have no binding force whatever."

149. Line 25: *If I should swear by* GOD'S *great attributes.*—So the Globe editors; the Folio has *Joues*, probably in accordance with the statute to restrain the abuse of the divine name (3 James I. chap. 21).

150. Lines 38, 39:

I see that men MAKE ROPES IN SUCH A SCARRE,
That we 'll forsake ourselves.

This is the great crux of the play. None of the many emendations which have been proposed being really satisfactory, I have printed the words just as they stand in the Folio, except that the latter prints *rope's* instead of *ropes*. That there is an error somewhere few will doubt, although there have been several ingenious but far-fetched attempts at explanation. All that can be affirmed with any confidence is that the words, "That we 'll forsake ourselves," are intended to convey Diana's pretended surrender to the proposals of Bertram, "we will prove unfaithful to our principles, we will give in;" and that the previous line must have given some sort of reason or excuse for such apparent weakness. "Diana ought, in all propriety," says Mr. Halliwell [Phillipps] in his folio Shakespeare, "to make some excuse to Bertram (and to the audience) for the abrupt change in her feelings and conduct,—some acknowledgment of his powers of persuasion, or some confession of her own impressibility." Diana then abruptly demands the ring, and Bertram fancies his triumph is complete. A *scarre* is a broken precipice, or, according to others, a ravine, or merely a *scare* (fright).

I subjoin some of the principal emendations which have been suggested:

Rowe: "make *hopes* in such *affairs.*"
Malone: "make *hopes*, in such a *scene.*"
Mitford, printed by Dyce: "make *hopes*, in such a *case.*"
Halliwell [Phillipps]: "may *cope's* in such a *sorte.*"
Staunton: "make *hopes*, in such a *snare.*"
Kinnear: "have *hopes*, in such a *cause.*"

151. Line 73: *Since Frenchmen are so* BRAID.—Steevens quotes Greene's Never too Late, 1616 (ed. Dyce, p. 302):

Dian rose with all her maids
Blushing thus at love's *braids.*

i.e. crafts, deceits. The word, which is, however, here an adjective, comes from *braid*, to twist; what is deceitful being, metaphorically speaking, twisted and tortuous.

ACT IV. Scene 3.

152. Line 23: *Now, God* DELAY *our rebellion!*—"May God put off the day when our flesh shall rebel;" so where the Countess begs the King to forgive her son, in act v. 3. 4–8:

> 'Tis past, my liege;
> And I beseech your majesty to make it
> Natural *rebellion*, done i' the blaze of youth;
> When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
> O'erbears it, and burns on.

Hanmer conjectured *allay*.

153: Lines 26–28: *we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends.*—They betray themselves before they attain to their abhorred ends, *i.e.* detestable purposes.

154. Line 29: *in his proper stream o'erflows himself.*—That is, "betrays his own secrets in his own talk."—*Johnson.* He no longer confines his unlawful intents within the bounds of secrecy.

155. Line 34: *for he is* DIETED *to his hour.*—See above:

> *Dia.* When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window:
> . . . . . .
> When you have conquer d my yet-maiden bed,
> Remain there *but an hour.* —iv. 2. 54–58.

The meaning then is, "the hour of his appointment is fixed, as well as the duration of his stay." Such is the regimen to which he has to submit. This will help to explain v. 3. 219–221:

> *Dia.* I must be patient:
> You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
> May justly *diet* me.

i.e. "you may prescribe rules for me, and give me just as much or as little as you please."

156. Line 36: *I would gladly have him see his company anatomized.*—For *company* in the sense of companion compare:

> To seek new friends and stranger *companies.*
> —Mids. Night's Dream, i. 1. 219.

157. Line 103: ENTERTAINED *my convoy.*—Taken into service guides, &c. For *entertain* compare:

> Being *entertained* for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room.
> —Much Ado, i. 3. 60.

158. Line 113: *this counterfeit* MODULE.—*Module* is a variant of *model*. *Model* comes through the Italian and French from the Latin *modulus*, a measure; *module* apparently comes direct from the Latin. Parolles is a *counterfeit module*, because he pretended to be a soldier and was really a fool.

159. Line 135: Stage-direction: the Folio has, *Enter Parolles with his Interpreter*, and *Inter. Int.* or *Interp.* is prefixed to the speeches of the First Soldier.

160. Line 158: *All's one to* HIM.—In the Folios this concludes the preceding speech. Capell made the change. Rowe printed "All's one to *me*."

161. Line 182: *if I were to live this present hour; i. e.* and die at the end of it. Hanmer printed "live *but* this present hour." Dyce, following W. S. Walker, boldly prints "if I were to die." Tollet suggests that Parolles meant to say *die*, but fear occasioned the mistake.

162. Line 213: *getting the shrieve's fool with child.*—"Female idiots were retained in families for diversion as well as male, though not so commonly" (Douce, Illustrations, p. 198).

163. Line 222: *your* LORDSHIP.—The Folios have *Lord*, without the period, but the abbreviation was no doubt intended: corrected by Pope.

164. Line 268: *by* THE *general's looks.*—So F. 3; F. 1 and F. 2 have *your*, a mistake arising from the abbreviation *y*^{e} in the MS.

165. Line 280: *He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister.*—He will steal anything, however trifling, from any place, however holy.—*Johnson.*

166. Line 303: *a place there called Mile-end.*—Mile-end Green was the usual drilling ground for the London train-bands. See II. Henry IV. iii. 2. 298.

167. Lines 313, 314: *and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession* FOR *it perpetually; i.e.* and set free the estate from payment of all remainders, and (grant or sell) a perpetual succession for it. Dyce suspects some error. Hanmer altered *for it* to "*in* it."

ACT IV. Scene 4.

168. Line 9: *Marseilles.*—F. 1 spells the name of this town here *Marcellœ*, and in iv. 5. 85, *Marcellus.*

169. Line 16: *Nor* YOU, *mistress.*—So F. 4. F. 1, F. 2, and F. 3 have: "Nor *your* Mistress."

170. Lines 20, 21:

> *As it hath fated her to be my* MOTIVE
> *And helper to a husband.*

A *motive* is that which moves anything, so, *means, instrument.* Compare:

> my teeth shall tear
> The slavish *motive* of recanting fear [*i.e.* the tongue].
> —Rich. II. i. 1. 192, 193.

171. Lines 30–33:

> *Yet, I pray you:*
> *But, with the word, the time will bring on summer,*
> *When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,*
> *And be as sweet as sharp.*

Perhaps the passage admits of this explanation. Helena has just before said:

> You, Diana,
> Under my poor instructions *yet must suffer*
> Something in my behalf:

To which Diana has replied:

> Let death and honesty
> Go with your impositions, *I am yours*
> Upon your will *to suffer:*

And Helena now continues: "*Yet, I pray you,*" *i.e.* for a while I pray you BE *mine to suffer:* "*but, with the word, the time will bring on summer,*" &c.; *i.e.* but so quickly that it may even be considered as here while we speak, the time will, &c.—*Dyce.* Rolfe, with greater probability, thinks that the words *Yet, I pray you,* merely serve to resume the thread of Helena's discourse, after Diana's impulsive interruption.

ACT IV. Scene 5.

172. Lines 2–4: *whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour.*—An allusion to the fashion of wearing yellow. Warburton points out that the mention of *saffron* suggested the epithets unbaked and doughy, saffron being commonly used to colour pastry. So in the Winter's Tale the shepherd's son says: "I must have *saffron* to colour the warden pies" (Winter's Tale, iv. 3. 48).

Yellow starch was much used for bands and ruffs, and is said to have been invented by Mrs. Turner, an infamous woman, who was concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and was executed at Tyburn (1615) in a lawn ruff of her favourite colour (see Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. xi. p. 328). Reed quotes Heywood, If you Know not me, you Know Nobody: "many of our young married men have tane an order to weare *yellow* garters, points, and shootyings; and tis thought *yellow* will grow a custom" (Heywood, Dramatic Works, vol. i. p. 259, ed. 1874).

173. Line 19: *They are not* HERBS.—So the Folios. Rowe printed *Sallet-herbs.*

174. Line 22: GRASS.—So Rowe: the Folios have *grace.*

175. Line 32: *my bauble.*—The fool's *bauble* was a kind of baton; figures of its various shapes will be found in Douce (Illustrations, Plates II. and III.).

176. Line 41: *an English* NAME. —So Rowe; F. 1 has *maine.*

177. Line 67: *A shrewd knave and an unhappy.*—Compare:

> Ay, and a *shrewd unhappy* gallows too [speaking of Cupid].
> —Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 12.

Here the meaning is simply "roguish" or "mischievous;" but it often has a stronger sense, as: "O most *unhappy* strumpet!" [pernicious] (Com. of Err. iv. 4. 127). And:

> *unhappy* was the clock
> That struck the hour! —Cymb. v. 5. 153, 154.

178. Line 70: *he has no* PACE, *but runs where he will.*—He observes no rule, has no settled habits, is not broken in. Hanmer unnecessarily altered *pace* to *place;* and so even Dyce.

ACT V. Scene 1.

179. Line 6: (Stage-direction) Enter a GENTLEMAN.—So Rowe, followed by most editors. F. 1 has: *Enter a gentle Astringer;* F. 2: *Enter a gentle Astranger;* F. 3: *Enter a Gentleman a stranger.* An *astringer* or *ostringer* is, as Steevens discovered before the appearance of his second edition, a keeper of goshawks. There is, however, no apparent reason why the personage accosted by Helena should be a keeper of goshawks or of anything else, and throughout this scene the Folio prefixes "*Gent*" to his speeches, while in scene 3 it introduces him simply as "*a Gentleman.*"

ACT V. Scene 2.

180. Line 1: *Good* MONSIEUR *Lavache.*—So Dyce. F. 1 has "Good Mr *Lauatch.*"

181. Line 26: *I do pity his distress in my* SIMILES *of comfort.*—Warburton's certain emendation for "*smiles* of comfort" of the Folios.

182. Line 35: *under* HER.—*Her* was added in F. 2.

183. Lines 41, 42:

> Par. *My name, my good lord, is Parolles.*
> Laf. *You beg more than "word," then.*

A quibble: Parolles (paroles) in French is not "word" but "words." F. 3 has "more than one word."

184. Line 43: COX *my passion!*—*Cox* or *cock,* as in the oath "by cock and pie," was a disguise or corruption of *God.*

ACT V. Scene 3.

185. Lines 1, 2:

> *We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem*
> *Was made much poorer by it.*

Does *our esteem* mean "the esteem in which we *are held by* others," or "the esteem in which *we hold* others?" Schmidt, who explains the phrase by "we are less worth by her loss," seems to take the former view; but surely the King is contrasting his own power of estimating and appreciating true worth with that of Bertram, for he goes on to say that Bertram "lack'd the sense to know her estimation home." Now the King's *esteem* in which he held others was all the poorer, inasmuch as one estimable person so esteemed was lost; and this is much what Staunton means when he interprets *our esteem* by "the sum of all we hold estimable."

186. Line 6: *Natural rebellion, done i' the* BLAZE *of youth.*—The Folios have *blade; blaze* was proposed by Theobald, who, however, did not venture to admit it into his text. It was adopted by Warburton and Capell, and is rendered extremely probable by what follows:

> When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
> O'erbears it, and burns on.

Theobald quotes, in support of his conjecture:

> I do know,
> When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
> Lends the tongue vows; these *blazes,* daughter, &c.
> —Hamlet, i. 3. 115–117.

and

> For Hector in his *blaze* of wrath subscribes
> To tender objects. —Troilus and Cr. iv. 5. 105, 106.

Sir Philip Perring (Hard Knots, p. 163) with great probability suggests *blood,* comparing:

> the strongest oaths are straw
> To the fire i' the *blood.* —Tempest, iv. 1. 52, 53.
>
> The *blood* of youth burns not with such excess.
> —Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 73.

and

> It hath the excuse of youth and heat of *blood.*
> —I. Henry IV. v. 2. 17.

187. Lines 16, 17:

> *Whose beauty did astonish the survey*
> *Of* RICHEST EYES.

Richest eyes are eyes that have seen most beauty. Compare: "to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have *rich eyes* and poor hands" (As You Like It, iv. 1. 23).

188. Line 48: *Contempt his scornful* PERSPECTIVE *did*

lend me.—For *pérspective* compare:

> For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
> Divides one thing entire to many objects;
> Like *pérspectives*, which rightly gaz'd upon
> Show nothing but confusion,—ey'd awry
> Distinguish form. —Rich. II. ii. 2. 16–20.

See note 150 of that play.

189. Lines 65, 66:

Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While SHAMEFUL HATE *sleeps out the afternoon.*

The Globe editors read "while *shame full late*," &c., but change seems objectionable, because it destroys the antithesis between "love" which wakes, and "hate" which continues to sleep; I have therefore retained the original reading, which Sir Philip Perring explains as follows: hate, the "displeasures" of line 63, having destroyed our friends and done its work, enjoys its afternoon slumber, while love awakes, though too late, and weeps to see the havoc hate had made. This is fairly satisfactory; but I would add that "after weep their dust" seems to be connected by a kind of *zeugma* with the preceding verb "destroy," for it is *we* who weep, not our "*displeasures;*" and that the main point of the antithesis is, that hate continues to sleep unconcerned, while love awakes to weep. The Globe marks line 65 "our own love," &c., as corrupt.

190. Lines 71, 72: Count. *Which better than the first,* &c. —These two lines were first given to the Countess by Theobald: in the Folios they are part of the preceding speech.

191. Line 79: *The last that* E'ER *I took her leave at court.* —The last time that I ever bade her farewell at court. So the Folio, but with *e'er* spelt *ere.* Rowe printed: "The last that e'er *she* took her leave;" Hanmer: "The last *time* e'er *she* took her leave;" Dyce: "The last time, *ere she* took her leave."

192. Lines 95, 96:

noble she was, and thought
I stood ENGAG'D.

The plain meaning is: When she saw me receive the ring she thought I stood engaged to her.—*Johnson.* This is the most natural interpretation; but the Folio happens to spell the word *ingag'd*, which Tyrwhitt, Malone, Staunton, and Schmidt (who even calls the reading *engaged* preposterous) explain to mean "not engaged." *En* and *in* are, however, sometimes interchangeable even in modern spelling.

193. Line 102: *the tinct and multiplying medicine.*— The tincture, by which alchemists professed to turn baser metals into gold, and the philosopher's stone, which had the power of making a piece of gold larger.

194. Line 114: *conjectural.*—So F. 2; misspelt in F. 1 *connecturall.*

195. Lines 121–123:

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall TAX *my fears of little vanity,*
Having vainly fear'd too little.

"However the matter turns out, with the proofs I have already, I shall not be accused of harbouring mere groundless suspicions; hitherto I have erred in not being suspicious enough." *Tax* is spelt *taze* in F. 1.

196. Lines 148–150:

I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and TOLL *for this:*
I'll none of him.

This is the reading of F. 1 (*toll* spelt *toule*), and probably means, "I will buy a new son-in-law in a fair, and pay *toll* for the liberty of selling this one;" F. 2 has: "and toule him for this," &c., which Percy takes to mean: "I'll buy me a son-in-law as they buy a horse in a fair; *toul* him, *i.e.* enter him on the *toul* or toll-book, to prove I came honestly by him, and ascertain my title to him." Those editors who have adopted this reading of course put a colon at "toll him:"—"and toll him: for this I'll none of him."

197. Line 155: *I wonder, sir,* SITH *wives are* MONSTERS *to you.*—So Dyce. F. 1 has: "I wonder, sir, *sir*, wiues are *monsters* to you." F. 2 has: "I wonder, sir, wives such *monsters* to you."

198. Line 195: *He blushes, and 't is* IT.—So Capell; F. 1 has: "and 't is *hit.*" Pope reads, "and 't is *his;*" and so Dyce.

199. Lines 215–217:

and, in fine,
HER OWN SUIT, COMING *with her* MODERN *grace,*
Subdu'd me to her rate.

For this reading, *Her own suit, coming*, I am indebted to Sir Philip Perring (Hard Knots, p. 166). F. 1 has *Her insuite comming.* Dyce, Staunton, and the Globe editors print W. S. Walker's conjecture: "Her *infinite cunning;*" perhaps we might read: "*her onset, coming.*" *Modern* here seems to be used rather in the sense of *modish*, than in its ordinary Shakspearean sense of *trite, commonplace.* Johnson thinks it may mean *meanly pretty*, but he gives no other instances of the usage. Mr. W. W. Williams (The Parthenon, Nov. 1, 1862, p. 849) suggested *modest*, and Mr. B. G. Kinnear (Cruces Shakespearianæ, p. 160) *native.*

200. Line 221: *May justly diet me.*—See note 155.

201. Lines 305, 306:

Is there no EXORCIST
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?

An *exorcist* in Shakespeare is a person who can *raise* spirits, not one who can *lay* them. So:

> Thou, like an *exorcist*, hast conjured up
> My mortified spirit. —Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 323, 324.

202. Line 314: *And* ARE.—So Rowe; the Folios have, "And *is.*"

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

Those compound words marked with an asterisk are printed as *two* separate words in F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Accessary[1] (sub.)	ii.	1	36
Acutely	i.	1	220
Admiringly	i.	1	33
	v.	3	44
Adoptious	i.	1	188
A-foot[2]	iv.	3	181
After-debts	iv.	3	255
Allurement	iv.	3	241
Ames-ace	ii.	3	85
Applications	i.	2	74
Araise	ii.	1	79
Attribute[3]	iii.	6	64
Avail (sub.)	i.	3	190
	iii.	1	22
Bannerets	ii.	3	214
Barely[4]	iv.	2	19
Bareness[5]	iv.	2	19
Barricado[6] (verb)	i.	1	124
Bed-clothes	iv.	3	287
Blade[7]	v.	3	6
*Blowers-up	i.	1	132
Boggle	v.	3	232
Both-sides[8]	iv.	3	251
Braid (adj.)	iv.	2	73
*Brawn-buttock	ii.	2	19
Bubble[9]	iii.	6	5
Bunting	ii.	5	7
Camping[10] (intrans.)	iii.	4	14
Canary[11] (sub.)	ii.	1	77
Capriccio[12]	ii.	3	310
Captious	i.	3	208
Cardecue	iv.	3	311
	v.	2	35
Case[13] (verb)	iii.	6	111
Casketed	ii.	5	26
Cassocks	iv.	3	192
Causeless[14] (adj.)	ii.	3	4
Cesse (verb)	v.	3	72
Chape	iv.	3	164
Cherisher	i.	3	50
Christendoms[15]	i.	1	188
Clew	i.	3	188
Coarsely	iii.	5	60
Coherent	iii.	7	39
Confidently	iii.	6	21, 94
Congied	iv.	3	100
Consolate (verb)	iii.	2	131
Cox[16]	v.	2	43
Credible	i.	2	4
Curvet (sub.)	ii.	3	299
Custard	ii.	5	41
Default[17]	ii.	3	241
Discipled	i.	2	28
Diurnal	ii.	1	165
Doctrine[18]	i.	3	247
Dog-hole	ii.	3	291
Double-meaning (adj.)	iv.	3	114
Doughy	iv.	5	4
Dropsied	ii.	3	135
Dryly	i.	1	175
Eagerness	v.	3	213
Eats[19] (intrans.)	i.	1	175
Embodied	v.	3	173
Embossed[20]	iii.	6	107
Embowelled[21]	i.	3	247
Empirics	ii.	1	125
Entail (sub.)	iv.	3	313
Enticements	iii.	5	20
Entrenched	ii.	1	45
Enwombed	i.	3	150
Examined[22]	iii.	5	66
Excessive[23]	i.	1	65
Expertness	iv.	3	203, 297
Exploit[24]	i.	2	17
	iv.	1	40
Expressive	ii.	1	54
Facinerious[25]	ii.	3	35
Fated[26]	i.	1	232
File[27] (sub.)	iv.	3	231
Finisher	ii.	1	139
Fishpond	v.	2	22
Fisnomy[28]	iv.	5	42
Fistula	i.	1	39
Foregoers	ii.	3	144
Forehorse	ii.	1	30
Fore-past	v.	3	121
Gabble (sub.)	iv.	1	22
Gossips[29]	i.	1	189
Haggish	i.	2	29
Hawking[30]	i.	1	105
Headsman	iv.	3	342
*High-repented	v.	3	36
*Holy-cruel	iv.	2	32
Hoodman	iv.	3	136
Idolatrous	i.	1	108
In (verb)	i.	3	48
Inaidible	ii.	1	122
Inaudible	v.	3	41
Inclusive[31]	i.	3	232
*Indian-like	i.	3	210
Intenible	i.	3	208
*Kicky-wicky	ii.	3	297
Languishings	i.	3	235
Lapse (sub.)	ii.	3	170
Leaguer	iii.	6	28
Ling	iii.	2	14, 15
*Linsey-woolsey	iv.	1	13
Love-line	ii.	1	81
Manifoldly	ii.	3	215
*Market-price	v.	3	219
Mell	iv.	3	257
Mere[32]	iii.	5	58
Militarist	iv.	3	161
Ministration	ii.	5	65
Misprision[33]	ii.	3	159
Mites[34]	i.	1	154
Morris[35]	ii.	2	26
Mourningly	i.	1	34
Muddied[36]	v.	2	5, 23
Murk	ii.	1	166
Musk-cat	v.	2	21
Muskets	iii.	2	111
*Muster-file	iv.	3	189
Mystery[37]	iii.	6	68
Naturalize	i.	1	223
Neatly	iv.	3	168
Necessitied	v.	3	85
None-sparing	iii.	2	108
Nose-herbs	iv.	5	20
*Now-born	ii.	3	186
Occidental	ii.	1	166
Offendress	i.	1	153
Out-villained	iv.	3	305
Overlooking (sub.)	i.	1	45
Over-night	iii.	4	23
Over-pay	iii.	7	16
Papist	i.	3	56
Pass[38]	ii.	5	58

1 Lucrece, 922; Sonn. xxxv. 13.

2 = in infantry; used frequently in the ordinary sense.

3 As a sub. used repeatedly.

4 = in a *bare* or naked condition; it occurs three times = only.

5 = nakedness here and in Sonn. v. 8; xcvii. 4. In I. Henry IV. iv. 2. 77 the word occurs in the sense of "leanness."

6 Used elsewhere as a sub.

7 Of corn. The reading of Ff. (in a figurative sense). See note 186.

8 Used adjectively.

9 Used figuratively = a cheat; occurs frequently in ordinary sense.

10 Used transitively in Ant and Cleo. iv. 8. 33.

11 = a dance; and so used as a verb in Love's Labour's Lost, iii. 1. 12. Occurs three times = the wine of that name.

12 An anglicized Italian word = fancy, humour. See note 105.

13 = to flay; used frequently elsewhere in various senses.

14 Venus and Adonis, 897.

15 = Christian names; the word occurs frequently in its ordinary sense.

16 In expression "*cox* my passion!"

17 In the phrase "in the *default*" = at a need; occurs three times in its ordinary sense.

18 = learning; used elsewhere in its ordinary sense.

19 Used in expression "it *eats* dryly."

20 = inclosed; used elsewhere in other senses.

21 = exhausted, emptied, in figurative sense; it occurs in literal sense in I. Henry IV. v. 4. 109, 111; Rich. III. v 2. 10.

22 = doubted. Occurs frequently in other senses.

23 Lucrece, Arg. 1.

24 Used = warlike adventure.

25 Parolles' equivalent for *facinorous*, which latter word does not occur in Shakespeare.

26 = having the power of fate; used elsewhere = destined.

27 *i.e.* for papers; used elsewhere in various other senses.

28 The Clown's form of *physiognomy*.

29 Christens, or gives as a sponsor; used elsewhere intransitively in its ordinary sense.

30 = hawk-like.

31 Used in a peculiar sense = comprehensive; occurs in Richard III. iv. 1. 59 = inclosing.

32 = merely.

33 = contempt; it occurs several times = mistake.

34 Here = cheese-mites; it is used once again in Pericles, ii. Prol. 8 = anything small.

35 = morris-dance. *Morris* (= a game) occurs in Mids. Night's Dream, ii. 1. 98; and *morris-dance* in Henry V. ii. 4. 25.

36 = soiled; used, figuratively, in Hamlet, iv. 5. 81.

37 Used with *in* = professional experience; occurs frequently in its more usual senses.

38 Used figuratively = estimation; occurs frequently elsewhere in various other senses.

WORDS PECULIAR TO ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Past-cure (adj.)	ii.	1	124
Past-saving (adj.)	iv.	3	158
Persecuted.....	i.	1	16
Personages[1] ..	ii.	3	278
Philosophical..	ii.	3	2
Pile[2]	iv.	5	103
*Pin-buttock ..	ii.	2	18
Prejudicates...	i.	2	8
Prologues (verb)	ii.	1	95
Prophesier....	iv.	3	114
Quatch-buttock	ii.	2	18
Questant.....	ii.	1	16
Rational[3].....	i.	1	139
Ravin (adj.). ..	iii.	2	120
Ravishments[4]	iv.	3	281
Recantation ..	ii.	3	194, 195
Rector.....	iv.	3	68
Red-tailed.....	iv.	5	6
Relinquished..	ii.	3	10
Remainders[5]...	iv.	3	313
Removes[6].....	v.	3	131
Re-send.....	iii.	6	123
Resolvedly....	v.	3	332
*Riddle-like...	i.	3	223
Ring-carrier...	iii.	5	95
Ruttish.....	iv.	3	243
Sally (verb)....	iv.	1	2
Scarre[7].....	iv.	2	38
Schools[8] (sub.)	i.	3	246
Seducer.....	v.	3	146
Self-gracious ..	iv.	5	77
Shot[9] (verb intr.)	ii.	3	8
Shrieve.....	iv.	3	213
Shrove-Tuesday	ii.	2	25
Sithence (conj.)	i.	3	125
Smack[10].....	iv.	1	18
Smoke[11].....	iii.	6	112
	iv.	1	31
*Snipt-taffeta..	iv.	5	2
Soundness	i.	2	24
Spark[12].....	ii.	1	25, 41
Sprat.....	iii.	6	112
Staggers[13]	ii.	3	170
Steely[14].....	i.	1	114
Still-piecing...	iii.	2	113
Succession[15]...	iii.	5	24
Surplice[16].....	i.	3	99
Swine-drunk ..	iv.	3	286
Sword-men....	ii.	1	62
Tax[17] (sub.)....	ii.	1	173
Thievish[18].....	ii.	1	169
Thitherward ..	iii.	2	55
Threateningly.	ii.	3	87
Tile.....	iv.	3	217
*Tithe-woman.	i.	3	89
Token (verb) ..	iv.	2	63
Tolerable[19]....	ii.	3	213
Toll[20].....	v.	3	148
Torcher.....	ii.	1	165
Traitress.....	i.	1	184
Transcendence	ii.	3	41
Unbaked.....	iv.	5	3
Uncropped....	v.	3	327
Undermiuers..	i.	1	131
Unroot.....	v.	1	6
Unsealed[21]....	iv.	2	30
Unserviceable.	iv.	3	152
Vent[22] (sub.)..	ii.	3	213
Vileness	ii.	3	136
Wear[23] (intr.) .	i.	1	171
*Well-derived.	iii.	2	90
*Well-lost.....	i.	3	254
Woman (verb).	iii.	2	53
Woodland	iv.	5	49

1 = persons; *personage* = "personal appearance" occurs in Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 292, and Twelfth Night, i. 5. 164.

2 *i.e.* the *pile* of cloth; used in ordinary sense = heap, in five passages.

3 Here = reasonable; it occurs once again in Love's Labour's Lost (i. 2. 124) = "endowed with reason."

4 Lucrece, 430, 1128.

5 Used here in legal sense; the word occurs elsewhere frequently in the ordinary sense.

6 = stages of journey; used elsewhere in various senses.

7 Occurs in a corrupt passage. See note 150.

8 Used in its academical sense = schools of art or science; it occurs frequently in the ordinary sense.

9 In the phrase "shot out" = sprouted; occurs frequently in other senses.

10 = a smattering; occurs in this play ii. 3. 237 and II. Henry IV. i. 2. 111 = taste.

11 = to find out; the verb occurs frequently elsewhere with varied meanings.

12 A young man.

13 Used figuratively = bewilderment; = vertigo, Cymbeline, v. 5. 234; = a disease in horses, Taming of Shrew, iii. 2. 56.

14 Used figuratively = unbending; occurs III. Henry VI. ii. 3. 16 = made of steel.

15 = the act of following another's example. It occurs frequently in other senses.

16 The Phœnix and Turtle, 13.

17 Here = a charge, accusation; *taxes* (in fiscal sense) occurs Rich. II. ii. 1. 246.

18 Here and in Sonn. lxxvii. 8 used figuratively; elsewhere used in its literal sense.

19 Used blunderingly by Dogberry for *intolerable*, Much Ado, iii. 3. 37.

20 = to pay toll.

21 The verb *to unseal* = to break the seal of, occurs four times.

22 = utterance; Venus and Adonis, 334.

23 = to be the fashion.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

None

ORIGINAL EMENDATION SUGGESTED.

Note

199. v. 3. 216: *Her* ONSET, *coming.*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Priam, King of Troy.

Hector,
Troilus,
Paris,
Deiphobus,
Helenus,
} his sons.

Margarelon, a bastard son of Priam.

Æneas,
Antenor,
} Trojan commanders.

Calchas, a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.

Pandarus, uncle to Cressida.

Agamemnon, the Grecian general.

Menelaus, his brother.

Achilles,
Ajax,
Ulysses,
Nestor,
Diomedes,
Patroclus,
} Grecian commanders.

Thersites, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.

Alexander, servant to Cressida

Servant to Troilus.

Servant to Paris.

Servant to Diomedes

Helen, wife to Menelaus.

Andromache, wife to Hector.

Cassandra, daughter of Priam; a prophetess.

Cressida, daughter of Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

Scene—Troy, and the Grecian camp before it.

Historic Period: the Trojan war.

TIME OF ACTION.

Mr. Daniel gives the following time analysis—four days:—

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1 and 2.—Interval; the truce.
Day 2: Act I. Scene 3; Act II. and Act III.
Day 3: Act IV., Act V. Scene 1, and part of Scene 2.
Day 4: Act V., latter part of Scene 2, and the rest of the play.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

"This," says Dr. Furnivall, "is the most difficult of all Shakspere's plays to deal with." I think we may accept Dr. Furnivall's statement of the case. The history of Troilus and Cressida is perplexed and confusing to an extraordinary degree; it has long been the crux of commentators, the sphinx-like problem to which the wise man will modestly say, "Davus sum, non Œdipus." The date of the composition of the play; its relation to previous works upon the same subject; the circumstances attendant on its publication, both in the Quarto form of 1609 and later in the First Folio; the metrical peculiarities; the clear traces of irregular and composite workmanship; the purpose of the piece, satiric, didactic, ironical, or what not, the idea, that is, that should run throughout, informing the parts with something of the continuity of an organic whole; all these are points upon which much has been conjectured and more written, and which, in spite of, or perhaps because of, the efforts of successive generations of commentators, remain as dark and bewildering as ever. Hence a complete theory which shall untie all the hard knots, must not be looked for. I shall content myself for the moment with a close statement of the facts, and later on there will be something to say as to the conclusions which may be drawn from the conflicting evidence. First, then, as to Shakespeare's choice of a subject.

The Troy legend was the favourite theme, the tale *par excellence*, of mediæval romance writers; no other cycle of stories could in any way compete with it in point of widespread diffusion and popularity. Almost every European country had its version of the fall of Troy, and not a few countries claimed for themselves a Trojan origin. Thus the Welsh could trace their descent to Æneas with unimpeachable certainty, and London was regularly described as Troynovant. Of these early romances that of Benoît de Sainte-More, the so-called Roman de Troyes, is the first; it dates from somewhere between 1175 and 1185. A century later a translation of it into Latin was made by Guido de Colonna of Messina, whose Historia Destructionis Trojæ was, according to his own account, completed in 1287. This version of Guido's was made the basis of various other versions, in Italian, Spanish, High and Low German, Dutch, &c., and amongst these the earliest that English literature can show is the long alliterative romance entitled The Gest Hystoriale of the Destruction of Troy; it was printed some years ago (1869 and 1874) for the Early English Text Society, and should probably be assigned to the fourteenth century. After the anonymous author of the Gest Hystoriale came Chaucer, whose Troylus and Chryseyde is based very largely on Boccaccio's Filostrato. Chaucer indeed expressed his obligations to a certain Lollius, who seems to have been decidedly mythical; in fact, critics generally agree that a misunderstanding of Horace's lines—

> Trojani belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli,
> Dum tu declamas Romæ Præneste relegi—
> —Ep. i. 2. 1.

was the sole basis of the poet's reference to this shadowy authority.

Besides Boccaccio, Chaucer probably used Benoît and other writers, possibly Guido, while much no doubt was due to his own invention. About 1460 Lydgate followed with his well-known Troy-Booke, and almost simultaneously appeared the Recueil des Histoires de Troyes by Raoul Le Fèvre; the latter

speedily passed into England under the title of the Recuyell of the historyes of Troye, translated and draun out of frenshe into Englishe by W Caxton, 1471. This brings us to the end of the fifteenth century. From this bare *résumée* we see that the story of the siege and fall of Troy had penetrated into England as into almost every other European country. The dramatist, therefore, who wanted a subject had plenty of material at hand, and in this mass of material there was one episode —the story of Troilus and Cressida (for which Homer and the classical writers have no counterpart, the legend being one of the embellishments added to the original by Benoît)— that appealed to writers with a special fascination. Chaucer, as we have seen, had made it the theme of his story, and Chaucer's poem seems to have been extremely popular. So Peele in his Tale of Troy writes:

> But leave I here of Troilus to say,
> Whose passions for the ranging Cressida,
> Read as fair England's Chaucer doth unfold,
> Would tears exhale from eyes of iron mould.

Now at the beginning of the sixteenth century (1515), amongst the Christmas entertainments presented before Henry VIII. at Eltham, was a "Komedy" upon "the storry of Troylus and Pandor." Unfortunately no account of the entertainment survives—it may have been merely a pageant (Ward, vol. i. p. 433); but the reference is interesting as serving to show that the Troilus and Cressida tale was getting more and more differentiated from the general mass of incidents associated with the Trojan war. Possibly there were other interludes and crude dramatic treatments of the subject, though none such survive; in the same way song writers may have made use of it. Nothing definite, however, can be said of the interval from 1515 to 1565; but in the latter year a "ballett intituled the history of Troylus, whose *throtes* (Warton queried *troth*) hath well bene tryed" was entered upon the register of the Stationers' Company.[1] Again, in 1581 we find notice of another "proper ballad, dialogue-wise, betwene Troylus and Cressida;"[2] and in the Marriage of Wit and Wisdom[3] Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps gives yet one more poem (from a MS. in the Ashmolean Museum) dealing with the same theme. The story, therefore, was becoming popular with writers of the period, and it seemed natural that some dramatist should essay to represent on the stage this old-world tale of man's love and woman's faithlessness; and, as a matter of fact, if we turn to that storehouse of information upon things dramatic, Henslowe's Diary, we find that "Mr. Dickers and harey Cheattell" had been commissioned by the manager to write a play on "Troyeles and creasseday." "Dickers and harey Cheattell" stand in Henslowe's somewhat fanciful orthography for Dekker and Henry Chettle; the date under which the entry occurs is April 7, 1599. Nine days later the play is again referred to in the Diary, and then in the next month we have the following: "Lent unto Mr. Dickers and Mr. Chettell, the 26 of Maye, 1599, in earneste of a Boocke called the tragedie of Agamemnone, the some (=sum) of . . ." This title, according to Collier, is interlined over the words "Troylus and creseda;" *i.e.* the name of the drama upon which Dekker and his friend were collaborating had been changed, why, we know not. The point should be noted. Still keeping to our dryasdust catalogue we must chronicle two more entries. Under date February 7th, 1603, the register of the Stationers' Company has this notice: "Entred for his (Master Robertes') copie in full court holden this day to print when he hath gotten sufficient aucthority for yt, The booke of 'Troilus and Cresseda,' *as yt is acted by my Lord Chamberlen's men.*[4] Six years later there is a fresh entry: on January 28, 1609, Richard Bonion and Henry Walleys registered "a booke called the history of Troylus and Cressida."[5] This last, we may be quite sure, was Shakespeare's play. In the same year it was published, two editions being printed; one edition—and I think Mr. Stokes[6] has satisfactorily shown, chiefly upon technical grounds of pagination and so forth,

[1] Edited by Collier for the Old Shakespeare Society, vol. i. p. 121.
[2] Ibid. vol. ii. p. 146.
[3] Old Shakespeare Society Publications.
[4] Taken from Arber's Transcript of the Registers, vol. iii. p. 91 b.
[5] Ibid. p. 178 b.
[6] Introduction to Quarto-Facsimile.

that it was the second issue—appeared with the following remarkable and almost unique preface:—

"A never Writer to an ever Reader. Newes.

"Eternall reader, you have heere a new play, never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your braine, that never undertooke any thing commicall, vainely; and were but the vaine names of commedies changde for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities; especially this authors commedies, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dexteritie and power of witte, that the most displeased with playes, are pleased with his commedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there, that they never found in them-selves, and have parted better-witted then they came: feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more then ever they dreamd they had braine to grind it on. So much and such savord salt of witte is in his commedies, that they seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in the sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none mor witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you thinke your testerne well bestowd) but for so much worth, as even poore I know to be stuft in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best commedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleeve this, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleasures losse, and judgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you: since by the grand possessors wills I believe you should have prayd for them (?it) rather then beene prayd. And so I leave all such to bee prayd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it. Vale."

I shall return to this preface again. There is one more point in the history of the publication of the play to be noticed before we can gather up the threads and give the general impression derived from study of the evidence. The First Folio of 1623 had, as all students know, a list of the plays at the beginning, arranged under the different heads of Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Troilus and Cressida is omitted from this list. It is printed in the middle of the volume, between Henry VIII. and Coriolanus, *i.e.* between the last of the Histories and the first of the Tragedies; and practically it is unpaged. From these facts it has been conjectured that the insertion of the play in the Folio was an afterthought upon the part of the editors, Heminge and Condell. Collier thinks that the printing of the drama had been intrusted to some other publisher: hence the mistake. Really it seems most probable that the editors did not know how to class the play, and eventually compromised the matter by leaving it altogether out of the list, while a niche was found for it in the body of the work, between the Histories and Tragedies, as having something of the character of both.

Roughly summarized, then, these are the main facts with which we have to deal; they must, of course, be supplemented by such internal evidence as metrical and æsthetic criticism can extract from the play. Let us look at some of these points in detail. In the first place, why did Dekker and Chettle change the title of their work? Perhaps, as Mr. Stokes suggests, because it was an infringement upon the name of some other play upon the same subject which already existed; perhaps because the "Tragedy of Agamemnon" sounded more telling and impressive. And, whatever the reason for the alteration, should their tragedy be identified with "the booke of Troilus and Cresseda" that was entered in the Stationers' Register in 1603?

Some critics are inclined to answer in the

affirmative. But it can scarcely be so; for several reasons, one of which seems quite fatal to the hypothesis—viz., the fact that the 1603 play was "acted by my Lord Chamberlen's men;" and the Chamberlain's Company was long the rival of that directed by Henslowe. The theory, therefore, that the 1603 entry refers to Dekker and Chettle's play can be dismissed, and the entry, so far as Shakespeare's predecessors are concerned, may allude to the real Troilus and Cressida. I definitely think that it does. I believe that we must assign two dates to the play. Troilus and Cressida, as entered upon the Register in 1609, was, I think, the drama that lies before us: Troilus and Cressida, as entered at the earlier date, 1603, represented the first draft or version. One is always loth to introduce this much-used and, perhaps, much-abused theory of revisions, but in the present case I can see no other way out of the difficulties which beset us, whether we would believe the writers of the above-quoted preface and allow that Troilus and Cressida was "a new play" in 1609, or, disregarding their statement as a mere publisher's artifice, would fix on the earlier date suggested by the 1603 entry. In favour of 1609, or thereabouts, there are two things that must be allowed to carry some weight: the statement that the piece had "never been stal'd with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulger," if absolutely untrue, would have been equally unhappy and pointless, because few people could have been deceived by it; hence the preface cannot be altogether ignored. Again, there is the palpable fact that a considerable portion of the drama is strongly penetrated by the tendency to bitter cynicism which we note in the parallel comedy of disillusion; I mean, of course, Timon of Athens. It is impossible to read the latter without feeling how close an affinity of thought and emotional undercurrent unites it with the scenes in Troilus and Cressida, where worldliness and the wisdom of those who are wise in their generation are held up to admiration, while the moral is pointed with exceeding keenness against the enthusiasm and buoyant idealism that begin in froth and end in failure. Taken together these two points of external and internal evidence might lead us to assign Troilus and Cressida to the group which includes Timon of Athens and Antony and Cleopatra; but, unfortunately, the metrical critics here step in and assure us that the verse-structure of the play is radically different from that which is usually associated with Shakespeare's later manner. According to Hertzberg (quoted by Professor Dowden), Troilus and Cressida does not contain a single weak ending, and only six light endings, whereas these verse-peculiarities appear with increasing frequency in all plays written after Macbeth. Verse-tests cannot be ignored, and this is precisely one of the cases where conclusions reached on other grounds must, if possible, be readjusted and brought into harmony with their testimony.

I think that the difficulties will be met to some extent if we suppose that Troilus and Cressida is a composite work, the main part of which dates from 1602–3, while some of the scenes—those, for instance, in which Ulysses appears—were subsequently expanded, with the addition, perhaps, of fresh characters. In this way the statements of the piratical printers would be partially explained and accounted for, while æsthetically the tone of brooding irony that is only too traceable throughout would harmonize with the general gloom and despair of a period that, pretty certainly, produced Hamlet, Measure for Measure, and many of the later sonnets. Mr Fleay, I should say, carries the theory of revision and subsequent additions still further He traces three distinct stories in the play, stories that were written at different periods and that overlap only very slightly. They are the Troylus and Cressida episode—approximate date, 1594–6; "the story"—I give Mr. Fleay's words—"of the challenge of Hector to Ajax, their combat, and the slaying of Hector by Achilles, on the basis of Caxton's Three Destructions of Troy; and finally, the story of Ulysses' stratagem to induce Achilles to return to the battlefield by setting up Ajax as his rival, which was written after the publication of Chapman's Homer, from whom Thersites, a chief character in this part, was taken."[1]

[1] Shakespeare Manual, pp. 232, 233.

Myself, I do not quite understand the idea of a poet writing odd scenes at different periods of his life and afterwards patching them together. A play that can be subdivided and split up in this way must be strangely inorganic, and Troilus and Cressida does not seem to me to be of this nature; there are parts, no doubt, where the work is unequal, notably in the fifth act, where not improbably we have the *dêbris* of some old play, perhaps of Dekker's tragedy, but the scheme of the drama is, to my mind, symmetrical and nicely thought out. How, for instance, can we separate Troilus from Ulysses? Dramatically they are complementary: they serve, and are meant to serve, as foils, antitheses. Troilus, in Dr. Furnivall's graceful phrase, is "a young fool," full of hopes and beliefs, buoyed up by noble ideals and ambitions: Ulysses is the man of gray worldly wisdom, who has seen

> Cities of men
> And manners, climates, councils, governments.

Once, no doubt, he too had his dreams, but time has taught its bitter lesson, and his idols have been long since broken, the temple long since turned into a counting-house. It is grotesque to separate these characters. They developed side by side in the dramatist's brain, and we can no more divide them than we can divide Troilus and Cressida themselves. Again, can we believe that the love scenes in this play date from the period which gave the world Romeo and Juliet? It seems to me that Romeo and Juliet is to Troilus and Cressida very much what Troilus is to Ulysses. The love-note in the one play is wholly lyric, in the other quasi-satiric. It is the difference between a spring day and an autumn day. In Romeo and Juliet we might think of the poet as partially identifying himself with his characters: in Troilus and Cressida we cannot help feeling that he is rather laughing at them, exaggerating the passionate, somewhat sensuous effects solely for the purpose of making the *dênouement* more bitterly telling and effective.

Upon this point, then, of the date of the play I can only repeat my belief that it was in the main written and acted before 1603, and subsequently revised about 1609. As to the authorities used by Shakespeare, enough has already been said; moreover, his debts are pointed out in some detail in the notes. He had Chaucer's poem to draw upon, Caxton's Destruction of Troy, Lydgate's Troy-Booke, and Chapman's translation. He availed himself of them all very considerably.

STAGE HISTORY.

The materials for the stage history of this play are very scanty. In fact there does not appear to be a single record in Genest of any performance of Shakespeare's play itself, but only of Dryden's adaptation. Unfortunately the old play on this subject by Dekker and Chettle has been lost. The allusions to it in Henslowe's Diary are five, and all relate to payments on account of the book; the first being on April 7th, 1599, of iij^{li} (£3); the next on the 16th of the same month of xx^{s} (20/); the next is probably some time after April 23rd, 1600, and is simply an entry "Troyeles and creasseday" (pp. 147–149); the fourth is on the 26th of May, 1599, when a payment was made to the authors of 30 shillings on account of the book (p. 153); and it is there called "the tragedie of Agamemnone."[1] The fifth entry, on May 30th in the same year, is for "iij^{li} v^{s}" (£3, 5/), being "in full paymente of the Boocke" (p. 153), and the very next item is for the payment "unto the M^{r} of the Revelles man, for lycensynge of a Boocke called the tragedie of agamemnon," on June 3rd of the same year. There is no record of the absolute production of the piece, but we may suppose that it was played shortly after it was licensed. Whether Shakespeare made use of this version of the story for his play, or whether he himself had any hand in "the tragedie of Agamemnone" we do not know. It would appear from an entry which I found in one of the domestic papers of the reign of Henry VIII. that in the early part of his reign an interlude called Troilus and Cressida was played before the court;[2] so that Dekker and

[1] See above, in the Literary History, p. 164, column 2.

[2] Unfortunately the reference to this entry has been mislaid.

Chettles' play may have been founded on a yet earlier dramatic version of the story.

As to Shakespeare's play itself, the only record we have of its performance is an entry in the Stationers' Register on February 7th, 1603, from which it would appear that the play was then being played "by my Lord Chamberlen's men;" and also a statement on one of the title-pages of the Quarto of 1609 that it was "acted by the Kings Maiesties seruants at the Globe." This title-page appears to have been withdrawn, and in the extraordinary preface appended to the Quarto, as published in 1609, it is stated that it was "neuer stal'd with the Stage, neuer clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulger." That the above statement was a deliberate falsehood there can be little doubt. It is a short step from stealing to lying, either backward or forward; and the enterprising publishers, who sought to deprive Shakespeare and his fellow dramatists of their acting rights in a play by publishing it, and so enabling other companies to play it with impunity, would not have stuck at such a trifle as a lie of this sort. We can learn nothing decisive from these allusions to the acting of the play; but we may fairly deduce that it was not a very popular one, or Roberts would not have abandoned his idea of publishing it; and indeed the title-page as it stands in the Quarto of 1609 would lead one to believe that the play was more likely to be read than to be acted. In fact, what popularity it did enjoy was, as the stock phrase goes, in the closet and not on the stage. Nor can this be wondered at, for there are at most only two plays of Shakespeare which can dispute with Troilus and Cressida the palm of being eminently undramatic; unless it be as a vehicle for spectacular display there is absolutely nothing in this play to interest an audience. The love story, such as it is, is but feebly handled; it has no exact ending, either happy or otherwise; the character of the heroine is decidedly unsympathetic, while the admiration one feels for the hero is rather lukewarm and tinged with pity if not with contempt. Hector is the only character in the play who really bids fair to win our sympathy; but the treatment adopted by Shakespeare, or by the older dramatists from whom he may have taken his play, rendered it impossible to bring out Hector's character strongly, or that of Andromache, who might have made a noble heroine. In fact, as Mr. Verity has pointed out in note 311, the parting of Hector and Andromache is not nearly as pathetic in this play as it is in Homer; but Hector stands out amongst the men, almost more than Troilus, as at once a brave man and a gentleman. He is not a clumsy lout like Ajax, or a sensual bully like Achilles, or a complacent cuckold like Menelaus, or a conceited and insolent fop like Diomede. Ulysses and Nestor are admirable in the abstract, and the former has some telling speeches from an elocutionary point of view; but neither of them has anything to do with any dramatic situation whatever, and by a general audience there is little doubt that both of them would be ranked as bores. The long discussions that take place in the Grecian camp are great blots upon the play; in fact, when regarded from a dramatic point of view, they are inexcusable. Whatever the faults of Dryden's alteration, from a poetic point of view, may be, there is no doubt that his version of Troilus and Cressida serves its purpose better, as an acting drama, than Shakespeare's tragicomedy, as I suppose we should call it.

The theatre, known as Dorset Gardens, was opened in the year 1671 by the Duke of York's company. Genest says it "was perhaps built on the site of the old one which stood there before the civil wars" (vol. i. p. 121). It would appear that the situation of this theatre was on the south side of the Strand, opposite Shoe Lane, and close to the ancient Bridewell Palace; in fact, very near to what is known now as Salisbury Square. It was here that Dryden's alteration of Shakespeare's play Troilus and Cressida or Truth Found Out Too Late was produced in 1679. The play was entered in the Stationers' Register on April 14th of that year. The exact date of the production of the play is not given by Genest. The cast was as follows:—"Agamemnon = Gillow: Achilles = David Williams: Ulysses = Harris: Ajax = Bright: Nestor = Norris: Diomedes = Crosby: Patroclus = Bowman: Menelaus = Richards: Thersites = Underhill: —

Trojans — Hector = Smith: Troilus = Betterton: Æneas = Joseph Williams: Priam and Calchas = Percival: Pandarus = Leigh: Cressida = Mrs. Mary Lee: Andromache = Mrs. Betterton: — the Prologue was spoken by Betterton as the Ghost of Shakspeare" (Genest, vol. i. p. 266).

There are many plays of Shakespeare on which the adapter's hand cannot be laid without committing an act of sacrilege; but Troilus and Cressida is certainly not one of them. If ever there was a play that could be altered with advantage from beginning to end, this is certainly one; that is to say, if a play is to be made of it at all. While one resents most strongly the wretched stuff introduced into the version of The Tempest by Dryden and Davenant, one cannot but admit that what "great and glorious John" has done for this unsatisfactory play is, in the main, done well. Most of his additions are, from a dramatic point of view, improvements; indeed one feels rather inclined to blame him that he did not do more, and did not get rid of some of the superfluous characters altogether, concentrating the interest more on those which are the best drawn in the original play. Dryden's arrangement of the first act was undoubtedly a judicious one, and, as will be seen hereafter, was followed by John Kemble when he prepared Shakespeare's play for the stage. In Act II. Dryden commences with what is the second scene in Shakespeare, and he has introduced Andromache with some effect, omitting Helen altogether; and the scene ends with the incident of Hector sending a challenge to the Grecian camp by Æneas. The next scene is between Pandarus and Cressida and Pandarus and Troilus. He concludes the act with a scene, nearly entirely his own, in which Thersites plays a very prominent part. Act III. is chiefly remarkable for the concluding scene between Troilus and Hector, which is certainly a great improvement, as far as the dramatic interest of the play is concerned. It is said that he was indebted to Betterton for the hint of this scene, which, according to Genest, is partly an imitation of the quarrel between Agamemnon and Menelaus in the Iphigenia in Aulis by Euripides. It is certainly an effective acting scene, though the dialogue between the two is somewhat too prolonged. Dryden saw that some attempt must be made to render the character of Cressida more sympathetic. He therefore makes Calchas recommend her to make pretended love to Diomede, which she consents to do with the object of being able to return to Troy. Troilus is witness to the scene between them, as in Shakespeare, and believes Cressida to be false; though Dryden makes it clear to the audience that she never is so either in intention or fact. The act concludes with a quarrel between Troilus and Diomede, at which both Æneas and Thersites are present. In the last act considerable liberty is taken with the story. The scene between Andromache and Hector is retained very much as in Shakespeare, and Troilus persuades Hector to fight in spite of his wife's remonstrances. Cressida enters with her father in search of Troilus, in order to justify herself with him; and then Diomede and Troilus come in fighting. Cressida appeals to Troilus, and asserts her innocence; but Diomede implies indirectly that she has been false with him. Troilus is reproaching her in a violent speech, when she interrupts him and stabs herself, but does not die before Troilus has forgiven her. After that there is, as Genest remarks, a great deal of fighting. Troilus kills Diomede, and is, in his turn, killed by Ulysses. The piece ends with a speech of Ulysses; the death of Hector being only related by Achilles and not shown on the stage. No doubt all this, from a strictly poetic point of view, is very indefensible; but the end of Shakespeare's play is so confused and so wretchedly abortive, that some such violent change in the story was necessary if it was to be effective on the stage. To alter the catastrophe of such a play as Romeo and Juliet, or Hamlet, or Othello, is a crime; but to alter such a play as Troilus and Cressida is a meritorious work, and can scarcely be considered disrespectful to Shakespeare, even if he were, as I very much doubt, the sole author of the work. Certain it is that it cannot have been a favourite play with him; for he does not seem to have expended on it much of that dramatic ability which is so

remarkable in all his best work. It can scarcely be a matter of reproach to an audience of the seventeenth century that they should have preferred Dryden's version, though it certainly leaves very much to be desired; nor can we blame Betterton if he insisted that the part of Troilus (which he played) should be made of more dramatic importance.

The next production of this piece (Dryden's version) appears to have been on June 2nd, 1709, at Drury Lane. On this occasion Betterton surrendered the part of Troilus to Wilks and played Thersites, as will be seen from the following cast: Troilus = Wilks: Hector = Powell: Achilles = Booth: Agamemnon = Mills: Ajax = Keen: Ulysses = Thurmond: Thersites = Betterton: Pandarus = Estcourt: Cressida = Mrs. Bradshaw: Andromache = Mrs. Rogers (Genest, vol. ii. p. 420).

This play was revived at Lincoln's Inn Fields—"Not acted 12 years"—on November 10th, 1720. On this occasion Ryan played Troilus, and Quin took the part of Hector; the other chief characters were thus cast: Ulysses = Boheme: Troilus = Bullock: Pandarus = Spiller: Cressida = Mrs. Seymour: Andromache = Mrs. Bullock (Genest, vol. iii. p. 54). At the same theatre about two years afterwards, on May 3rd, 1723, Hippisley selected this play for his benefit; on which occasion Quin took the part of Thersites, which would be more suitable to him than that of Troilus. Hippisley himself took Pandarus, Boheme Hector, Ryan again playing Troilus. In the following season, on November 21st, 1723, the piece was again played at the same theatre. The details of the cast are wanting, except that the Cressida was Mrs. Sterling. Ten years appear to have passed before any attempt was made to revive this play, which never seems to have proved attractive, or to have been performed more than once at a time. At Covent Garden, on December 20th, 1733, Troilus and Cressida was represented with much the same cast as when it was given in 1723. Davies mentions this performance, and praises Walker as Hector, Quin as Thersites, and Hippisley as Pandarus. Davies says: "Mrs. Buchanan, a very fine woman and a pleasing actress, who died soon after in childbed, was the Cressida." He continues: "Mr. Lacy, late manager of Drury-lane, acted Agamemnon; and Tom Chapman[1] pleased himself with the obstreperous and discordant utterance of Diomed's passion for Cressida" (vol. iii. pp. 163, 164). Davies says that the scene between Troilus and Hector in Act III. was "written in emulation of the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius in Julius Cæsar" (vol. iii. p. 163). It is probable that this scene was in Dryden's mind more than the one from the Greek play mentioned above. With this performance, as far as I can discover, the stage history of Troilus and Cressida ceases. In none of the numerous theatrical memoirs which I have searched, nor in any of the many books and pamphlets concerning the English stage, can I find any mention of the performance of Shakespeare's play, or even of Dryden's adaptation, after this date.

The revival of Shakespeare's play never seems to have been contemplated by any of our great actors except one, and that was John Kemble, who prepared Shakespeare's play[2] for the stage, and went so far as to cast it, and I believe to distribute the parts. At any rate they were copied out, but the piece was never represented. The alterations, which are confined to transpositions of portions of the dialogue, are made in that very neat handwriting which was characteristic both of John Kemble and his brother Charles. Not a single line appears to have been added from Dryden's play; the alterations in the text are confined to one or two slight verbal ones and a few unimportant transpositions. Some of the characters are omitted altogether; among them Menelaus, Helen, Deiphobus, Helenus, and Antenor. The cast would have been a strong one; it was to include Kemble as Troilus, Dicky Suett as Pandarus, Bensley as Agamemnon, Barrymore as Ajax, Bannister, jun., as Thersites, and John Kemble himself

[1] For some account of this actor see Introduction to All 's Well That End's Well, p. 91.

[2] I am indebted to Mrs. Creswick, the widow of the late well-known actor (one of the last of those who was associated with Mr. Phelps in the Shakespearean revivals at Sadler's Wells), for the original copy, as marked by John Kemble himself, which appears to have been sold at Heath's sale in 1821.

as Ulysses. The female characters were apparently not cast. I do not think that this arrangement, though it does credit to Kemble and shows a greater reverence for Shakespeare's text than he had shown in some of the acting editions prepared by him, could possibly have been successful. No amount of condensation can make a good acting play of Troilus and Cressida. There is no dramatic backbone in it, and it may be doubted whether it would ever repay a manager the cost of reviving it.—F. A. M.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

Of the characters of this play two—Troilus and Ulysses—stand out with special prominence, and about each it has already been necessary to say something. They are placed, as we have seen, in the sharpest contrast: Troilus, the perfect lover and knight, passionate and pathetic in his boyish, buoyant idealism and fidelity, thinking no ill of others and expecting none; Ulysses, the man of gray experience, who has studied the foibles and frailties of weak humanity, and attained, not indeed to the splendid serenity of Prospero, rather to the coldly calculating prudence and insight of the critic and cynic. Artistically the antithesis is perfect: Ulysses stands at the point where Troilus, under the sting of bitter disillusion, will possibly end. Nowhere do their characters touch; the one typifies hopeful, trustful youth; the other, incredulous age; combined they give us, as it were, an epitome of human experience. And if Troilus stands for loyalty, Cressida, assuredly, is the type of all disloyalty. Quick and clever of tongue, she is utterly shallow, a mere surface nature incapable of receiving, still more of keeping, any deep impression. For such characters environment is everything: they must change with their surroundings. With Troilus she is truth itself; we believe in her as does her lover; nay, more, as she believes in herself. And then she passes into the Greek camp, and straightway all is forgotten; vows are vows no more; her heart is the prize of the first comer. It is the story of Romeo and Juliet reversed. The other side of the picture is turned to us. The poet had given the stage a study of woman's love steadfast to the bitter end: he now lays bare the weakness of a heart that forgets and falls at the first trial. What more is there to say? Of the remaining dramatis personæ Thersites alone interests us much. What is he? A foretaste, a suggestion of Caliban, only Caliban without the saving, sovereign grace and favour of animal dulness? Perhaps; and something more. He seems to represent the democratic spirit on its most hateful side of babbling, blustering irreverence. A shrill-tongued shrew, ever railing and rancorous, he spares nobody, nothing. "We live by admiration!" To Thersites "admiration" would convey no meaning; he is nothing if not critical in the worst sense of the word. Hector, Agamemnon, Troilus, Ulysses—all present some aspect of greatness; and Thersites has a bitter word for all. Their greatness is non-existent for him: better far to find out a man's weakness, and gird and scoff at that. Thersites at his best is clever with cleverness contemptible: at his worst, he might fairly be disowned by Caliban.

The rest of the characters—except perhaps Pandar, on whom who would care to dwell?—are sketches rather than finished works of art; the poet has just filled in the outlines so far as they are necessary to the development of the piece, and it is to be noticed that all through there is little which we can regard as classical in form or spirit. Change the name, and we might believe ourselves to be moving in some purely mediæval scene.

And now a word as to the purpose of the play. What is the *idée* of Troilus and Cressida? The question has been answered in a dozen different ways. For example: Ulrici finds in this drama an attempt to degrade and debase the heroes of antiquity in the eyes of Shakespeare's contemporaries, an attempt, in fact, to spoil the classics of their prestige. Chapman had given the world Homer: through the roll of his golden rhetoric men had lived the long years of the weary war round Troy; spell-bound they had the far-off "surge and thunder of the Odyssey." And here was the counterblast: Shakespeare was jealous of the classics. Thus far Ulrici. Hertzberg seems

to look upon Troilus and Cressida as an unconscious parody of mediæval chivalry, a kind of unintentional Don Quixote. Mr. Fleay, again, is certain, quite certain, that the whole play is nothing more nor less than a satire on rival dramatists, Hector representing Shakespeare; Thersites, Dekker; Ajax, Ben Jonson. And so on.

Everyone remembers Edgar Poe's story of the man who, having an important paper to conceal, put it in an old vase on his mantelshelf, arguing that no one would ever look in so obvious a place. This old-vase idea is not inapplicable sometimes in matters of criticism. Critics in their efforts to find out a recondite interpretation are occasionally apt to overlook the obvious one; they forget the old vase. Perhaps it is so here. The name of the play may be the vase. The ordinary mortal, seeing the title of the play—Troilus and Cressida—would expect to find in the piece a love-story. And is it anything more than a love-story? a love-story coloured by the peculiar phase of feeling and emotion through which the poet was passing at the time of its composition? Romeo and Juliet was written by a young man. It is natural for youth to believe strongly in the existence of such things as loyalty and love and truth. Time brings disillusions. The poet does not become a cynic and cease to believe in good; only he perceives that there is evil too in the world: fickleness and disloyalty as well as fidelity. And so, as a dramatist should, he shows the other side of the shield. Romeo and Juliet is a study of love from one stand-point; Troilus and Cressida is a study of love from exactly the opposite stand-point; *et voilà tout.*

Pan. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.—(Act i. 1. 15, 16.)

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

[PROLOGUE.

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous,[1] their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from th' Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave[2] pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides, with massy staples,[3]
And corresponsive and fulfilling[4] bolts,
Sperr up[5] the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard:—and hither am I come
A prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence
Of author's pen or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good or bad, 't is but the chance of war.]

[1] *Orgulous*=proud; Fr. *orgueilleux*.
[2] *Brave*, making a great show.
[3] *Staples*, loops of iron through which the bolts are slid.
[4] *Fulfilling*, *i.e.* filling full the staples; well-fitting.
[5] *Sperr up*=inclose.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Troy. Before Priam's palace.*

Enter TROILUS *armed, and* PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet; I 'll unarm again:
[Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?]
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas, hath none!

Pan. Will this gear[1] ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skilless as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening; but here 's yet in the word "hereafter" the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench[2] at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she look'd yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—when my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,—
I have—as when the sun doth light a storm—
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
[But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.]

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's,—well, go to,—there were no more comparison between the women, [—but, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—but] I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit; but—

Tro. O Pandarus! [I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd.] I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, she is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse, [O, that her hand,[3]
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure[4]
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman!—this thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;]
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. Faith, I 'll not meddle in 't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 't is the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

[*Tro.* Good Pandarus,—how now, Pandarus!

Pan. I have had my labour for my travail; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of

[1] *Gear*, business. [2] *Blench* = flinch.

[3] *That her hand, i.e.* that hand of hers. [4] *Seizure* = touch.

you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.]

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she 's kin to me, therefore she 's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not an she were a black-a-moor; 't is all one to me.

Tro. Say I she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She 's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I 'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I 'll meddle nor make no more i' the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit Pandarus. Alarum.*

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
[I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.]
But Pandarus,—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;
And he 's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
[Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.]

Alarum. Enter Æneas.

Æne. How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not a-field?

Tro. Because not there: this woman's answer sorts,[1]
For womanish it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, [Æneas?]

Æne. [Troilus,] by Menelaus.

[*Tro.* Let Paris bleed; 'tis but a scar to scorn;[2]
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne.] Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if "would I might" were "may."—
But to the sport abroad:—are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we, then, together.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The walls of Troy.*

Enter Cressida *and* Alexander.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to th' eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache, and struck his armorer;
And, like as there were husbandry[3] in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: there is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him Ajax.

[*Cres.* Good; and what of him?]

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men,—unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crush'd into folly, his folly sauc'd with discretion:

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[1] *Sorts, i.e.* suits, fits.

[2] *Scar to scorn* = scar to be scorned, *i.e.* a trifling scar.

[3] *Husbandry*, economy.

there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: he hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex.] They say he yesterday cop'd[1] Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: what do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector arm'd and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so: Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he 'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there 's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O Jupiter! there 's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay, if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

Cres. 'T is just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were,—

[*Cres.* So he is.

Pan. Condition, I had[2] gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself! no, he 's not himself:—would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above;] time must friend or end: well, Troilus, well,—I would my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other 's not come to 't; [you shall tell me another tale, when th' other 's come to 't.] Hector shall not have his wit this year,—

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities,—

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'T would not become him,— his own 's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour[3]—for so 't is, I must confess,—not brown neither,—

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

[*Pan.* She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then Troilus should have too much: if she prais'd him above, his complexion is

[1] *Cop'd*, encountered.

[2] *Condition, I had* = even on condition that I had.

[3] *Favour*, face.

higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.]

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compass'd window,—[and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin—

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars[1] therein to a total.

Cres. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.—(Act i. 2. 113–115.)

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him,—she came,] and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin—

Cres. Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 't is dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 't were a cloud in autumn.

[*Pan.* Why, go to, then:—but to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you 'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think

[1] *Particulars*=items.

how she tickled his chin;—indeed, she has a marvell's[1] white hand, I must needs confess,—

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing!—Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er,—

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed,—

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes:—did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An 't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, "Here 's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white."

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That 's true; make no question of that. "One and fifty hairs," quoth he, "and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons." "Jupiter!" quoth she, "which of these hairs is Paris my husband?" "The forked one," quoth he; "pluck 't out, and give it him." But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.]

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on 't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I 'll be sworn 't is true; he will weep you, an 't were a man born in April.

Cres. And I 'll spring up in his tears, an 't were a nettle against May.

[*A retreat sounded.*

Pan. Hark! they are coming from the field: shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do,—sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here 's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I 'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

ÆNEAS *passes.*

Pan. That 's Æneas: is not that a brave man? he 's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

[ANTENOR *passes.*

Cres. Who 's that?

Pan. That 's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he 's a man good enough: he 's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person.—When comes Troilus?—I 'll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.]

HECTOR *passes.*

Pan. That 's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there 's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector!—There 's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look how he looks! there 's a countenance! is 't not a brave man!

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? it does a man's heart good:—look you what hacks[2] are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there: there 's no jesting; there 's laying on, take 't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

Pan. Swords! anything, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it 's all one: by God's lid, it does one's heart good.—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris:

PARIS *passes.*

look ye yonder, niece; is 't not a gallant man

[1] *Marvell's*, abbreviation of *marvellous.*

[2] *Hacks*, marks of blows, dints.

too, is 't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came hurt home to-day? he 's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha!—Would I could see Troilus now!—You shall see Troilus anon.

[HELENUS *passes.*

Cres. Who 's that?

Pan. That 's Helenus:—I marvel where Troilus is:—that 's Helenus:—I think he went not forth to-day:—that 's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus! no;—yes, he 'll fight indifferent well.—I marvel where Troilus is.—Hark! do you not hear the people cry "Troilus"?—Helenus is a priest.]

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS *passes.*

Pan. Where? yonder? that 's Deiphobus:—'t is Troilus! there 's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him:—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece: look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! [he ne'er saw three-and-twenty.—Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way!]—Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Cres. Here comes more.

Forces pass.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat!—I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus.—Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone: crows and daws, crows and daws!—I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles,—a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well!—Why, have you any discretion?[1] have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: [and then to be baked with no date in the pie,—for then the man's date 's out.]

Pan. You are such a woman! [one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I 'll watch you for that; and that 's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it 's past watching.

Pan. You are such another!]

Enter TROILUS' BOY.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit Boy.*] I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I 'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle?

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. [By the same token—you are a bawd.]

[*Exit Pandarus.*

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise:
But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing:

[1] *Discretion*, *i.e.* in its literal sense (*discerno*), "power of seeing."

That she belov'd knows naught that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet that ever knew
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:
Then, though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Agamemnon's tent in the Grecian camp.*

Flourish of trumpets. AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, *and others discovered.*

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition[1] that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below
Fails in the promis'd largeness: [checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.]
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
[Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave 't surmised shape.] Why, then, [you princes,]
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
And call them shames, which are, indeed, naught else
But the protractive trials of great Jove
To find persistive constancy in men?
[The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.[2]]
Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof[3] of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: where 's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rivall'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide
In storms of fortune: [for in her ray and brightness
The herd hath more annoyance by the breese[4]
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why, then the thing of courage,
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key
Retorts to chiding fortune.]
Ulyss. Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
[Besides the applause and approbation
The which—[*to Agamemnon*] most mighty for thy place and sway,—
[*To Nestor*] And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life—
I give to both your speeches,—which were such

[1] *Proposition* = what hope sets before itself to achieve.

[2] *Unmingled*, pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

[3] *Reproof;* an obvious quibble is intended.

[4] *Breese*, the gad-fly.

As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air — strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides — knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue, — yet let it please both,
Though great and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.]
Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; [and be't of less expect[1]
That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.]
Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.[2]
The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
[When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degrees being vizarded,
Th' unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.]
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
[Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:]
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
[And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: but when the planets,
In evil mixture,[3] to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny,
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate[4]
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture!] O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
Then enterprise is sick! How could communities,
[Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commérce from dividable shores,]
The primogenity and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! [each thing meets
In mere[5] oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:]
Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong —
Between whose endless jar justice resides —
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself. [Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglection of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb.] The general's disdain'd:
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless[6] emulation:
And 't is this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. [To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.]

1 *Expect* = expectation.
2 *Instances*, causes, reasons.
3 *In evil mixture*, perhaps an astrological term.
4 *Deracinate* = uproot.
5 *Mere*, absolute.
6 *Bloodless*, because malignant and sluggish.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.
Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?
Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs; with him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action—
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls—

Ulyss. Sometime, great Agamemnon.—(Act i. 3. 151.)

He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless[1] deputation he puts on;
[And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming]
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'T is like a chime a-mending; [with terms unsquar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff]
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries, "Excellent! 't is Agamemnon just.
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,
[As he being drest to some oration."
That 's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good Achilles still cries, "Excellent!
'T is Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night-alarm."]
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; [to cough and spit,
And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,[2]

[1] *Topless, i.e.* which nothing overtops.

[2] *Gorget,* piece of armour protecting the throat; cf. *gorge.*

Shake in and out the rivet:]—and at this sport
Sir Valour dies; cries, "O, enough, Patroclus;
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen." And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
[Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,]
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain—
Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice—many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a pace
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites—
A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,[1]
To match us in comparisons with dirt,
[To weaken and discredit our exposure,[2]
How rank soever rounded-in with danger.]

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: [the still and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
They call this bed-work, mappery,[3] closet-war;]
So that the ram that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*A tucket.*

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Men. From Troy.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave and large security. [How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How!

Æne. Ay;
I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that 's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.]

Agam. What 's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 't is for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears naught privately that comes from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:

---

1 *Like a mint*=as fast as a mint coins money.
2 *Exposure*, defenceless condition.
3 *Mappery, i.e.* mere theory, bookish scheming.

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.
Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.
Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector,—Priam is his father,—
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is rusty grown: [he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!]
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
[That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;]
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he 'll say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sunburnt, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. [Even so much.]
Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: [but we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.
Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love, tell him from me,—
I 'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth[1] in flood,
I 'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.
Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!
Ulyss. Amen.
Agam. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;]
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.
[*Exeunt all except Ulysses and Nestor.*
Ulyss. Nestor,—
Nest. What says Ulysses?
Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain;
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.
Nest. What is 't?
Ulyss. This 't is:—
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk[2] us all.
Nest. Well, and how?
Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.
Nest. The purpose is perspicuous [even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication,] make no strain,[3]
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'T is dry enough,—will, with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

[1] *His youth, i.e. though* his youth's.
[2] *Overbulk* = overtower.
[3] *Make no strain, i.e.* do not doubt that.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes 't is most meet: who may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;

[For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly[1] pois'd
In this wild action; for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;

Nest. But if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire, &c.—(Act i. 3. 293-301.)

And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subséquent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets Hector issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 't were from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence the conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.]

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;—
[Therefore 't is meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, that they will sell; if not,
The lustre of the better yet to show,
Shall show the better.] Do not, [then,] consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

[1] *Oddly, i.e.* not evenly.

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion[1] crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort[2] to fight with Hector: 'mong ourselves
Give him allowance as the worthier man;
For that will physic the great Myrmidon
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We 'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. [But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.]

Nest. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone
Must tarre[3] the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Scene I. *A part of the Grecian camp.*

Enter Ajax *and* Thersites.

Ajax. Thersites,—

[*Ther.* [*Taking no notice of Ajax*] Agamemnon,—how if he had boils,—full, all over, generally?—

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?—

Ajax.] Dog,—

[*Ther.* Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son,] canst thou not hear? Feel, then. [*Beating him.*

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak, then, thou vinewedst[4] leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation!

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porpentine,[5] do not: [my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsom'st scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strik'st as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation![6]]

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

[*Ajax.* You whoreson cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.]

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; [an assinego[7] may tutor thee:] thou scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and

[1] *Opinion*, reputation. [2] *Sort*, lot. [3] *Tarre* = set. [4] *Vinewedst* = mouldiest.

[5] *Porpentine, i.e.* porcupine.

[6] *The proclamation!* = go and find out what the proclamation is. [7] *Assinego*, Portuguese word = ass.

sold[1] among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. [If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!]

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you thus?—How now, Thersites! what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do: what's the matter?

Ajax. You cur!—(Act ii. 1. 57.)

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well! why, I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed[2] his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—[who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—] I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

[*Ajax offers to beat him, Achilles interposes.*

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to[3] a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

[1] *Bought and sold, i.e.* fooled; a proverbial phrase.

[2] *Bobbed,* thumped.

[3] *Set your wit to* = match your wit against.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary,—no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. E'en so; a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains: 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes—yoke you like draught-oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth: to Achilles! to Ajax, to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'T is no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace!

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach[1] bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hang'd, like clotpoles,[2] ere I come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:—

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms
That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not,—'t is put to lottery; otherwise
He knew his man.

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*

Ajax. O, meaning you.—I will go learn more of it. [*Exit.*

[1] *Brach* = hound.

[2] *Clotpoles* = blockheads.

Scene II. *Troy. A room in Priam's palace.*

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, *and* Helenus.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:—
"Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war—
Shall be struck off:"—Hector, what say you to 't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I
As far as toucheth my particular,
Yet, dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out "Who knows what follows?"
Than Hector is: the wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent[3] that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,[4]
Hath been as dear as Helen,—I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten,—
What merit 's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waist most fathomless

[3] *Tent*, probing; metaphor from surgery.

[4] *Dismes*, tenths (of the army).

With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!
[*Hel.* No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tells him so?
Tro. You are for[1] dreams and slumbers, brother priest;
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know an enemy intends you harm;
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels, then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star disorb'd? Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let 's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.]
Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.
Tro. What is aught, but as 't is valu'd?
Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 't is precious of itself
As in the prizer: 't is mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god;
[And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of th' affected merit.]
Tro. [I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of[2] my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: how may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:

[1] *For* = the man for, or in favour of.
[2] *In the conduct of* = under guidance of.

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant
When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve
Because we now are full.] It was thought meet
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce,[3]
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And, for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo, and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you 'll avouch 't was wisdom Paris went,—
As you must needs, for you all cried, "Go, go;"
If you'll confess he brought home noble prize,—
As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cried, "Inestimable!"—why do you now
The issue[4] of your proper wisdoms rate,
And do a deed that fortune never did,—
Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base,
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!
[But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol'n,
That in their country did them that disgrace
We fear to warrant in our native place!]
Cas. [*Within*] Cry, Trojans, cry!
Pri. What noise, what shriek is this?
[*Tro.* 'T is our mad sister; I do know her voice.]
Cas. [*Within*] Cry, Trojans!
Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, *raving.*

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.
Hect. Peace, sister, peace!
Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld,[5]

[3] *Took a truce,* made peace.
[4] *Issue,* result.
[5] *Eld,* old age.

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.—(Act ii. 2. 101, 102.)

Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe!
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.
[*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? [or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?]

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra 's mad: her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste[1] the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince[2] of levity
As well my undertakings as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
[For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation[3] is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,]
Were I alone to pass[4] the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
[So to be valiant is no praise at all.]

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd[5] queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession[6] up
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?

[1] *Distaste*, make distasteful. [2] *Convince* = convict.
[3] *Propugnation*, means of defence.
[4] *To pass* = to pass through, undergo; reading suspected.
[5] *Ransack'd*, abducted by force.
[6] *Her possession i.e.* possession of her.

There 's not the meanest spirit on our party
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: [then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.]
Hect. Paris and Troilus, [you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have gloz'd,—but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:]
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their owners: now,
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
[And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,]
There is a law in each well-order'd nation
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen, then, be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature and of nations speak aloud
To have her back return'd: thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. [Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 't is a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.]
Tro. [Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:]
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame in time to come canónize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revénue.[1]
Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roisting[2] challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advértis'd[3] their great general slept,
Whilst emulation[4] in the army crept:
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent.*

Enter Thersites.

Ther. How now, Thersites! what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me: 's foot, I 'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I 'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there 's Achilles,—a rare enginer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. [O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-arm'd ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket.[5] I have said my prayers; and devil envy say Amen.]—What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who 's there? Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and rail.

[1] *Révenue* and *revénue* both occur in Shakespeare.
[2] *Roisting*, blustering.
[3] *Advértis'd*, informed.
[4] *Emulation* = envy.
[5] *Placket*, petticoat.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipp'd out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood[1] be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never shrouded any but lazars.[2] Amen.—Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?—(Act ii. 3. 47, 48.)

Ther. Ay; the heavens hear me! 40

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? why, my cheese, my digestion,[3] why hast thou not serv'd thyself in to my table so many meals? Come,—what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles.—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself? 50

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayst tell that know'st.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done. 60

Achil. He is a privileg'd man.—Proceed, Thersites.

[1] *Thy blood*=thy passions.

[2] *Lazars*, lepers, or outcasts.

[3] *My digestion, i.e.* my after-dinner amusement.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand to the creator. It suffices me thou art.—Look you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody.—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit into tent.*

Ther. Here is such patchery,[1] such juggling, and such knavery! [all the argument is a cuckold and a whore;] a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon. [Now, the dry serpigo[2] on the subject! and war and lechery confound all!] [*Exit into tent.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and* AJAX.

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.
[He shent[3] our messengers; and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so; lest perchance he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.]

Patr. I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent:
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 't is pride: but why, why? let him show us the cause.—A word, my lord. [*Takes Agamemnon aside.*

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who, Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument that has his argument,—Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction: but it was a strong composure[4] a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.—Here comes Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness and this noble state[5]
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other
But for your health and your digestion sake,—
An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus:—
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.[6]
[Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted.] Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin,
If you do say we think him over-proud
And under-honest; [in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite[7] in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish lunes,[8] his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide.] Go tell him this; and add,

[1] *Patchery*, roguery; generally *patch* = a fool.
[2] *Serpigo* = a kind of leprosy.
[3] *Shent*, reviled, abused.
[4] *Composure* = union, alliance.
[5] *State*, noble attendants; abstract for concrete.
[6] *Apprehensions*, powers of understanding.
[7] *Underwrite* = obey, *subscribe* to.
[8] *Lunes*, caprices.

That if he overhold his price so much,
We'll none of him; [but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report,—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:]
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant:—tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently.
[*Exit into tent.*

Agam. In second voice we 'll not be satisfied;
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you. [*Exit Ulysses into tent.*

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself; pride is his[1] own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. [*Aside*] Yet he loves himself: is 't not strange?

Re-enter Ulysses *from tent.*

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What 's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.[2]

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: possess'd he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: [what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of 't
Cry "No recovery."]

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'T is said he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We 'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: [shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,[3]
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as doth revolve
And ruminate himself,]—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
[That were t' enlard his fat-already pride,
And add more coals to Cancer when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.]
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
And say in thunder, "Achilles go to him."

Nest. [*Aside*] O, this is well; he rubs the vein of[4] him.

Dio. [*Aside*] And how his silence drinks up this applause!

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist I 'll pash him o'er the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An a' be proud with me, I 'll pheeze his pride:
Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!

Nest. [*Aside*] How he describes himself!

[1] *His*, its. [2] *Self-admission, i.e.* is self-satisfied. [3] *Seam*, grease. [4] *Rubs the vein of* = flatters, humours.

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?
Ulyss. [*Aside*] The raven chides blackness.
Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.
Agam. [*Aside*] He will be the physician that should be the patient.
Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—
Ulyss. [*Aside*] Wit would be out of fashion.
[*Ajax.* A' should not bear it so, a' should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?
Nest. [*Aside*] And 't would, you 'd carry half.
Ulyss. [*Aside*] A' would have ten shares.]
Ajax. I will knead him; I'll make him supple.
Nest. [*Aside*] He 's not yet through warm: force him with praises: pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.
Ulyss. [*To Agam.*] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.
Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.
Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.
Ulyss. Why, 't is this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man—but 't is before his face;
I will be silent.
Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.
Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us! Would he were a Trojan!
Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now,—
Ulyss. If he were proud,—
Dio. Or covetous of praise,—
Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne,—
Dio. Or strange, or self-affected!
Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;[1]
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: [and, for thy vigour, let
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax.] I 'll not praise thy wisdom,
[Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: here 's Nestor,—
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:—]
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.
Ajax. Shall I call you father?
Nest. Ay, my good son.
Dio. Be rul'd by him, Lord Ajax.
Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here 's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.
Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

[SCENE I. *Troy. A room in Priam's palace.*

Enter a Servant and PANDARUS.

Pan. Friend, you,—pray you, a word: do not you follow the young Lord Paris?
Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.
Pan. You depend upon him, I mean?
Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.
Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.
Serv. The lord be praised!
Pan. You know me, do you not?
Serv. Faith, sir, superficially.
Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the Lord Pandarus.
Serv. I hope I shall know your honour better.
Pan. I do desire it.
Serv. You are in the state of grace.

[1] *Composure*, disposition.

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles. [*Music within.*]—What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir: it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That 's to 't,[1] indeed, sir: marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who 's there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen: could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a complimental[2] assault upon him, for my business seethes.

Serv. Sodden business! there 's a stewed[3] phrase indeed!

Enter PARIS *and* HELEN, *attended.*

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! — especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. — Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. —Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.[4]

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen. —My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we 'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But, marry, thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus,—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you,—

Helen. You shall not bob[5] us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that 's a sweet queen, i' faith,—

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus, —

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit 's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but, my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen? — My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I 'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter; you are wide:[6] come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I 'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer 's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

[1] *That 's to 't* = that 's to the point.
[2] *Complimental,* courteous.
[3] *Stewed,* fit for a stews; a quibbling expression.
[4] *Fits,* the divisions of a song.
[5] *Bob,* cheat.
[6] *You are wide, i.e.* wide of the mark.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she 'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I 'll hear no more of this; I 'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so. [*Sings.*

Love, love, nothing but love, still more![1]

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
For, O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.
These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!
Heigh-ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation[2] of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers? —Sweet lord, who 's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance[3] my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something:—you know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You 'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.*

[*A retreat sounded.*

Par. They 're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'T will make us proud to be his servant, Paris;
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Pandarus' orchard.*

Enter PANDARUS *and* TROILUS' BOY, *meeting.*

Pan. How now! where 's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Boy. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Pan. O, here he comes.

Enter TROILUS.

How now, how now!

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Boy.*

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. [O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields
Where I may wallow in the lily-beds
Propos'd for the deserver!] O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

[1] *Still more* = evermore, always.
[2] *Generation*, the way love is generated.
[3] *How chance* = how comes it that.

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I 'll bring her straight. [*Exit.*

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense: what will it be,
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-repured[1] nectar? death,[2] I fear me;
Swooning destruction: or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
[I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.]

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She 's making her ready, she 'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, [and fetches her wind so short, as if she were fray'd with a sprite:] I 'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit.*

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing[3] lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

Re-enter PANDARUS *with* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame 's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me. —What, are you gone again? you must be watch'd ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; [an you draw backward, we 'll put you i' the fills.[4]—] Why do you not speak to her?—[Come, draw this curtain, and let 's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend daylight! an 't were dark, you 'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm![5] build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.]

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: [but she 'll bereave you o' the deeds too, if she call your activity in question.] What, billing again? Here 's—"In witness whereof the parties interchangeably"—Come in, come in: I 'll go get a fire. [*Exit.*

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus!

Cres. Wish'd, my lord!—The gods grant—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? what too curious[6] dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

[*Tro.* Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worst.]

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, [and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless,] and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: praise us as we are tasted,[7] allow us as we prove; [our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in pre-

[1] *Repured*=purified. [2] *Death*, *i.e.* it will be death.
[3] *Bestowing*, self-control. [4] *Fills*, shafts.
[5] *Fee-farm*, metaphorically=in perpetuity.
[6] *Curious*, perhaps "causing curiosity." [7] *Tasted*=tested.

sent: we will not name desert before his birth;
and, being born, his addition shall be humble.]
Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such
to Cressid as what envy can say worst shall be
a mock for his truth, and what truth can
speak truest not truer than Troilus.

[*Cres.* Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not
done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I
dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that: if my lord get

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?—(Act iii. 2. 108, 109.)

a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to
my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your
uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too:
our kindred, though they be long ere they are
wooed, they are constant being won: they are
burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they
are thrown.]

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings
me heart:—
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid, then, so hard
to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won: but I was won,
my lord,
With the first glance that ever—pardon me—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children,
grown
Too headstrong for their mother:—see, we
fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?—
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege

Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel!—stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

[*Pan.* Pretty, i' faith.] [*Kisses her.*

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'T was not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:
I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

[*Tro.* Your leave, sweet Cressid!

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

Cres. Pray you, content you.]

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,[1]
To be another's fool. I would be gone:—
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show'd more craft than love;
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise;
Or else you love not; for to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman—
As, if it can, I will presume in you—
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I 'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd[2] with iteration,—
[As true as steel, as plantage[3] to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—]
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
[As truth's authentic author to be cited,]
"As true as Troilus" shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
[And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing;] yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they 've said "as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
[As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,"]—
"Yea," let them say, to stick[4] the heart of falsehood,
"As false as Cressid."

[*Pan.* Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I 'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand; here my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all Pandars;[5] let all inconstant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber with a bed; which bed, because it

[1] *Leave* = cease.

[2] *Tir'd* = being tired: an awkward construction.

[3] See note 188.

[4] *Stick*, stab, pierce.

[5] *Pandars*, a correct piece of philology.

shall not speak of your pretty encounters,
press it to death: away!
And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Grecian camp. Before the tent of Achilles.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, *and* CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. [Appear it to your mind
That, through the sight I bear in things, to love]
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possessions,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; [expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,[1]
To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;]
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into[2] the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you—often have you thanks therefore—
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: but this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest[3] in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.—

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.
[*Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS, *from their tent.*

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' th' entrance of his tent:—
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last. 'T is like he'll question me
Why such unplausive[4] eyes are bent on him:
If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink:
[It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.]

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along:—
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind, I 'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.
[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.*

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. [*Jauntily*] How do you? how do you?
[*Exit.*

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus!

[1] *Conveniences*, comforts. [2] *Into* = unto.
[3] *Wrest*, an instrument for tightening the strings of a harp.
[4] *Unplausive*, *i.e.* giving no salutation.

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.
Ajax. Ha!
Achil. Good morrow.
Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit.*
Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?
Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly as they use to creep
To holy altars.
Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'T is certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd[1] is,

Nest. Nothing, my lord.
Agam. The better.—(Act iii. 3. 60, 61.)

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall; [for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour, but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,[2]
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall.] But 't is not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses:
I 'll interrupt his reading.—
How now, Ulysses!
Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son!
Achil. What are you reading?
Ulyss. A strange fellow here

[1] *Declin'd*, fallen.
[2] *Favour*, used passively = being in favour.

Writes me, "That man — how dearly ever parted,[1]
How much in having,[2] or without or in—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes,[3] but by reflection;
[As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver."]
Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form:
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is mirror'd there
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.
Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,—
It is familiar,—but at the author's drift;
Who, in his circumstance,[4] expressly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
Though in and of him there be much consisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them formed in th' applause
Where they 're extended; [who, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat.] I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. [Nature, what things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use![5]
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth!] Now shall we see tomorrow—
An act that very chance doth throw upon him—
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
[How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!]
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrieking.
Achil. I do believe it; for they pass'd by me
As misers do by beggars,—neither gave to me
Good word nor look: what, are my deeds forgot?
Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As they are done: perséverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: [to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery.] Take th' instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep, then, the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forth-right,[6]
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;
[Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;]
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand,
And with his arms outstretch'd, as[7] he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: [welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O,] let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,

[1] *Parted*, having good parts or qualities.
[2] *Having*, substance, property. [3] *Owes*, owns.
[4] *Circumstance*, *i.e.* details of his argument.
[5] *Use*, utility, opposed to reputation.
[6] *Forth-right* = the path that leads straight on.
[7] *As*, as though.

High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
[That all, with one consent, praise new-born gauds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.]
The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and cómplete[1] man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.
Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.
Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.
Achil. Ha! known!
Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that 's in a watchful state
[Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive[2] deeps;]
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
[There is a mystery—with whom relation[3]
Durst never meddle—in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath or pen can give expressure to:]
All the commérce[4] that you have had with Troy
As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;
[And better would it fit Achilles much
To throw down Hector than Polyxena:]
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump,
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,
"Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him."
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. [*Exit.*
Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. [I stand condemn'd for this;
They think my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:]
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dewdrop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.
Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?
Patr. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.
Achil. I see my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.
Patr. O, then, beware;
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves:
[Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.]
Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
I 'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
T' invite the Trojan lords after the combat
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds[5] of peace;

[1] *Cómplete*, usually accented so by Elizabethan writers.
[2] *Uncomprehensive*, unfathomable.
[3] *Relation*, *i.e.* history.
[4] *Commérce*, secret intercourse.
[5] *Weeds*, used of dress in general.

To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view.

Enter THERSITES.

A labour sav'd!

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,—a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic[1] regard, as who should say "There were wit in this head, an 't would out;" and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man 's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he 'll break 't himself in vainglory. He knows not me: I said, "Good morrow, Ajax;" and he replies, "Thanks, Agamemnon." What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? [He 's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of[2] opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.]

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he 'll answer nobody; he professes not answering: speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in 's arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: tell him, — I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent; and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious six-or-seven-times-honour'd captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax!

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon!

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to 't?

Ther. God b' wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other: howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he 's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none,—unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings[3] on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that 's the more capable[4] creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus into tent.*

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

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[1] *Politic*, shrewd, sly. [2] *Of* = upon. [3] *Catlings*, catgut. [4] *Capable*, intelligent.

ACT IV.

Scene I. *A Street in Troy.*

Enter, from one side, Æneas, *and Servant with a torch; from the other,* Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, Diomedes, *and others, with torches.*

Par. See, ho! who 's that there?
Dei. 'T is the Lord Æneas.
Æne. Is the prince there in person?—
Had I so good occasion to lie long
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.
Dio. That 's my mind too.—Good morrow, Lord Æneas.
Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas,—take his hand,—
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,[1]
Did haunt you in the field.
Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce;
[But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think or courage execute.
Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health;
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I 'll play the hunter for thy life
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.
Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward. — In humane gentleness,]
Welcome to Troy! [now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed!] By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love in such a sort
The thing he means to kill more excellently.
Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand cómplete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!
Æne. We know each other well.
Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.
Par. This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?
Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.
Par. His purpose meets you: 't was to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let 's have your company: or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think—
Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge—
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality[2] wherefóre: I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.
Æne. That I assure you:
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece
Than Cressid borne from Troy.
Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we 'll follow you.
Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit with servant.*
Par. And tell me, noble Diomed,—faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself or Menelaus?
Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her soilure,[3]
With such a hell of pain and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Not palating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
[He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat[4] tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, each heavier for a whore.]

[1] *By days, i.e.* seven days, but not consecutive.

[2] *Quality* = tenor of it. [3] *Soilure*, defilement. [4] *Flat*, metaphor from wine.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.
Dio. She 's bitter to her country: [hear me, Paris:—
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight
A Trojan hath been slain;] since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.
Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We 'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Court of Pandarus' house in Troy.*

Enter TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.
Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I 'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.
Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment[1] to thy senses
As infants' empty of all thought!
Cres. Good morrow, then.
Tro. I prithee now, to bed.
Cres. Are you a-weary of me?
Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald[2] crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.
Cres. Night hath been too brief.
Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays
As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.
Cres. Prithee, tarry;—
You men will never tarry.—
[O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried.]—Hark! there 's one up.
Pan. [*Within*] What, 's all the doors open here?
Tro. It is your uncle.
Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life![3]

Enter PANDARUS.

[*Pan.* How now, how now! how go maiden-heads?—Here, you maid! where 's my cousin Cressid?
Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do—and then you flout me too.
Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what:—what have I brought you to do?
Cres. Come, come, beshrew your heart! you 'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.
Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchio![4] hast not slept to-night? would he not—a naughty man—let it sleep? a bugbear take him!
Cres. Did I not tell you?—would he were knock'd i' th' head!—] [*Knocking within.*
Who 's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
[You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.
Tro. Ha, ha!
Cres. Come, you 're deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.— [*Knocking within.*
How earnestly they knock!—Pray you, come in:]
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.
[*Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.*
Pan. [*Going to the door*] Who 's there? what 's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now! what 's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.
Pan. Who 's there? my Lord Æneas! By my troth,
I knew you not: what news with you so early?

[1] *Attachment,* arrest.
[2] *Ribald,* perhaps with the idea of "noisiness."
[3] *Such a life;* in the modern cant phrase "such a time of it."
[4] *Capocchio,* a fool; used coaxingly.

Æne. Is not Prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him:
It doth import[1] him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 't is more than I know, I'll be sworn:—for my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you're ware: you'll be so true to him to be false to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

As Pandarus is going out, re-enter Troilus.

Tro. How now! what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: there is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?[2]

Æne. By Priam and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!—
I will go meet them: and, my Lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets[3] of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.
[*Exeunt Troilus and Æneas.*

Pan. Is 't possible? no sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad: a plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke 's neck!

Enter Cressida.

Cres. How now! what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where 's my lord? gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what 's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods!—what 's the matter?

Pan. Prithee, get thee in: would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death:—O, poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what 's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 't will be his death; 't will be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I 've forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine,
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to 't.—I 'll go in and weep,—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding "Troilus." I will not go from Troy.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Street in Troy near Pandarus' house.*

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, *and* Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon:—good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk into her house;
I 'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus

[1] *Doth import, i.e.* is of importance.
[2] *Concluded,* arranged.
[3] *Secrets,* a trisyllable.

A priest, there offering to it his own heart.
[*Exit.*

Par. I know what 't is to love;
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A room in Pandarus' house.*

Enter PANDARUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?

Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?—(Act iv. 4. 32.)

The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious[1] loss.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.

Enter TROILUS.

Ah, sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. "O heart," as the goodly saying is,

"—— O heart, O heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?"

where he answers again,

"Because thou canst not ease thy smart
By friendship nor by speaking."

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse: we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which

[1] *Precious, i.e.* which touches me so closely.

Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; [where injury of chance[1] Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents Our lock'd embrasures,[2] strangles our dear vows Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:] We two, that with so many thousand sighs Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves With the rude brevity and discharge of one. Injurious time now, with a robber's haste, Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how: As many farewells as be stars in heaven, [With distinct breath and consign'd[3] kisses to them,] He fumbles up into a loose adieu; And scants us with a single famish'd kiss, Distasted with the salt of broken tears

Æne. [*Within*] My lord, is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: some say the Genius so Cries "Come!" to him that instantly must die.— Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit.*

Cres. I must, then, to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks! When shall we see again?[4]

Tro. Hear me, my love: be thou but true of heart,—

Cres. I true! how now! what wicked deem[5] is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly, For it is parting from us: [I speak not "be thou true," as fearing thee; For I will throw my glove to Death himself, That there 's no maculation[6] in thy heart: But "be thou true," say I, to fashion in My sequent protestation;] be thou true, And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers As infinite as imminent! but I 'll be true.

Tro. And I 'll go friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels, To give thee nightly visitation. But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens!—"be true" again!

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love: The Grecian youths are full of quality; They 're loving, well compos'd with gifts of nature, And flowing o'er with arts and exercise: How novelty may move, and parts with person, Alas, a kind of godly jealousy— Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin— Makes me afeard.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain, then! In this I do not call your faith in question So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing, Nor heel the high lavolt,[7] nor sweeten talk, Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all, To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:[8] But I can tell, that in each grace of these There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No. But something may be done that we will not: And sometimes we are devils to ourselves, [When we will tempt the frailty of our powers, Presuming on their changeful potency.]

Æne. [*Within*] Nay, good my lord,—

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [*Within*] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither; And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.

---

[1] *Injury of chance*, unkindness of fate.

[2] *Embrasures*, embraces.

[3] *Consign'd*, sealed.

[4] *See again, i.e.* see each other.

[5] *Deem*, surmise; obsolete word.

[6] *Maculation*, flaw, spot (*macula*).

[7] *Lavolt*, a kind of dance.

[8] *Pregnant*, ready.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?
Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
[Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.]
Fear not my truth: the moral[1] of my wit
Is "plain and true;" there 's all the reach of it.

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, *and* DIOMEDES.

Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
[At the port, lord, I 'll give her to thy hand;
And by the way possess[2] thee what she is.]
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam's is in Ilion.
Dio. Fair Lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.
Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I 'll cut thy throat.
Dio. O, be not mov'd, Prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message
To be a speaker free; [when I am hence,
I 'll answer to my lust:] and know you, lord,
I 'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say, "Be 't so,"
I 'll speak it in my spirit and honour, "No."
Tro. Come, to the port.—I 'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave[3] shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.
[*Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes.*
[*Trumpet within.*
Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.
Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.
Par. 'T is Troilus' fault: come, come, to field with him.
Dei. Let us make ready straight.
Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity.
Let us address[4] to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth and single chivalry.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A plain between Troy and the Grecian camp.*

Enter AJAX, *armed;* AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, *and others.*

Agam. Here art thou in appointment[5] fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that th' appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.
Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there 's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias[6] cheek
Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*
Ulyss. No trumpet answers.
Achil. 'T is but early days.
Agam. Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?
Ulyss. 'T is he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMEDES *with* CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the Lady Cressid?
Dio. Even she.

[1] *Moral* = meaning (almost).
[2] *Possess*, inform.
[3] *Brave*, boast, bravado.
[4] *Address*, make ready.
[5] *Appointment*, equipment.
[6] *Bias*, swollen, convex.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady. [*Kisses her.*

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. [Yet is the kindness but particular;[1] 'T were better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.— [*Kisses her.*

So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady: [*Kisses her.*

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now;

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,

And parted thus you and your argument. [*Kisses her.*

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!

For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine: [*Kisses her again.*

Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir.—Lady, by your leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?

Men. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live,

The kiss you take is better than you give;

Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady! every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for you know 'tis true

That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip[2] me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—]

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire 't.

Cres. Why, beg then, do.

Ulyss. Why, then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,

When Helen is a maid again, and his. [*Pointing to Menelaus.*

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 't is due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word:—I'll bring you to your father. [*Exit with Cressida.*

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!

There 's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,

Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out

At every joint and motive[3] of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,

That give accosting welcome ere it comes,

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts

To every ticklish reader! set them down

For sluttish spoils of opportunity

And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, *armed, with Attendants; and* ÆNEAS, TROILUS, *and other Trojans, who remain at back of scene.*

Æne. Hail, all you state of Greece! [what shall be done

To him that victory commands? or do you purpose

A victor shall be known?] will you, the knights

Shall to the edge of all extremity

Pursue each other; or shall they be divided[4]

By any voice or order of the field?

Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not; he 'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'T is done like Hector; but securely done,

A little proudly, and great deal misprising[5]

The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,

What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

[1] *Particular*, individual, not shared by all.

[2] *Fillip* properly means to strike with the finger-nail; another form of *flip*.

[3] *Motive*, instrument or motive limb.

[4] *Divided*, *i.e.* parted.

[5] *Misprising*, undervaluing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: but whate'er, know this:—
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof half Hector stays at home;
[Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.]

Achil. A maiden battle, then?—O, I perceive you.

Hect. Why, then will I no more:—
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son.—(Act iv. 5. 119, 120.)

Re-enter DIOMEDES.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed.—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin. [*Ajax and Hector prepare to fight.*

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless: firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open and both free;
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative[1] than jealous love:
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
[Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches,[2] and with private soul
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.]

[*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*

Agam. They are in action.

[1] *Vindicative*, original form of *vindictive*.
[2] *Even to his inches*, *i.e.* minutely, thoroughly.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!
Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;
Awake thee!
Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!
Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*
Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.
Ajax. I am not warm yet; let us fight again.
Dio. As Hector pleases.
Hect. Why, then will I no more:—
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
[Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so
That thou couldst say, "This hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter[1] cheek, and this sinister[2]
Bounds in my father's;" by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: but the just gods gainsay
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drained!] Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honour to thee!
Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.
[*Hect.* Not Neoptolemus so mirable[3]—
On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st oyes
Cries "This is he"—could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.]
Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.
Hect. We 'll answer it;[4]
The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.
Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success—
As seld[5] I have the chance—I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.
Dio. 'T is Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.
Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home. [*Æneas goes to Troilus and other Trojans at back*]—Give me thy hand, my cousin [*to Ajax*];
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.
Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.
Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
[But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.]
Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
[But that's no welcome: understand more clear,
What 's past and what 's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant[6] moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,[7]
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,]
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.
Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon. [*Æneas and Troilus advance.*
Agam. [*To Troilus*] My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.
[*Men.* Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;—
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Who must we answer?
Æne. The noble Menelaus.
Hect. O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded[8] oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She 's well, but bade me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now, sir; she 's a deadly theme.
Hect. O, pardon; I offend.]
Nest. [*To Hector*] I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,

[1] *Dexter*, right. [2] *Sinister*, left.
[3] *Mirable*, to be wondered at.
[4] *It, i.e.* the expectance. [5] *Seld*, seldom.
[6] *Extant* = present. [7] *Bias-drawing*, turning awry.
[8] *Untraded*, out of the beaten path, uncommon.

Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth; and I have seen thee,
[As hot as Perseus, spur the Phrygian steed,
Despising[1] many forfeits[2] and subduements,[3]]
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have said to some my standers-by,
"Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!"
[And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still[4] lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now.] I knew thy grandsire,[5]
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'T is the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!
By this white beard, I 'd fight with thee to-morrow:—
Well, welcome, welcome! — I have seen the time—

Ulyss. [*Interrupting*] I wonder now how yonder city stands
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there 's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but[6] half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss[7] the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
[Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. [I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou!—]
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
[I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,]
And quoted[8] joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief: I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. [O, like a book of sport thou 'lt read me o'er;
But there 's more in me than thou understand'st.]
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, [or there,] or there?
[That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew:] answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly
As to prenominate[9] in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

---

1 *Despising*=not availing yourself of.
2 *Forfeits, i.e.* lives forfeited in battle.
3 *Subduements*, victories.
4 *Still*, always.
5 *Grandsire, i.e.* Laomedon.
6 *Is but*, has travelled but.
7 *Buss*, kiss.
8 *Quoted*, observed.
9 *Prenominate*, say beforehand.

Achil. I tell thee, yea.
Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied[1] Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—
Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin:—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.
Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field:
We have had pelting[2] wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.
Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night all friends.
Hect. Thy hand upon that match.
Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full[3] convive[4] we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat[5] him.—
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.
[*Exeunt all except Troilus and Ulysses.*
Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?
Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.
Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?
Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle[6] tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?
Tro. O sir, to such as boasting show their scars
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Scene I. *The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent.*

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.
Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy!
Thou crusty batch[7] of nature, what's the news?
Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee. [*Gives letter.*
Achil. From whence, fragment?
Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.
Patr. Who keeps the tent[8] now?
Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.
Patr. Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?
Ther. Prithee, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: [thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.
Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?
Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the

[1] *Stithied*, forged. [2] *Pelting* = paltry.
[3] *In the full*, *i.e.* all together. [4] *Convive*, feast.
[5] *Entreat*, entertain. [6] *As gentle* = as kindly tell me.
[7] *Batch* = baked bread.
[8] *Tent:* Thersites quibbles upon its surgical meaning.

rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limekilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled[1] fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries![2]

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No! why art thou, then, exasperate,] thou idle immaterial[3] skein of sleave-silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such waterflies,— diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing[4] me and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall Greeks; fail fame; honour or go or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.—
Away, Patroclus!

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus into tent.*

Ther. With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but, if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,[—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn[5] in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,]—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced[6] with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox, were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew,[7] a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care;[8] but to be Menelaus!—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar,[9] so I were not Menelaus.—Hoy-day!—spirits and fires!

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Menelaus, *and* Diomedes, *with lights.*

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 't is;
There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Re-enter Achilles *from tent.*

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.

[*Men.* Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught: sweet, quoth a'! sweet sink, sweet sewer.]

Achil. Good night and welcome, both at once, to those
That go or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.*

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

---

[1] *Rivelled,* wrinkled. [2] *Discoveries,* monstrosities.
[3] *Immaterial,* slight, worthless. [4] *Taxing,* blaming.
[5] *Shoeing-horn,* one subservient as a tool or instrument to another.
[6] *Forced,* stuffed (Latin, *farcire*).
[7] *Fitchew,* polecat.
[8] *Would not care, i.e.* would not mind being.
[9] *Lazar,* a leper, outcast.

Ulyss. [*Aside to Troilus*] Follow his torch; he goes to Calchas' tent:
I'll keep you company.

Tro. [*Aside to Ulysses*] Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so, good night.

[*Exit Diomedes; Ulysses and Troilus following.*

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor into tent.*

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabbler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—[Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets!] [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Before Calchas' tent.*

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [*Within*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think. Where's your daughter?

Cal. [*Within*] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS *and* ULYSSES, *at some distance; after them* THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA *from tent.*

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now, my charge!

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark, a word with you. [*Whispers.*

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

[*Ther.* And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff;[1] she's noted.]

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember! yes.

Dio. Nay, but do, then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List.

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what,—

Dio. Foh, foh! come, tell a pin: you are forsworn.

Cres. In faith, I cannot: what would you have me do?

[*Ther.* A juggling trick,—to be secretly open.]

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan!

Cres. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better[2] must.

Cres. Hark, one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge[3] itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

[*Tro.* Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Nay, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.

Tro. I pray thee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.]

Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word!

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord!

[1] *Cliff, i.e.* clef; a term in music = key.

[2] *Thy better,* meaning himself. [3] *Enlarge,* vent itself.

Tro. By Jove,
I will be patient.
Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!
Dio. Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.[1]
Cres. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.
Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something: will you go?
You will break out.
Tro. She strokes his cheek!
Ulyss. Come, come.
Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience:—stay a little while.
[*Ther.* How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potato-finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!]
Dio. But will you, then?
Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.—(Act v. 2. 19.)

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit into tent.*
Ulyss. You have sworn patience.
Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA *from tent.*

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!
Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.
[*Giving him the sleeve given her by Troilus.*
Tro. O beauty! where is thy faith?
Ulyss. My lord,—
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.—
He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give't me again.
Dio. Whose was't?
Cres. It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens:—well said, whetstone!
Dio. I shall have it.
Cres. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cres. O all you gods!—O pretty, pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee. [*Kissing the sleeve; Diomed snatches it from her*] Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Tro. I did swear patience.

[1] *Palter*, trifle.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you shall not;
I'll give you something else.
Dio. I will have this: whose was it?
Cres. 'T is no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.
Cres. 'T was one's that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it?
Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women[1] yond,[2]
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.
Cres. Well, well, 't is done, 't is past;—and yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why, then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
Cres. You shall not go:—one cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you pleases me best.
Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?
Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!—do come:—I shall be plagu'd.
Dio. Farewell till then.
Cres. Good night: I prithee, come.
[*Exit Diomedes.*
Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah, poor our sex![3] this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
[What error leads must err; O, then conclude
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.]
[*Exit.*
[*Ther.* A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said, "My mind is now turn'd whore."]
Ulyss. All's done, my lord.
Tro. It is.
Ulyss. Why stay we, then?
Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But [if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith] yet there is a credence in my heart,
[An esperance so obstinately strong,]
That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears;
[As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.]
[*Pauses, overcome by emotion.*
Was Cressid here?
Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.
Tro. She was not, sure.
Ulyss. Most sure she was.
[*Tro.* Why, my negation hath no taste[4] of madness.
Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.]
Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics,—apt, without a theme,
For depravation,—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.
Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?
Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.
Ther. Will he swagger himself out on 's own eyes?[5]
Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. [O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt:] this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
[And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifex[6] for a point, as subtle
As Ariachne's broken woof, to enter.]
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:

[1] *Diana's waiting-women, i.e.* the stars.
[2] *Yond,* yonder.
[3] *Poor our sex, i.e.* our poor sex.
[4] *Taste,* suggestion in it.
[5] *Swagger himself,* &c. = persuade himself he never saw.
[6] *Orifex,* orifice.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA
Act V. Scene III. line 16

[illegible] to hot and peevish vows

Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts[1] of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy relics
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.
Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be but half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?
Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy[2]
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek:—as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine that he 'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd[3] in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.
[*Ther.* He 'll tickle it for his concupy.[4]]
Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by[5] thy stained name,
And they 'll seem glorious.
Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.
Tro. Have with you, prince.—My courteous lord, adieu.—
Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!
Ulyss. I 'll bring you to the gates.
Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*

Ther. Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. [Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab.] Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion; a burning devil take them!

[*Exit.*

Scene III. *Troy. Priam's palace.*

Enter Hector *and* Andromache.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.
Hect. You train[6] me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I 'll go!
And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous[7] to the day.
Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?
And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.
Cas. O, it is true.
Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!
Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.
Hect. Be gone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.
Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows:
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.
And. O, be persuaded! do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For[8] we would give much, to use[9] violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.
Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;

---

[1] *Orts*, leavings
[2] *Fancy*, love.
[3] *Constring'd* = compressed; an obvious Latinism.
[4] *Concupy*, concupiscence.
[5] *Stand by*, be compared with.
[6] *Train*, lead.
[7] *Ominous*, fatal.
[8] *For* = because.
[9] *Use*, practise.

But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.
Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day?
And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.
[*Exit Cassandra.*
Hect. No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth;
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I 'll stand to-day for thee, and me, and Troy.
Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.
Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.
Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.
Hect. O, 't is fair play.
Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.
Hect. How now! how now!
Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let 's leave the hermit pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.
Hect. Fie, savage, fie!
Tro. Hector, then 't is wars.
Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.
Tro. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse[1] of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA *and* PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.
Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.
Hect. Æneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd[2] to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.
Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go.
Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.
Cas. O Priam, yield not to him!
And. Do not, dear father.
Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.
[*Exit Andromache.*
Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.
Cas. O, farewell, dear Hector!
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry "Hector! Hector 's dead!" O Hector!
Tro. Away! away!
Cas. Farewell:—yet, soft!—Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.
[*Exit.*
Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:

[1] *Recourse, i.e.* that come and go.

[2] *Engag'd*, pledged.

Go in, and cheer the town: we 'll forth and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!

[*Exeunt severally Priam and Hector. Alarums.*

Tro. They 're at it, hark!—proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As TROILUS *is going out, enter from the other side* PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;
Th' effect doth operate another way.—(Act v. 3. 107, 108.)

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here 's a letter come from yond poor girl. [*Gives letter.*

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' th's days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were curs'd,[1] I cannot tell what to think on 't.—What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;
Th' effect doth operate another way.—

[*Tearing the letter.*

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—

[1] *Curs'd*, by a witch, or some evil agency.

My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV. *Plains between Troy and the Grecian camp.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, [that loves the whore there,] might send that Greekish [whoremasterly] villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the t' other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses—is not proved worth a blackberry:—they set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm today; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism,[1] and policy grows into an ill opinion.—Soft! here comes sleeve, and t' other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS *following.*

Tro. Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.
Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!
[*Ther.* Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!] [*Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood and honour?
Ther. No, no,—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*
Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frightening me!—What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle:—[yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself.] I'll seek them. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter DIOMEDES *and a Servant.*

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.
Serv. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon: [bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polyxenes is slain;
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt;]
Patroclus ta'en or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary[2]
Appals our numbers:—haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,
And there lacks work; anon he 's there afoot,
[And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls[3]
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,]
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:[4]
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

[1] *Barbarism*, mere strength, force, opposed to policy.

[2] *The dreadful Sagittary.* See note 330.

[3] *Sculls* = shoals (of fish).

[4] *Swath*, grass cut by the scythe.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,[1]
With such a careless force and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Nest. So, so, we draw together.

[*Enter* Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector?—
Come, come, thou boy queller, show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry:—
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.] [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?
Ajax. What wouldst thou?
Dio. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office
Ere that correction.—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter Troilus.

Tro. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay the life thou ow'st me for my horse!
Dio. Ha, art thou there?
Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.
Dio. He is my prize; I will not look upon.
Tro. Come, both you cogging[2] Greeks; have at you both! [*Exeunt, fighting.*

[*Enter* Hector.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee, ha!—have at thee, Hector!
Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.
Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan:
Be happy that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*
Hect. Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.

Re-enter Troilus.

How now, my brother!
Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too,
Or bring him off:—fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll frush[3] it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it:—wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why, then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VII. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter Achilles *with Myrmidons.*

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel:

[1] *Redeeming*, &c., *i.e.* rescuing himself from the foe.
[2] *Cogging*, cheating.
[3] *Frush*, batter.

Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in
breath:
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your aims.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*

[*Enter* MENELAUS *and* PARIS, *fighting; then* THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it.—Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo!—The bull has the game:—ware horns, ho! [*Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.*

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.—(Act v. 8. 10.)

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel 's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment:[1] farewell, bastard. [*Exit.*

[1] *Judgment, i.e.* of heaven.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. [Most putrefied core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.]
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.
[*Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield behind him.*

Enter ACHILLES *and Myrmidons.*

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail[1] and darkening of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.
Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.
Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek. [*Hector falls.*
So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down!
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
"Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain."
[*A retreat sounded.*
Hark! a retire[2] upon our Grecian part.
Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.
Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler-like,[3] the armies separates.
[My half-supp'd sword, that frankly[4] would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed. [*Sheathes his sword.*]
Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and others, marching. Shouts within.*

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?
Nest. Peace, drums!
[*Within*] Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!
Dio. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.
Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was a man as good as he.
Agam. March patiently along:—let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended. [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE X. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter ÆNEAS *and Trojans.*

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.
All. Hector!—the gods forbid!
Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger[5] not our sure destructions on!
Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.
Tro. You understand me not that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go into Troy, and say there "Hector's dead:"
[There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet.—] You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight[6] upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—and, thou great-siz'd coward,
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:

[1] *Vail*, descent.
[2] *A retire*, *i.e.* the sound for retiring.
[3] *Stickler-like*, umpire-like.
[4] *Frankly*, to the full.
[5] *Linger on*=protract.
[6] *Pight*, pitched.

Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.
[*Exeunt Æneas and Trojans.*

[*As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other side,* PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

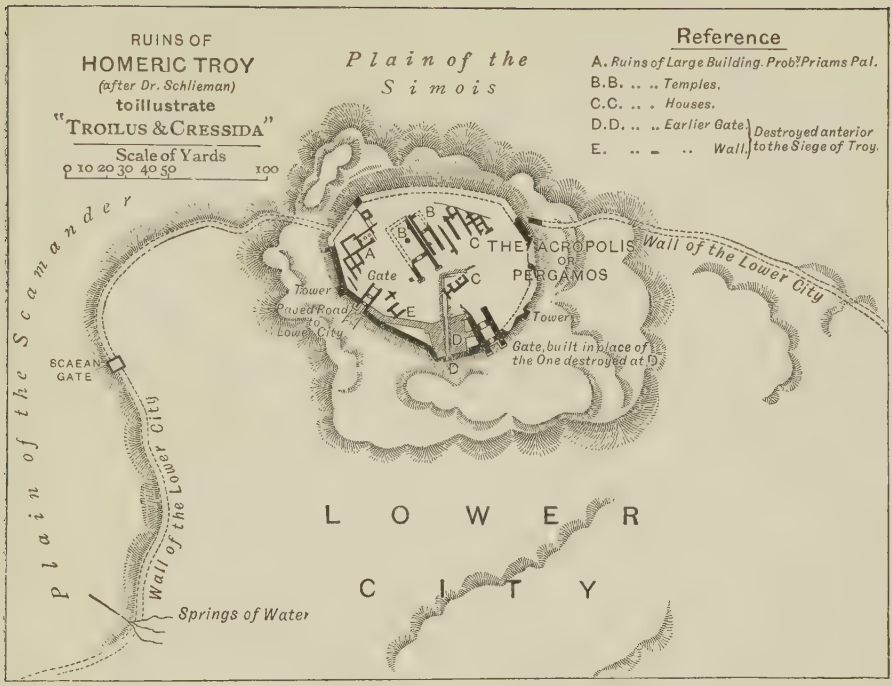
Tro. Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!
[*Exit.*

Pan. A goodly medicine for my aching bones!—
O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited! why should our endeavour be so loved, and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me see:— 41

Fully merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
And being once subdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall, 48
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:
Till then I 'll sweat, and seek about for eases;
And at that time bequeath you my diseases.
[*Exit.*]



NOTES TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PROLOGUE.

1. Lines 1–31.—This prologue is not given in the Quarto; it is only found in the Folios. Ritson and Steevens condemn it as not genuine, and amongst modern critics Mr. Fleay finds in the lines "much work that is unlike Shakespeare's" (Life and Work of Shakespeare, p. 220). Grant White attributed the authorship to Chapman.

2. Line 1: *In Troy, there lies the* SCENE.—Not an unusual beginning: so the prologue to the Broken Heart (Ford) commences, "Our *scene* is Sparta."

3. Line 8: *whose strong* IMMURES.—We have the verb several times in Shakespeare; *e.g.* Venus and Adonis, 1194:

> Means to *immure* herself and not be seen;

Richard III. iv. 1. 100; Sonnet lxxxiv. 3. *Mure*, substantive, occurs in II. Henry IV. iv. 4. 119; *circummure* in Measure for Measure, iv. 1. 28.

4. Line 15: *Priam's* SIX-GATED *city.*—So the Folios. Theobald, to suit the plural verb, *sperr up*, below (line 19), needlessly changed to "*six gates i' the* city," and was followed by Hanmer.

5. Line 17: ANTENORIDES.—Ff. have *Antenonidus;* the change (Theobald's), adopted by most editors, appears necessary. Shakespeare is obviously following the account in Caxton's Destruction of Troy, where, in the third book, a description of Troy is given: "In this city were six gates; the one was named *Dardane*, the second *Timbria*, the third *Helias*, the fourth *Chetas*, the fifth *Troyen*, and the sixth *Antenorides*" (Destruction, bk. 3, p. 4, ed. 1708). Dyce, too, quotes Lydgate, The historye, Sege and dystruccyon of Troye:

> The fourthe gate hyghte also Cetheas;
> The fyfte *Troiana*, the syxth *Anthonydes*,

where the edition of 1555 alters *Anthonydes* to the nearly right reading *Antinorydes.*

6. Line 18: FULFILLING *bolts; i.e.* which fill the aperture so closely that no room is left; for this, the etymological sense of the word, we may compare Lucrece, 1258.

7. Line 19: SPERR *up the sons of Troy.*—F. 1 has *stirre*, out of which no meaning can be got. Theobald made the admirable suggestion *sperr;* Collier's MS. Corrector had *sparr* in the same sense. The use of the word is well supported. Thus Spenser, in the Faerie Queene, writes:

> The other which was entered laboured fast
> To *sperr the gate.* —Bk. v. c. x. st. xxxvii.

And again in The Shepherd's Calendar (May):

> And if he chance come when I am abroad,
> *Sperr* the gate fast, for fear of fraud.

Steevens, too, quotes from Warner's Albion's England (1602), bk. ii. ch. 12: "When chased home into his holdes, there *sparred* up in gates." The word is identical with German *sperren*. As to the plural verb I see no difficulty; coming after the list of names it is far more natural to the ear than the singular would have been, though grammatically, perhaps, less correct. Capell, however, prints *sperrs*.

8. Lines 22, 23:

> *and hither am I come*
> A PROLOGUE ARM'D.

The reference, as Johnson explains, is to the actor who spoke the *prologue*, and who usually wore a black cloak. An exact parallel may be found in the Præludium to Thomas Randolph's amusing skit, Aristippus:

> Be not deceived, I have no bended knees,
> No supple tongue, no speeches steeped in oil;
> No candied flattery, no honied words.
> I come *an armed Prologue;* arm'd with arts
> —Randolph's Works, ed. Carew Hazlitt, p. 3.

So in the stage-directions to the introduction to Ben Jonson's Poetaster, we are told that the *Prologue* enters hastily *in armour*, and in the following speech the expression *armed Prologue* occurs (Works, vol. ii. p. 394, with Gifford's note). [Surely the superfluous *and* in line 22 might be omitted. In F. 1 there is a full stop after *hazard*.—F. A. M.]

9. Line 27: *Leaps o'er the* VAUNT.—In conformity with the Horatian maxim:

> Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo;
> Semper ad eventum festinat et in medias res
> Non secus ac notas auditorem rapit.
> —Ars Poetica, 147–149.

For *vaunt* (=*avant*) we may compare Lear, iii. 2. 5:

> *Vaunt*-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts.

So *vanguard*.

ACT I. Scene 1.

[In Mr. John Kemble's arrangement of this play, Act i. commences with Scene 3, and Scenes 1 and 2 become Scenes 2 and 3 respectively. This is certainly a better arrangement from a dramatic point of view, as it places a comparatively dull Scene at the beginning instead of the end of the Act, which by that means is made to conclude with a Scene in which the hero and heroine, Troilus and Cressida, are both concerned, and which marks a distinct step in the progress of the story.—F. A. M.]

10. Line 1: *Call here my* VARLET.—In Minsheu *varlet* is translated by *famulus*, and Steevens quotes from Holinshed's account of the battle of Agincourt: "divers were releeved by their *varlets*, and conveied out of the field." The word, in fact, meant then what *valet* (of which it is simply an earlier form) does now. So Cotgrave gives "a groom, a stripling" for the O. F. *varlet*, upon which Ménage remarks, Dictionnaire, 1750: "des escuyers trenchans estoient appellés *valets*. C'estoit aussi un Gentil-homme qui n'estoit pas chevalier?" In this way the word came to be applied to the *knave* in a pack of cards.

11. Line 7: *and skilful* TO *their strength.*—For Shakespeare's use of "to"="in addition to," see Abbott's Shakespearian Grammar, pp. 121, 122. Compare Macbeth, iii. 1. 51–53:

> 'tis much he dares;
> And, *to* that dauntless temper of his mind,
> He hath a wisdom;

and same play, i. 6. 19.

12. Line 14: *I'll not* MEDDLE *nor* MAKE.—Evidently a proverbial phrase, equivalent to "I will keep clear of it." Cf. line 85. So in Much Ado, iii. 3. 56: "and, for such kind of men, the less you *meddle* or *make* with them, why, the more is for your honesty."

13. Lines 30, 31:

> *And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—*
> *So, traitor!—"when she comes!"—When is she thence?*

We have here an excellent correction of the text. Qq. and F. 1 and F. 2 gave:

> then she comes, when she is thence.

The change is unimpeachable; the credit is due to Rowe, second edn.

14. Line 41: *An her hair were not somewhat* DARKER.—This is one of the many allusions that might be quoted to the distaste felt by our ancestors for *dark* hair and eyes. Walker (A Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare, vol. iii. p. 190) aptly refers to Massinger's Parliament of Love, where, in act ii. scene 3, Beaupré says:

> Like me, sir!
> One of my *dark* complexion?
> —Massinger's Works, Cunningham's ed. p. 172.

Still more to the point, however, is Sonnet cxxvii., the first of the second great series of sonnets:

> In the old age *black* was not counted fair,
> Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
> But now is *black* beauty's successive heir,
> And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame.
> . . . . . .
> Therefore my mistress' brows are raven *black*,
> Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
> At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
> Slandering creation with a false esteem.

Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iii. 198, 199, and the note (197) on Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 257. Red hair was regarded by the Puritans as a decided blemish; cf. Middleton's A Chaste Maid in Cheapside, iii. 2 (Dyce's ed.), vol. iv. p. 47.

15. Line 55: HANDLEST *in thy discourse, O, that her* HAND.—For a similar word-play compare Titus Andronicus, iii. 2. 29. Malone well remarks upon the curious reverence which Shakespeare seems to have felt for the beauty of a woman's hand. Note, for instance, the delicacy and suggestiveness of the epithets and imagery in the following passages: Romeo and Juliet, iii. 3. 35, 36, where we have the splendid lines:

> they may seize
> On the white wonder of dear Juliet's *hand;*

Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 373–376:

> this *hand*,
> As soft as dove's down and as white as it,
> Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow, that's bolted
> By the northern blasts thrice o'er;

and Lucrece, 393-395, a perfect picture:

> Without the bed her other fair *hand* was,
> On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
> Show'd like an April daisy on the grass.

[In the Q. the punctuation is thus:

> Handlest in thy discourse: O that her hand.

The Ff. have:

> Handlest in thy discourse. O that her Hand.

Some editors, having regard to the punctuation of the old copies, make the verb *handlest* govern some of the nouns in the line above. Capell, for instance, puts a semicolon after *gait* in line 54, making *her voice* governed by *handlest*. Malone was the first to punctuate line 55 as it is in our text. Other conjectures have been made by various editors in order to make the passage intelligible. With regard to the punctuation of the old copies, certainly *O that her hand* seems more like an exclamation than the object of the sentence; but if we take *that her hand* to be the accusative case, and explain it as we have in our foot-note, then we must suppose *O* to be strictly a mere interjection, a parenthetical expression of rapture. For *that her hand*="that hand of hers" compare the following passages:—Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 3. 19: "Thy demon *that thy* spirit;" and in the same play, iv. 14. 79: "Draw *that thy* honest sword;" and also Macbeth, i. 7. 53: "*that their* fitness."—F. A. M.]

16. Line 57: *to whose soft* SEIZURE.—*Seizure* is used passively; *touch* would be more natural.

17. Lines 58, 59:

> *The cygnet's down is harsh, and* SPIRIT OF SENSE
> *Hard as the palm of ploughman.*

These lines are not easy. What are we to make of *spirit of sense?* Warburton, of course, emended, proposing *spite of sense;* upon which Johnson bluntly remarked: "it is not proper to make a lover profess to praise his mistress in *spite of sense;* for though he often does it in spite of the sense of others, his own senses are subdued to his desires." I see no necessity for any alteration. I think the sense is: "*sense, i.e.* sensitiveness personified, is not so delicate, so impalpable, as Cressida's hand." I believe the words can bear this interpretation, and it seems to me to carry on the line of thought. To make *spirit of sense* a mere variant on *whose soft seizure* is surely wrong; the lines contain two distinct conceptions. Also we must not press *hard as the palm*, etc. too closely; the poet merely wishes to suggest something rough and coarse in contrast to that which, next to Cressida's hand, is the most ethereal thing we can conceive, viz. sensitiveness itself. Compare iii. 3. 106, and Julius Cæsar, iv. 3. 74.

18. Line 68: *she has the* MENDS *in her own hands.*—This, as Steevens satisfactorily shows, was a cant phrase meaning "to make the best of a bad bargain; do the best one can." In this sense is it used by Field in his Woman is A Weathercock, 1612: "I shall stay here and have my head broke, and then *I have the mends in my own hands*" (Dodsley, Old Plays, ed. Carew Hazlitt (1875), vol. xi. p. 25). Johnson's interpretation of the passage is characteristic: "She may *mend* her complexion with the assistance of cosmetics," on the principle apparently advocated in Randolph's Jealous Lovers, iv. 3:

> Paint, ladies, while you live, and plaister fair,
> But when the house is fallen, 't is past repair.
> —Works (Hazlitt's ed.), vol. i. p. 141.

19. Lines 78, 79: *as fair on* FRIDAY *as Helen is on* SUNDAY.—Friday being a fast day when the "suit of humiliation" would be worn, while Sunday is a signal for donning smart attire. It is hardly necessary to point out the glaring anachronism; the play is full of such errors.

20. Line 99: *And he 's as* TETCHY *to be woo'd; i.e.* "fretful;" a corruption, perhaps, of "touchy." So Romeo and Juliet, i. 3. 32:

> To see it *tetchy*, and fall out

21. Line 105: *Let it be call'd the* WILD *and* WANDERING *flood.*—A finely alliterative effect that comes in the last verse of the introductory stanzas to In Memoriam. Later on in the same poem Tennyson beautifully applies the epithet *wandering* to the sea:

> O Mother, praying God will save
> Thy sailor—while thy head is bow'd,
> His heavy-shotted hammock shroud
> Drops in his *vast and wandering* grave. —Canto vi.

22. Line 108: *How now, Prince* TROILUS! *wherefore not a-field?—Troilus* is always a dissyllable in Shakespeare; so Walker, Shakespeare's Versification, pp. 164–166. Thus in Lucrece, 1486, we have:

> Here manly Hector faints, here *Troilus* swounds.

Again in the Merchant of Venice, in the almost incomparable first scene of the fifth act, lines 3, 4:

> in such a night
> *Troilus* methinks mounted the Troyan walls.

The only possible exception occurs in the present play, v. 2. 161, where the common reading is:

> May worthy Troilus be half attach'd?

Probably Shakespeare thought the name was derived from Troy. Peele, we may note, treats the word rightly as a trisyllable; *e.g.* Tale of Troy:

> So hardy was the true knight *Troilus.*
> —Peele's Works, p. 555.

23. Line 109: *this* WOMAN'S ANSWER *sorts.*—Troilus means that the logic of his reply—"not there *because* not there"—is the logic, or rather no-logic, in which women indulge; and then he proceeds to play upon *woman, womanish.*

24. Line 115: *Paris is gor'd with Menelaus'* HORN.—Alluding to the idea of which our old dramatists make perpetual mention, that the husband of an unfaithful wife was a cuckold, or as Mirabel says in The Wild Goose Chase, i. 3: "a gentleman of antler." Perhaps the most elaborate treatment of the subject comes in Middleton's A Chaste Maid in Cheapside, where we hardly know whether most to ridicule or to despise the complacent Allwit. Similar references occur later on in this play.

ACT I. Scene 2.

25. Line 8: *he was harness'd* LIGHT.—*Light* may refer to the weight of their armour; more probably, however, it means "nimbly," "quickly." Theobald needlessly

altered to "harness-dight," a reading, he remarked, which "gives us the poet's meaning in the properest terms imaginable." He was followed by Hanmer.

26. Lines 9, 10:

where EVERY FLOWER
Did, as a prophet, WEEP.

So in Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 1. 204:

And when she weeps, *weeps every* little *flower*,

Dew on the ground naturally suggests tears.

27. Line 15: *a very man* PER SE.—Grey refers to the Testament of Cresseide:

Of faire Cresseide, the floure and a *per se*
Of Troi and Greece.

28. Line 20: *their particular* ADDITIONS.—Here, as often, in the sense of "titles," "denominations." Malone says it was a law term, and in Cowell's Interpreter (ed. 1637) *Addition* is thus explained, "a title given to a man over and above his Christian and surname, shewing his estate, degree, occupation, trade, age, place of dwelling, &c." Compare Coriolanus, i. 9. 66; and for an instance outside Shakespeare, Bussy D'Ambois, iv. 1:

Man is a name of honour for a king:
Additions take away from each thing.
—Chapman's Works, p. 163.

29. Line 28: *merry* AGAINST THE HAIR.—Compare *à contre-poil:* as we should say, "against the grain." The idea came from stroking the fur of animals the reverse way. Justice Shallow uses the expression in Merry Wives, ii. 3. 41:

if you should fight, you go *against the hair* of your professions.

30. Line 46: *When were you at* ILIUM?—Shakespeare, as Hanmer and the other editors point out, applies the name *Ilium* only to Priam's palace, and not to the city at large. In this he was following Caxton's Destruction of Troy, where the palace is thus described: "In this open space of the city, upon a rock, King Priamus did build his rich palace named *Ilion*, that was one of the richest and strongest in all the world. It was of height five hundred paces, besides the height of the towers, whereof there was great plenty, so high, as it seemed to them that saw from far, they reacht Heaven. And in this palace King Priamus did make the richest Hall that was at that time in all the world: within which was his throne; and the table whereupon he did eat, and held his estate among his nobles, princes, lords, and barons, was of gold and silver, precious stones, and of ivory" (bk. iii. p. 5, ed. 1708).

31. Line 58: *he'll* LAY ABOUT *him to-day.*—We have a similar expression in Henry V. v. 2. 147: "I could *lay on* like a butcher;" and compare Macbeth's, "*Lay on*, Macduff," v. 8. 33.

32. Line 80: *gone barefoot to India.*—A like exploit is suggested in Othello, iv. 3. 38, 39: "I know a lady in Venice would have *walked barefoot to Palestine* for a touch of his nether lip." We are reminded somewhat of the veracious Chronicles of Sir John Maundeville.

33. Line 92: *Hector shall not have his* WIT; *i.e.* Troilus' wit. For *wit* Q. and Ff. read *will.* Rowe made the change.

34. Line 118: *Then she 's a* MERRY GREEK.—Compare iv. 4. 58. It is a classical touch. See Horace, Satires, ii. 2. 2, where the hard life of a Roman soldier is contrasted with the easier, somewhat effeminate ways of the Greek:

Si Romana fatigat
Militia assuetum *Græcari.*

So in Plautus, Mostellaria, i. 1. 21, *pergræcari*=per totam noctem potare (Orelli). The idea passed into classical English; *e.g.* Ben Jonson, Volpone, iii. 5:

Let 's die like Romans
Since we have lived like *Grecians.*
—Works, iii. p. 261, and Gifford's note.

Minsheu (1617) gives (under *Greeke*) "a *merie Greeke, hilaris Græcus*, a Jester;" and in Roister Doister one of the dramatis personæ is Mathew *Merygreeke* who throughout acts up to his name; cf. i. 1, Arber's Reprint, p. 13. Nares (Halliwell's ed.) has a vague generalism: "the *Greeks* were proverbially spoken of by the Romans as fond of good living and free potations."

35. Line 120: *into the* COMPASS'D *window.*—For *compassed*="rounded," compare Venus and Adonis, 272: "*compass'd* crest;" also "*compass'd* cape" (Taming of the Shrew, iv. 3. 140). "*Bow* window" would be more intelligible to us. *Compassed*, according to Malone, was also applied to a particular kind of ceiling.

36. Line 129: *so old a* LIFTER.—A word that has only survived in the special phrases, shop*lifter* and cattle-*lifter*. Though not found elsewhere in Shakespeare it occurs with tolerable frequency in the Elizabethan dramatists. So in Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels, i. 1, we have "one other peculiar virtue you possess, is *lifting*" (Works, vol. ii. 231). In Middleton's Roaring Girl, "cheaters, *lifters* and foists" are mentioned in the same sentence (Works, vol. ii. 546). Etymologically the word is best seen in the Gothic *hlifan*=to steal; cognate with Latin *clepere* (Skeat).

37. Line 158: *With mill-stones.*—A proverbial phrase= not to weep at all, to be hard-hearted. Cf. Richard III. i. 3. 354:

Your eyes drop *mill-stones*, when fools' eyes fall tears;

and see notes 160 and 204 of that play.

38. Line 171: *Here 's but* ONE *and fifty hairs.*—Curiously enough Q. and Ff. unanimously give "*two* and fifty." The correction (Theobald's) ought, I think, to be adopted, though the Cambridge editors keep to the copies. *Fifty* was the traditional number of Priam's sons. Shakespeare, however, may have made the mistake.

39. Line 178: "*The* FORKED *one.*"—See note 24; and compare Othello, iii. 3. 276:

Even then this *forked* plague is fated to us.

So, too, Winter's Tale, i. 2. 186, spoken appropriately enough by Leontes.

40. Line 182: *that it* PASSED.—The meaning is clear: "it was excesssive, beggared description." So in Merry Wives of Windsor we have (i. 1. 310) "the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, *that it pass'd,*" and later in the same play the verb occurs twice in the present tense, with the same meaning: "Why, this *passes!* Master Ford," iv. 2. 127, and line 143. See Timon of Athens, i. 1. 12, and com-

pare the ordinary adjectival use of the participle, *passing*. For instances outside Shakespeare note Greene, Works, p. 100, and Peele, Works, p. 510.

41. Line 206: *That's* ANTENOR: *he has a shrewd wit.*—Shakespeare, as Steevens points out, is thinking of Lydgate's description of *Antenor:*

> Copious in words, and one that much time spent
> To jest, whenas he was in companie,
> So driely, that no man could it espie:
> And therewith held his countenance so well,
> That every man received great content
> To heare him speake, and pretty jests to tell,
> When he was pleasant and in merriment:
> For tho' that he most commonly was sad,
> Yet in his speech some jest he always had.

Antenor was one of the Trojan leaders who escaped; see Virgil's Æneid, i. 242–249.

42. Line 212: *Will he* GIVE *you* THE NOD?—Steevens says that *to give the nod* was a card term. There certainly was a game called *noddy*, to which references are not infrequent. Compare, for instance, Westward Ho, iv. 1:

> Bird. Come, shall's go to *noddy*?
> Honey. Ay, an thou wilt, for half an hour.
> —Webster's Works, p. 229.

In any case, Cressida is simply playing on the slang meaning of *noddy*, which then, as now, signified "a simpleton;" hence she hints that if Pandarus gets another *nod* he will be more of a *noddy* than ever. I find very much the same sort of quibble in Northward Ho, ii. 1:

> 'Sfoot, what *tricks* at *noddy* are these? —Webster, p. 258.

Minsheu, I may add, has a very characteristic explanation of the word: "A *Noddie;* because he *nods* when he should speake—A foole" (Dictionary, 1617).

43. Line 228: *by God's lid.*—A curious oath, which seems, however, to have been proverbial. So in Field's A Woman is a Weathercock, v. 2, we have:

> Why then, *by God's lid*, thou art a base rogue. I knew I should live to tell thee so. —Dodsley, ed. 1875, vol. xi. p. 81.

For *lid*=eyelid, cf. Hamlet, i. 2. 70, 71:

> Do not for ever with thy vailed *lids*
> Seek for thy noble father in the dust.

44. Line 245: HELENUS *is a priest.*—So in Caxton's Destruction of Troy, bk. iii. p. 3, he is "a man that knew all the arts liberal." After the fall of Troy *Helenus* reappears in the third book of the Æneid, lines 295–505.

45. Line 280: *baked with no* DATE *in the pie.*—Pies with *dates* in them appear to have been almost as inevitable in Elizabethan cookery as the "green sauce" with which the dramatists garnished their dishes, or as those plates of prunes to which continual reference is made. Compare Romeo and Juliet, iv. 4. 2:

> They call for *dates* and quinces in the pastry.

So, too, All 's Well that Ends Well, i. 1. 172.

46. Line 283: *at what* WARD *you* LIE.—The poet has borrowed a term from fencing. So in I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 215, 216:

> Thou knowest my old *ward;* here *I lay*, and thus I bore my point.

47. Lines 304–306:

> Pan. *I'll be with you, niece, by and by.*
> Cres. TO BRING, *uncle?*
> Pan. *Ay, a token from Troilus.*

This very obscure and doubtful expression *to bring* occurs in Peele's Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes:

> And I 'll close with Bryan till I have gotten the thing
> That he hath promised me, and then I 'll be with him *to bring*.
> —Peele's Works, p. 503.

Commenting on the passage just quoted, Dyce gives several other places where the phrase is found: Kyd's Spanish Tragedy, i. 2; Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady, v. 4; and Harington's Orlando Furioso, bk. xxxix. 48. In addition to these Grant White quotes from Tusser's Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry:

> For carman and collier harps both on a string,
> In winter they cast to be with thee *to bring*.

See also Dyce's Middleton, ii. 147, with his glossary to Shakespeare, p. 52. The meaning of the phrase cannot be determined; it was a piece of contemporary slang, the key to which has been lost. *To bring, uncle?* should certainly be printed as a query.

48. Lines 313: *Things won are done;* JOY'S SOUL *lies in the doing.*—That is to say, "the essence of the pleasure lies in the doing:" a fine expression. F. 2 and F. 3 have *the soule's joy*, a correction as obvious as it is tame and ineffective. Hanmer preferred it. The best commentary on the thought developed in the passage is the great sonnet cxxix.:

> The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
> Is lust in action.

For the converse idea we may compare the Friar's speech in Much Ado, iv. 1. 220–225.

49. Lines 319–321:

> *Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:*
> *Then, though my heart's content firm love doth bear,*
> *Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.*

If line 319 is to be altered, we should, I think, adopt (with Singer) Mr. Harness's very ingenious suggestion—"*Achieved, men us* command." Collier's "*Achieved men still* command," seems to me far less satisfactory. I believe, however, that the text of the copies should be retained. The difficulty comes from the poet's characteristic compression of thought, and in such maxims the sense generally gains in concentration at the expense of the clearness of expression. Summarized, the lines mean: "When men have won us they are our rulers; before they win us they are our suppliants." For *achievement* compare Taming of the Shrew, i. 2. 268:

> *Achieve* the elder, set the younger free.

In the next line (320) Warburton took *heart's content* to signify "heart's capacity." Perhaps, however, Cressida simply means that love is the basis of her happiness.

ACT I. SCENE 3.

50. Lines 14, 15:

> *trial did draw*
> BIAS *and thwart, not answering the aim.*

These are bowling terms, best illustrated perhaps by a passage in King John, ii. 574–579:

> Commodity, the *bias* of the world,
> The world, who of itself is peised well,
> Made to run even upon even ground,
> Till this advantage, this vile-drawing *bias*,

This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head . . .

The original meaning of *bias* is seen in its derivation: F. *biais*, a slant, slope; hence, an inclination to one side.

51. Lines 17–19:

Why, then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our WORKS,
And call THEM *shames* . . .

Them must clearly refer back to *works*, which Walker condemns as "palpably wrong" (A Critical Examination, iii. p. 192). *Works*, though not impossible, is certainly weak. We want a more definite word, implying "disgrace," "defeat," and it is tempting to adopt (as does Dyce) the correction of Collier's MS. Corrector *wrecks*. Singer less happily proposed *mocks*.

52. Line 32: *Nestor shall* APPLY.—Perhaps in the sense of "attend to."

53. Line 45: *Or made a* TOAST *for Neptune.*—Referring to the custom of soaking *toast* in wine. So in the Merry Wives, iii. 5. 3, Falstaff, adjuring Bardolph to fetch a quart of sack, adds: "put a *toast* in't." In the passage before us the "saucy boat" is to be the dainty morsel for Neptune to swallow.

54. Line 48: *The herd hath more annoyance by the* BREESE.—F. 1 has *brieze* here, and in the passage from Antony and Cleopatra, quoted below, *breeze*. The word is also written *brize*, and in Minsheu *brie;* a species of stinging gadfly, often used metaphorically to signify something "stinging," "annoying." Cf. Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 10. 14:

The *breese* upon her, like a cow in June.

So in Ben Jonson's The Poetaster, iii. 1.:

I can hold no longer,
This *brize* has prick'd my patience.
—Works, vol. ii. p. 441.

It is, as Grey in his notes points out, the word used by Dryden in translating Georgics, iii. 235:

This flying plague, to mark its quality,
Æstros the Grecians call, *Asylus* we;
A fierce, loud sounding *breeze*, their stings draw blood,
And drive the cattle gadding through the wood.

55. Line 51: *And flies* FLED *under shade.*—That is to say, "*are* fled." Theobald and Hanmer needlessly changed to "*get* under shade." Walker's "*flee* under" is preferable.

56. Line 54: RETORTS *to chiding fortune.*—F. 1 and F. 2 have *retyres;* F. 3 and F. 4, and Quarto, *retires*. Some change is necessary. Hanmer and Collier's MS. Corrector proposed *replies;* Pope, *returns;* Staunton, *rechides;* Dyce —and this is certainly the best—*retorts*. So the Cambridge editors and Globe Edn.

57. Line 64: *Should hold up high in* BRASS.—The editors are doubtless right in tracing here an allusion to the custom of engraving laws and public records on *brass*, and hanging them up on the walls of temples and other buildings of general resort. It is the reference, perhaps, in Measure for Measure, v. 1. 11, 12.

58. Line 65: *As venerable Nestor,* HATCH'D *in silver.*—A technical engraver's term. The word has survived in *hatch*ment and "cross *hatching*," a process, I believe, of *shading* familiar to all artists. Cotgrave has "*hache* royalle;" also "*hache* d'armes." The verb *hacher* he translates "to hacke, shread, slice; also, to *hatch a hilt*." Similarly *haché*="*hatched* as the hilt of a sword." Perhaps the allusion is to enamel work or carving of some sort on the handle. In any case, it enables us to explain satisfactorily the rather curious phrase "*hatched* in blood," which Beaumont and Fletcher occasionally use (*e.g.* in the Humorous Lieutenant, i. 1), the fact simply being that the blood dripping from the blade was regarded as a kind of ornament. In Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 257, Sir Andrew is described as a "knight, dubb'd with *unhatch'd* rapier and on carpet consideration," though some editors there read *unhacked*. Taking the present passage we must refer *silver*, not, as did Johnson, to Nestor's voice, but to his white hair. Compare line 296, and iv. 5. 209. Tyrwhitt conjectured *thatched;* but he must have forgotten, or did not know of, Shirley's exact reproduction of Shakespeare's line:

Thy hair is fine as gold, thy chin is *hatch'd* with silver.
—Love in a Maze, ii. 2, Shirley's Works, Gifford's ed. ii. p. 301.

The following lines (66–68) need no explanation, much less correction: *bond of air* is thoroughly Shakespearian. The whole passage is evidently a reminiscence of a stanza in Lucrece, 1401–1407:

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 't were encouraging the Greeks to fight;
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguiled attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech, it seem'd, his *beard, all silver white*,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.

The suggested comparison is not, I think, without point.

59. Line 73: *When* RANK *Thersites opes his* MASTIC *jaws.*—Apparently *mastic* is a corrupt form of *mastigia*, which in Terence means "a rascal," literally "one that always wants whipping." In late Latin the word came to signify "a whip," "scourge," and that must be the sense here. Many editors, however, read *mastiff*. This line, it should be noted, is considered by Mr. Fleay to lend very strong support to his theory that the character of Thersites is a satirical portrait of Dekker. Why? Because Dekker in the Poetaster is called *rank*, an astonishing coincidence with the first half of our verse, while *mastic* is the clearest of allusions to Dekker's Satiro-Mastix. It is ingenious, *mais ce n'est pas la critique*.

60. Line 81. *When that the general is not like the hive.*—The *general* should be to an army what the *hive* is to the bees, viz. the central rallying point to which each member may resort. The sense is excellent. Yet the frenzy of emendation has not spared the line. *Not likes; is not liked o'?, is not the life of*, have all been suggested.

61. Line 85: *the planets, and this* CENTRE.—Referring obviously to the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, in which the earth was the centre. So Hamlet, ii. 2. 157–159:

I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the *centre*.

"Fix like the *centre*" was not an unusual expression. Cf. Bussy D'Ambois, ii. 1, Chapman's Works, p. 152.

62. Line 87: INSISTURE, *course, proportion, &c.—Insisture* seems to = constancy, persistency. According to Nares the word does not occur elsewhere. We may note here that this fine speech, where the perfect clearness of thought and expression leaves little scope for the annotator, has been mercilessly mangled in Dryden's version. Indeed the whole of the scene (with which Dryden opens his play) has been unsparingly retrenched.

63. Line 100: MARRIED *calm of states.—Married* here simply means "closely united," as in Milton's:

> Lydian airs
> *Married* to immortal verse.

Compare Romeo and Juliet, note 43.

64. Line 113: *And make a* SOP *of all this solid globe.*—So in Lear, ii. 2. 35: "Draw, you rogue, . . . I'll make a *sop* o' the moonshine of you." Compare, too, Richard III. i. 4. 162; see also note 53.

65. Line 127: *And this* NEGLECTION *of degree it is.—Neglection* occurs again in Pericles, iii. 3. 20, where, however, Ff. read *neglect*. The general idea brought out in the passage is, that each man desires to aggrandize himself, and, in order to do so, slights his immediate superior.

66. Line 137: *Troy in our weakness* STANDS.—*Stands* (Q.) is more graphic than *lives* (Ff.); at least it seems to remind us of Virgil's "Troiaque nunc staret."

67. Line 153: *And, like a* STRUTTING PLAYER.—It is curious to note with what almost invariable contempt Shakespeare speaks of the stage and of the actor's calling, which, for a time at least, was his own. Compare the famous lines in Macbeth, v. 5. 24–26:

> Life 's but a walking shadow, a *poor player*
> That *struts* and frets his hour upon the stage
> And then is heard no more.

Above all, in the Sonnets, where alone we can trace the personality of the poet, where—to adopt Matthew Arnold's line—Shakespeare "abides our question"—he gives full vent to his loathing of the actor's life:

> Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there
> And made myself a motley to the view,
> Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
> Made old offences of affections new. . . .

This (cx.) and the following sonnet are purely autobiographical; they let us know how Shakespeare estimated the art of the actor.

> For he who struts his hour upon the stage
> Can scarce protract his fame thro' half an age;
> Nor pen nor pencil can the actor save—
> Both art and artist have one common grave.

The lines were written by Garrick. [I cannot agree with the views here expressed by Mr. Verity, although they are doubtless shared by many. In this passage, and in the one taken from Macbeth, Shakespeare is merely putting into the mouths of his characters the conventional estimate of the actor's profession which was held by Society in his time. The dignified and nobly-worded defence of acting and actors by Hamlet is worth a hundred such commonplace sneers; and as for Sonnet cxi. (not cx., which latter has little to do with his profession of actor), the less said about that the better. Its unhealthy and morbid tone does Shakespeare little credit. If once we lose sight of the intense *artificiality* of the greater portion of the Sonnets, we must be driven to very awkward conclusions as to Shakespeare's character.—F. A. M.]

68. Line 157: O'ER-WRESTED *seeming.*—Q. and Ff. read "*ore-rested*;" the correction (made by Pope) seems certain. For the metaphor compare iii. 3. 23, and note 194. Delius' *o'er-jested* is ingenious.

69. Line 171: *Arming to answer in a night-alarm.*—So in Henry V. ii. 4. 2, 3:

> And more than carefully it us concerns
> To *answer* royally in our defences.

In each case the idea is "repelling an attack."

70. Line 180: *Severals and generals of* GRACE EXACT.—This seems to mean "our individual and collective qualities of perfection," or as Johnson phrases it, of "excellence irreprehensible;" but I cannot help suspecting some corruption in the line. Staunton's suggestion "of *grace and act*" would make fair sense. Collier's MS. Corrector gave "*all grace extract*," *i.e.* deprived of all the grace which really belonged to them.

71. Line 184: *As stuff for these two to make* PARADOXES.—The force of *paradox* is not very clear. Johnson wished that the copies had given *parodies*.

72. Line 195: *To weaken and discredit our exposure; i.e.* he minimizes the dangers to which we are exposed. In the following speech Ulysses develops the idea that in war policy and forethought should count for more than brute strength and bravery.

73. Line 205: *They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war.*—Theobald punctuated "bed-work mapp'ry, closet war," *i.e.* treating *bed-work* as an adjective.

74. Lines 211, 212:

> *Achilles' horse*
> *Makes many Thetis' sons;*

i.e. at this rate *Achilles' horse* is as good as *Achilles* himself. It is superfluous to say that *Achilles* was the son of "sea-born" Thetis.

75. Line 224: *A* STRANGER *to those most imperial looks.*—And yet this was the seventh year of the war. Perhaps, as Steevens explains, Shakespeare thought that the leaders on either side fought with beavers to their helmets after the manner of the mediæval knights. So in act iv. 5. 195, 196, Nestor says to Hector:

> this thy countenance, *still lock'd in steel,*
> I never saw till now.

76. Line 235: *Courtiers as free, as* DEBONAIR.—The word *debonair* only occurs in this passage in Shakespeare. Milton's line in L'Allegro (24) it would be superfluous to quote, but it may be worth while to note that Milton was plagiarizing from Thomas Randolph, in whose Aristippus we have:

> A bowl of wine is wondrous good cheer,
> To make one blithe, buxom and *debonair*.

Perhaps Randolph in turn had remembered Pericles, i. Prol. 23.

77. Lines 238, 239:

> JOVE'S ACCORD,
> *Nothing so full of heart.*

I think we must take this (with Theobald) as an ablative absolute=*Jove probante*. The interpretation, of course, is awkward, if not impossible, but the corrections have little to say for themselves. Steevens proposed "*Jove's a lord;*" Malone, most confidently, "*Jove's a God;*" Mason, most grotesquely, "*Jove's own bird.*"

78. Line 244: *that praise,* SOLE PURE, *transcends.*—Collier's MS. Corrector gave *soul-pure*, an expression, said Collier, "of great force and beauty;" but to Dyce it conveyed "no meaning at all."

79. Line 262: *this dull and* LONG-*continu'd* TRUCE.—This is inconsistent with what has preceded; cf. for instance, the second scene, line 34. It is one of the contradictions that point to the composite nature of the play.

80. Lines 269, 270:

CONFESSION,
With truant vows to her own lips he loves.

i.e. confession (or *profession*, which Hanmer reads) made with idle vows to the lips of her whom he loves.

81. Line 272: *to him this* CHALLENGE.—The single combat between Hector and Ajax occurs in the seventh Iliad, 215–300. Such incidents abound in the old romances.

82. Line 282: *The Grecian dames are* SUNBURNT.—Compare Beatrice's complaint: "Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am *sunburn'd;* I may sit in a corner, and cry Heigh-ho for a husband!" (Much Ado, ii. 1. 331–333; and see note 132 of that play). In the Tempest, iv. 1. 134 the word does not bear any uncomplimentary associations.

83. Line 296: *I'll hide my silver beard in a gold* BEAVER.—Properly *beaver* signified the visor of the helmet, its sense in the present passage; cf. Hamlet, i. 2. 230, with Mr. Aldis Wright's note. Often used for the helmet itself; so I. Henry IV. iv. 1. 104. Skeat derives from *bavière*, a bib; another derivation is *boire*, because the beaver had to be raised if the wearer wanted to drink. Compare III. Henry VI. note 39.

84. Line 297: *And in my* VANTBRACE.—Q. has *vambrace;* a species of armour for the arm=*avant bras.* Compare "*Vantbrace* and greaves and gauntlet" (Samson Agonistes, 1121).

85. Line 313: *Be you my* TIME; *i.e.* "*Time* brings all schemes to maturity; in the present case do you fulfil the office of *Time.*"

86. Lines 324, 325:

The purpose is perspicuous even as SUBSTANCE,
Whose GROSSNESS *little* CHARACTERS *sum up.*

Warburton has a recondite note on these lines, the meaning of which seems to me fairly simple. *Substance*= estate, property; *grossness*=gross sum, value; *characters* =numerals; and the whole idea is parallel to the thought expressed in Henry V. prologue to act i. 15, 16:

a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million.

Compare, too, the Winter's Tale, i. 2. 6, 7:

like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place.

87. Line 341: *shall give a* SCANTLING, &c.—*Scantling* here signifies, not so much "a sample" (Schmidt, Shakespeare Lexicon), as "a measure," "proportion." Properly it means "a cut piece of timber;" then, apparently, "a small piece of anything." So Malone quotes from Florio's translation (1603) of Montaigne's Essays: "When the lion's skin will not suffice, we must add a *scantling* of the fox's." For derivation, cf. French *eschantillon*. *The general*=the community, as in Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 12, and Hamlet, ii. 2. 457: "'t was caviare to *the general.*"

88. Line 343, 344:

And in such INDEXES, *although small* PRICKS
To their subséquent volumes.

Several passages illustrate Shakespeare's use of the word *index; e.g.* Hamlet, iii. 4. 51, 52:

Ay me, what act
That roars so loud, and thunders in the *index?*

Compare, too, Othello, ii. 1. 263: "an *index* and obscure prologue," and Richard III. ii. 2. 148: "as *index* to the story we late talk'd of." It is not enough in explaining these lines to say that the *index* was usually prefixed to a volume; it should be remembered that the word did not bear quite its modern sense, but signified what we should now call the "table of contents." So Minsheu defines it: "Table in a book." *Prick* was used for a small mark or point; so in expression "*prick* of noon."

89. Lines 361, 362:

The lustre of the better yet to show,
Shall show the better.

So the Folio, a great improvement on the reading of Q.:

The lustre of the better *shall exceed,*
By shewing the worse first.

Grant White's

Shall show the better *thus.* Do not consent

gives an easier rhythm.

90. Lines 375, 376:

let BLOCKISH AJAX *draw*
The sort.

As applied to Telamonian Ajax the epithet *blockish* (and in line 381, *dull brainless*) is not very appropriate. In the Iliad he is the type of strength, but not of dulness; and *blockish* could scarcely be said of the subject of Sophocles' drama. Probably, as the editors explain, Shakespeare has confounded the *Telamonian Ajax* with *Ajax Oileus.*

91. Line 392: *Must* TARRE *the mastiffs on.*—This was a sportsman's term=to urge on dogs to fight; cf. King John, iv. 1. 117, and Hamlet, ii. 2. 370: "and the nation holds it no sin to *tarre* them to controversy."

ACT II. Scene 1.

92. Line 6: *a botchy* CORE.—Grant White has an interesting note on this disputed expression. "The old copies," he says, "have 'a botchy *core;*' which reading has been hitherto retained, although its meaning is past conjecture. But *core* is a mere phonographic spelling of *corps.* See Bacon's Life of Henry VII. p. 17: 'For he was in a *core* of people whose affections he suspected.' Thersites makes a pun, and uses *general* to refer to Agamemnon and to

the *general* body or corps of soldiers as in act iv. scene 5 of this play." Grant White prints *corps;* Collier's MS. Corrector had the obvious *sore*. Throughout this first part of the scene we have persistent quibbling and word-play.

[It has always been a source of wonder to me how commentators could have missed the obvious meaning of the word *core* here, and have wanted to make utterly unnecessary emendations. Even Staunton, who is generally so careful to abstain from tampering with the text, suggests "botchy *cur*." If we read the whole speech—it is not a delicate or pleasant one—we shall at once see the meaning of the word *core*. *Core*, from the Latin *cor*, means, as is well known, "a kernel" or "seed-vessel of any fruit," and it also means in medicine "The slough which forms at the central part of *boils*" (see Hoblyn's Dict. of Medical Terms, *sub voce*); and Johnson (ed. 1756) defines the word as "The matter contained in a *boil* or sore," and appends a quotation from Dryden:

> Launce the sore,
> And cut the head; for, 'till the *core* be found,
> The secret vice is fed, and gathers ground.

There very probably is a pun intended on *core* and *corps* (="body of men," or simply "body"); but there can be little doubt that the meaning of the word *core* in this passage is the one given above.—F. A. M.]

93. Lines 13, 14: *The* PLAGUE *of Greece upon thee, thou* MONGREL BEEF-*witted lord!*—Referring, probably, to the *plague* sent by Apollo upon the army of the Greeks, mentioned in the first book of the Iliad. *Mongrel*, because Ajax's father, Telamon, was a Greek, his mother, Hesione, a Trojan; cf. iv. 5. 120. For *beef*-witted Grey (Notes) very badly conjectured *half*-witted; he must have forgotten Sir Andrew's memorable "I am a great eater of *beef*, and I believe that does harm to my wit" (Twelfth Night, i. 3. 89–91). Shakespeare suggests a similar antagonism in Henry V. iii. 7. 161, and in Marlowe's Edward II. ii. 2, the brilliant court favourite, Gaveston, scornfully bids the English nobles "go sit at home and eat their tenants' *beef*" (Marlowe's Works, Bullen's ed. ii. 156).

94. Line 15: *thou* VINEWEDST *leaven.*—Q. has *unsalted;* Ff. *whined'st;* the latter is probably a corruption of *vinewed'st*. Why should the reading of Q. have been changed? "Because," says Johnson, "want of salt was no fault in leaven;" to which Malone replies that "leaven without the addition of salt does not make good bread." This is specializing too deeply; the poet was not a baker, and only a professional instinct could appreciate these editorial subtleties. The fact, I imagine, is, that of the two epithets *vinewed'st* was far the more graphic, the more offensive and therefore the more appropriate; hence its substitution. As to the proposed alternatives, Hanmer suggested *whinnid'st*, which he explained to mean "crooked;" Theobald, *unwinnow'd'st;* Warburton, *windy-est*. Collier's MS. Corrector agreed with the Folio. For *vinew*, or *finew* = "mouldy," L. *mucidus*, Nares quotes from the Mirror for Magistrates, p. 417:

> A souldier's hands must oft be died with goare,
> Lest, starke with rest, they *finew'd* wax or hoare.

Compare, too, Beaumont's Letter prefixed to Speght's edition of Chaucer, 1602, and subsequently reprinted: "Many of Chaucer's words are become as it were *vinewed* and hoarie with over long lying." The substantive is given, and rightly explained, by Minsheu. As to etymology, Skeat connects with A.S. *finegian* = to become mouldy, the same root being seen in A.S. *fenn* = mire, whence modern *fen*.

95. Lines 39–43:

> Ajax. MISTRESS *Thersites!*
> Ther. *Thou shouldst strike him.*
> Ajax. COBLOAF!
> Ther. *He would* PUN *thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.*

There are one or two points here. "Why *Mistress* Thersites?" says Walker (A Critical Examination, iii. p. 193); and Nares echoed the query. Surely the application of the word to Thersites is not so inappropriate or strange. He is a scold, quick of tongue and coward of heart, and in Hamlet's phrase, "must fall a cursing, like a very drab." He stings and buzzes about the unwieldy Ajax, and the latter expresses his contempt for mere cleverness, by retorting, You are not a man at all, you are only a shrill-tongued shrew. More formidable is the *Cobloaf* crux, chiefly because of the disagreement of Q. and F. 1. F. 1 gives the text printed above; Q. assigns the speeches as follows:

> *Ajax.* Mistress Thersites.
> *Ther.* Thou should'st strike him. Ajax, *Coblofe,*
> Hee would punne thee into shivers with his fist.

Obviously the question resolves itself into this: to whom is *Cobloaf* as a term of contempt most applicable? To Ajax, as spoken by Thersites, or *vice versa?* The accounts of the word vary. Nares gives the following: "*Cobloaf*. A large loaf. *Cob* is used in composition to express large, as *cob-nut, cob-swan.*" Similarly Gifford in a note on Every Man in his Humour, i. 3, says: "our old writers used the word as a distinctive mark of bulk" (Ben Jonson's Works, vol. i. p. 28). From this it would seem that the Quarto is right. But Minsheu in his Dictionary speaks of a *cob* as "a bunne. It is a little loaf made with a round head, such as cob-irons which support the fire." He translates it by the French *briquet*, and *briquet* again in Cotgrave = "little round loaves or lumps, made of fine meal, . . . bunnes, lenten loaves." Minsheu, therefore, and Cotgrave favour the Folio; "little round lumps" would nicely fit one's conception of Thersites. But the point cannot be definitely settled; the meanings of *cob* are too various; the Imperial Dictionary enumerates no less than eleven. Of these a very curious one occurs in Nashe's The Unfortunate Traveller, where he speaks of a "lord high regent of rashers of the coles and red herring *cobs*" (Nashe's Prose Works, ed. Grosart, in Huth Library, vol. v. p. 14); cf. too, his tract, A Prognostication, vol. ii. p. 163, and Greene's Looking Glass for London and England, p. 144. Doron's eclogue in Menaphon begins: "Sit down Carmela, here are *cobs* for kings," where, however, the reference may be to apples (Greene's Works, p. 291). I have known the expression *cob* applied by Lancashire people to small buns; perhaps its survival is a mere localism. Etymologically *pun* = pound, the *d* in the latter being excrescent; from A.S. *punian*.

96. Line 46: *Thou stool for a witch!*—Alluding, as Grey points out, to one of the many kinds of witch-torture.

There is a reference to the custom in Brand's chapter on "Witches" (Popular Antiquities, Bohn's ed. iii. p. 23).

97. Line 48: *an* ASSINEGO *may tutor thee.*—Q. and Ff. have *asinico*, from which Singer conjectured that the true reading was *assinico*, from Spanish *asnico*=a young or little ass. Pope proposed *Assinego*, a Portuguese word for ass; probably this is right, the word being found in Beaumont and Fletcher (see Dyce's ed. iii. 107) and elsewhere.

98. Line 75: *his* EVASIONS *have ears thus long; i.e.* donkey's ears.—By *evasions* he means the artifices which a man employs in an argument. The whole expression is an admirably humorous way of representing the clumsiness of Ajax in discussion.

99. Line 77: *and his* PIA MATER *is not worth.*—Properly the *pia mater* is one of the membranous coverings of the brain; often, however, used as here to signify the brain itself. So in Twelfth Night, i. 5. 123, the clown is afraid that Sir Toby "has a most weak *pia mater*;" compare, too, Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 2. 71. In Randolph's Aristippus the quack physician, Signor Medico de Campo, opines that the philosoper after his beating is in a parlous case: "By my troth, sir, he is wonderfully hurt. His *pia mater*, I perceive, is clean out of joint; of the twenty bones of the cranium there is but one left" (Randolph's Works, p. 32). The converse, *dura mater*, Shakespeare does not use.

100. Line 95.—*Will you* SET *your wit to a fool's? i.e.* match your wit against.—The term is taken from tennis, to which allusions are frequent. Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 1. 137. So in the Witch of Edmonton, ii. 1:

> A ball well bandied, now the *set's* half won.
> —Ford's work, vol. ii. p. 481.

101. Line 107: *and you as under an* IMPRESS.—Enforced service. So in Hamlet, i. 1. 75:

> Why such *impress* of shipwrights.

102. Line 120: *to Achilles! to.*—Thersites keeps up the previous metaphor of yoking, imitating what he supposes Nestor to say to Achilles.

103. Line 126.—*Achilles'* BRACH.—Q. and Ff. read *brooch*. The almost certain emendation was made by Rowe. Johnson, with forensic subtlety, suggested that a *brooch* being "an appendant ornament," the phrase might here signify "one of Achilles' hangers on!" Malone hazarded *brock*=fop; compare Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 114: "Marry, hang thee, *brock!*" The objection to *brooch* is that Shakespeare uses the word at least once in a complimentary sense:

> the *brooch*, indeed,
> And gem of all the nation;
> —Hamlet, iv. 7. 94.

compare, too, Richard II. v. 5. 66. *Brach* is explained by v. 1. 18, 19.

ACT II. Scene 2.

104. Lines 14, 15:

> *the wound of peace is surety,*
> *Surety* SECURE.

An obvious Latinism. Compare Henry V. iv. Prol. 17:

> Proud of their numbers, and *secure* in soul.

So in the present play, iv. 5. 73. We may remember too the couplet in L'Allegro:

> Sometime with *secure* delight
> The upland hamlets will invite.
> —91, 92.

105. Line 19: *'mongst many thousand* DISMES.—Minsheu has a long account of the word: "made," he says, "of the French *Decimes* and signifieth tenth, or the tenth part of all the fruits, either of the earth, or beasts, or our labour due unto God, and so consequently to him that is of the Lord's lot, and hath his share, viz. our Paster. It signifieth also the tenths of all spiritual livings, yeerely given to the Prince—which in ancient times were paid to the Popes, until Pope Urbane gave them to Richard the Second, to aid him against Charles, the French King. Lastly it signifieth a tribute levied of the Temporaltie" (Dictionary, p. 234). In the present passage, of course, the word merely means "tenths of the army."

106. Line 29.—*The* PAST-*proportion of his infinite?*—"That greatness," says Johnson, "to which no measure bears any proportion," a fine expression needlessly changed by some last-century editors to "*vast* proportion." "*Part* proportion" is a curiously infelicitous proposal. The words should, I think, be hyphened.

107. Line 33: *you bite so sharp at* REASONS.—Perhaps, as Malone thinks, a quibble is intended such as Dogberry is guilty of in Much Ado, v. 1. 212.

108. Lines 49, 50:

> *reason and* RESPECT
> *Make livers pale.*

So in Lucrece, 274, 275:

> Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!
> *Respect* and reason, wait on wrinkled age.

In each case *respect* means caution, fear of consequences. Falstaff, it will be remembered, branded a *pale liver* as "the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice" (II. Henry IV. iv. 3. 113).

109. Line 52: *What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd.*—Grey quotes Butler's couplet:

> For what 's the worth of anything
> But so much money as 't will bring?

110. Lines 58-60:

> *And the will dotes, that is attributive*
> *To what infectiously itself affects,*
> *Without some image of th' affected merit.*

The meaning is fairly simple: "the man is foolish who invests an object with excellence, and excessively admires that excellence, when all the time it has no foundation in fact, but is simply the creation of his fancy."

111. Line 64.—*Two* TRADED *pilots; i.e.* professional, experienced. See note 272, and compare King John, iv. 3. 109.

112. Line 71: *in unrespective* SIEVE.—Q. has *sive*, F. 1, *same*, F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, *place*. *Sieve*, the reading in effect of Q., makes excellent sense, the limitation of the word to utensils with which to strain or riddle things being comparatively modern: indeed in some country districts it is still applied to a certain kind of fruit-basket. So Browning in his poem, A Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister, has:

When he gathers his greengages,
Ope a *sieve* and slip it in.

Probably the *sieves* in which witches were floated to sea were wicker vessels of some kind. Originally they may have been made of rushes, which would explain the origin of the word, *seave*, and the cognate forms in Icelandic and Swedish, signifying a *rush*.

113. Line 79: *and makes* STALE *the morning.*—This, the Folio reading, has perhaps more force than the *pale* of the Quarto, which Malone retains. Shakespeare is fond of *stale* both adjective and verb; compare Winter's Tale, iv. 1. 12–14:

so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make *stale*
The glistering of this present.

But the word occurs too frequently to need illustration.

114. Line 82.—*Whose price hath* LAUNCH'D *above* A THOUSAND SHIPS.—Shakespeare is reproducing the opening lines of the great passage in Marlowe's Doctor Faustus, scene xiv. lines 83, 84:

Was this the face that *launch'd a thousand ships*
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
—Marlowe's Works, Bullen ed., vol. i. p. 275.

It may be worth while to note that Christopher Marlowe is the only contemporary dramatist to whom Shakespeare definitely alludes in terms of admiration; it is pleasant to think that it should be so. Modern criticism abundantly recognizes the fact that Marlowe rendered English literature the most signal and sovereign services, at once by freeing blank verse from the fetters imposed upon it by the authors of the dreary Gorboduc, by elevating, and to a certain extent fixing the form and style of the romantic drama, and by driving off the stage the "jigging veins of rhyming mother wits" that are satirized in the prologue to Tamburlaine. Shakespeare's debt to Marlowe was great, and passages in his plays show that he was familiar with the works of his brother poet. Thus in As You Like It we have (iii. 5. 82) the direct apostrophe to the "Dead shepherd," followed by the quotation of the line from Hero and Leander, which soon became a proverb:

Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?
—Hero and Leander, First Sestiad, line 176.

Again, in The Merry Wives of Windsor, iii. 1. 17–20, a stanza is introduced from the immortal lyric, "Come live with me and be my love." For similar Marlowe touches compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 1. 20–27 (a less complimentary allusion), All's Well that Ends Well, i. 3. 74, 75, and Romeo and Juliet, v. 1. 8, where Romeo's "breath'd such life with kisses in my lips" is an obvious reminiscence of Hero and Leander, Second Sestiad, line 3.

115. Lines 87, 88:

for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cried, "Inestimable!"

The account in Caxton's Troybook of the carrying-off of Helen is very quaint and picturesque; this is the description of Paris' return: "There came forth of the Town King *Priamus* with a great company of noblemen, and received his children and his friends with great joy, who came to *Helen*, and bowed courteously to her, and welcomed her honourably. And when they came nigh the city, they found great store of people glad of their coming, with instruments of musick: and in such joy came into the palace of King *Priamus:* he himself lighted down and helped *Helen* from her palfrey, and led her by the hand into the hall, and made great joy all the night, throughout all the city for these tydings. And the next morning, *Paris* by consent of his father, wedded *Helen* in the temple of *Pallas*, and the feasts were lengthened throughout all the city, for space of eight days" (Destruction of Troy, book iii. p. 19).

116. Line 90: *And do a deed that* FORTUNE *never did.*—I think the meaning is: "you are more fickle than *fortune* herself. One day you rate Helen above all price; the next, when you have won her, she is of no account in your eyes. *Fortune's* wheel is not so variable."

117. Line 100.—*It is* CASSANDRA.—In Caxton's Troybook *Cassandra*, "a noble virgin; learned with sciences, and knew things that were to come," foretells, as here, the destruction of Troy, until "King Priamus hearing it intreated her to cease, but she would not. And then he commanded her to be cast into prison, where she was kept many days" (book iii. p. 19). It is a point to be noticed that Shakespeare does not make more out of *Cassandra*. In Troilus and Cressida she is only, to echo Heine's criticism, "an ordinary prophetess of evil," whereas it would have been an easy task to invest her figure with a mysterious impressive awe.

118. Line 104: *mid-age and wrinkled* ELD.—Q. has *elders;* Ff. *old*. Perhaps with Walker we should emend still further to "*mid age* and wrinkled eld;" the gain in symmetry is obvious.

119. Lines 110, 111:

Our FIREBRAND *brother, Paris, burns us all.*
Cry, Trojans, cry! A HELEN AND A WOE!

The language and the allusions here are quite classical. "*Firebrand* brother" refers to Hecuba's dream, in which she supposed herself to be pregnant of a burning torch. It is a detail unknown to Homer: compare, however, Æneid, vii. 320:

nec *face* tantum
Cisseis *prægnans* ignes enixa jugales.

So also in Æneid, x. 704, 705:

et *face prægnans*
Cisseis regina Parim creat.

Parallel references might be quoted from English classics. Thus Peele, in the Tale of Troy, has:

behold, at length,
She dreams, and gives her lord to understand
That she should soon *bring forth a fire-brand.*
—Works, p. 551.

A Helen and a woe reminds us of the famous line in the Agamemnon (689), which Browning vividly reproduced in:

Ship's hell, Man's hell, City's hell.

120. Line 116: *no* DISCOURSE OF REASON.—The same phrase occurs in Hamlet, i. 2. 150:

O God! a beast, that wants *discourse of reason.*

Compare same play, iv. 4. 36:

Sure, he that made us with such large *discourse;*

and Othello, iv. 2. 153:

Either in *discourse of thought* or actual deed.

In each case *discourse* bears the once common, but now obsolete, sense of reasoning; it points to the working of the mind, to the logical processes through which the latter must pass in arguing.

121. Line 133: *my* PROPENSION; *i.e.* inclination. Cf. line 190: "I *propend* to you."

122. Line 141: *Paris should ne'er retract.*—Compare Iliad, vii. 362.

123. Line 150: *the* RANSACK'D *queen.*—*Ransack'd* here = the Latin *rapta;* it means simply "taken away by force," that force being employed not against the person taken away, but against the persons from whom she was taken. Schmidt explains the word as = *ravished* in this play; but this might be misleading, unless it were explained that *ravishment*, in legal phraseology, meant, originally, what we now call "abduction;" and therefore *ravished* would mean simply "abducted," and not, as it would imply generally nowadays, the crime of rape. It will be noticed that just above, in line 148, Paris uses *rape* in the sense in which it was used in Shakespeare's time, for mere "abduction." According to Cowell *rape* was used only in this sense in civil law, never in criminal. Spenser uses the word *ransacked* in the sense of "violat" (bk. i. c. i. st. 5) in the well-known passage where Archimago tries to ravish Una:

> And win rich spoils of *ransackt* chastitee.

Of course the queen is Helen, not, as Hunter says, Hesione.

124. Line 162: *The world's large spaces cannot* PARALLEL; *i.e.* cannot produce her equal.

125. Line 165: *Have* GLOZ'D.—A *gloze* or a *gloss* is a commentary; the word generally bears the idea of "deceit;" cf. Milton's "well plac'd words of *glozing* courtesy" (Comus, 161). It is not hard to see how the meaning arose. The *gloss* (=γλῶσσα) was the word which needed explanation; then it came to signify the explanation itself; and finally, by an easy transition, a false explanation. A good instance of its use occurs in Ford's Perkin Warbeck, i. 2:

> You construe my griefs to so hard a sense,
> That where *the text* is argument of pity,
> Matter of earnest love, *your gloss corrupts it.*
> —Ford's Works, ii. 17.

126. Line 166: *whom* ARISTOTLE *thought.*—To avoid the rather absurd anachronism Rowe and Pope read (with splendid courage) "whom *graver sages think!*" For the sentiment we are referred to Bacon, Advancement of Learning, bk. ii. xxii.

127. Line 172: *Have ears more* DEAF *than* ADDERS.—An old superstition, often alluded to; thus, in Randolph's The Muse's Looking Glass the Anchorite remarks:

> How happy are the moles that have no eyes!
> How blessed the *adders* that they *have no ears.*
> —Works, vol. i. p. 207.

Compare II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 76:

> What! art thou, like the *adder*, waxen *deaf?*

and see note 188 of that play.

128. Line 189: *in way of truth; i.e.* "judging the matter solely on the ground of what is just and right." This speech is a fine piece of characterization.

129. Line 202: CANÓNIZE *us.*—This is Shakespeare's invariable accentuation of the word. Compare Hamlet, i. 4. 47:

> Why thy *canónix'd* bones, hearsed in death;

and King John, iii. 1. 177:

> *Canónized*, and worshipp'd as a saint.

See, too, II. Henry VI. i. 3. 63. Similarly in Marlowe's Faustus, i. 1. 118, we find:

> Shall make all nations to *canónize* us.

Whereas Chapman, in Byron's Conspiracy, ii. 1, writes:

> Should make your highness *cánonised* a saint.

(Works, edn. 1874, p. 229).

ACT II. Scene 3.

130. Line 7: *a rare* ENGINER.—All such words as *engineer*, "sonneteer," "mutineer," &c., were formerly spelt with a final *er* instead of *eer*. So in Chapman's Monsieur D'Olive, iii. 1, we have: "by the brains of some great *enginer*" (Works, edn. 1874, p. 129). For an exhaustive discussion of the question see Walker, Shakespeare's Versification, pp. 217–227.

131. Line 10: *lose all the* SERPENTINE *craft of thy caduceus.*—A classical touch, as Steevens notes; cf. Martial, Epigrams, bk. vii. 74:

> Cyllenes cœlique decus, facunde minister,
> Aurea cui *torto* virga *draconе* viret.

132. Line 27: *a gilt* COUNTERFEIT.—Hanmer, following Rowe, read *counter*. In a note on As You Like It, ii. 7. 63 ("What, for a *counter*, would I do but good?"), Knight says that these counters or *jettons* were made of various metals, for the most part at Nürnberg. They were used to count with, and are alluded to in Julius Cæsar, iv. 3. 80 (where see Clarendon Press note), and Winter's Tale, iv. 3. 38; also in this play, ii. 2. 28. In the present passage *slipp'd* is used quibblingly in allusion to the spurious coins known as *slips*—a word-play of which the dramatists were very fond. So in Romeo and Juliet, ii. 4. 50, 51, when Romeo asks "What counterfeit did I give you?" Mercutio replies, "The *slip*, sir, the *slip;*" so also Venus and Adonis, 515. Ben Jonson, too, in Every Man in His Humour, ii. 3, has: "Let the world think me *a bad counterfeit* if I cannot give him the *slip* at an instant."

133. Line 37: *never shrouded any but* LAZARS.—Generally applied to people afflicted with leprosy; cf. "most *lazar*-like," Hamlet, i. 5. 72. It is perhaps superfluous to note the derivation; from *Lazarus*, Luke xvi. 20.

134. Line 55: *I'll* DECLINE *the whole question.*—Thersites borrows a term from the grammar-book, and then proceeds to quibble upon it. Compare Richard III. iv. 4. 97.

135. Line 86: *He* SHENT *our messengers.*—Q. has *sate;* Ff. *sent*. The absolutely certain emendation in the text is due to Theobald. Hanmer printed "he *sent* us messengers" (very poor); while Collier followed his MS. Corrector in reading "we *sent* our messengers," objecting to Theobald's conjecture on the ground that the fact of

Achilles rebuking the messenger had not been stated in the play. *Shent*, it may be noted, entirely agrees with scene iii. of the first act, where Achilles is said to have taken pleasure in seeing Patroclus' *pageant* (*i.e.* mimic and burlesque) Agamemnon and the other leaders; also, if, as Dyce ingeniously suggests, the *sate* of the Quarto is a corruption of *rates*, we have a fresh argument in favour of *shent*, a word which Shakespeare uses several times, *e.g.* Merry Wives of Windsor, i. 4. 38; Twelfth Night, iv. 2. 112; Hamlet, iii. 2. 416.

136. Line 103: *if he have lost his* ARGUMENT.—Here in the sense of theme, subject; cf. *argumentum*. The word is of too frequent occurrence in Shakespeare to require illustration. We may remember, however, Milton's famous invocation:

> what in me is dark
> Illumine, what is low raise and support,
> That to the highth of this great *argument*
> I may assert Eternal Providence
> And justify the ways of God to men.
> —Paradise Lost, i. 22-26.

137. Line 113: *The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy.*—Cf. iii. 3. 48, 49. That the elephant's legs had no joints was a current superstition.

138. Line 121: *An after-dinner's* BREATH.—So in Hamlet, v. 2. 182: "'t is the *breathing* time of day with me." In each case the idea suggested is "light exercise," "relaxation."

139. Line 134: *Than in the note of* JUDGMENT.—*Note of judgment* seems to be equivalent to *judgment* simply; so we now speak of a person as "having no *judgment;*" but possibly "*judged* by other people" may be the idea. The text of this passage has been needlessly emended in various details.

140. Line 138: *His humorous* PREDOMINANCE.—Shakespeare is referring to the astrological term; it occurs in Lear, i. 2. 134: "knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical *predominance*."

141. Line 139: *His pettish* LUNES, *his ebbs, his flows.*—Ff. have "pettish *lines;*" Q. "*his course and time*, his ebbs and flowes;" Pope read *his course and times*. The emendation in the text is due to Hanmer. A similar confusion, *lines* for *lunes*, occurs in Merry Wives of Windsor, iv. 2. 22, where the correction was made by Theobald. For *lunes* (=whims, freaks), cf. Winter's Tale, ii. 2. 30.

142. Line 149: *In second voice we 'll not be satisfied; i.e.* "a substitute will not be sufficient, he must come himself."

143. Line 169: *I do hate a proud man*, &c.—For the thought cf. i. 3. 241, 242.

144. Line 187: *the* DEATH-TOKENS *of 't.*—A reference to the small dark spots which appeared on the skins of people infected with the plague; they were supposed to portend certain *death*. Cf. Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 10. 9, 10:

> like the *token'd* pestilence,
> Where *death* is sure.

145. Line 195: *with his own* SHAM.—*Seam*=tallow, fat; cf. *enseamed*, Hamlet, iii. 4. 92.

146. Line 213: *I 'll* PASH *him.*—In Shakespeare only occurs here (where, however, Q. has *push*) and in act v. 5. 10. It is found in Greene (Works, p. 94) and Marlowe (Bullen's ed. vol. i. p. 59); also in Massinger (Works, p. 10), Virgin Martyr, ii. 2; and in The White Devil of Webster (Works, ed. Dyce, vol. i. p. 8). The word is of Scandinavian origin (Skeat). Browning has it in "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came," stanza xii.

147. Line 215: *I 'll* PHEEZE *his pride.*—We have *Pheezar* in Merry Wives, i. 3. 9; while the Taming of the Shrew begins: "I 'll *pheeze* you, in faith" (see note 1 of that play). The etymology of the word is not clear, nor its exact meaning. I take, however, the following from the Imperial Dictionary, sub voce *Feaze*. "[Perhaps connected with Swiss *fitzen, fausen*, D. *veselen*, Fr. *fesser*, to whip.] To whip with rods; to tease; to worry. Written also *Feeze, Feize*, and *Pheeze*." The same authority gives a substantive *Feaze* = "State of being anxious or excited; worry; vexation." The eighteenth-century commentators seem to have misunderstood the word. Hanmer, for instance, explains it: "to separate a twist into single threads. In the figurative sense it may well enough be taken like teaze;" and this is the account offered by Steevens, Johnson, and others. But *feaze* in this sense looks like a derivative from the A.S. *faes*=thread; cf. G. *fasern*. According to Gifford it was in his days still in common use in the west of England, and meant "to beat," "to chastise;" this is obviously its sense in the present passage, and as a localism the word may still survive. Wedgwood has a long article on the subject, discriminating between the two meanings.

148. Line 221: *The raven chides blackness.*—Obviously another version of the proverb, "the kettle calls the pot black." See Bohn's Proverbs, p. 108.

149. Line 222: *I 'll let his humours blood.*—Malone points out that a collection of epigrams, satires, &c., was printed in 1600 with the title, The *Letting of Humours Blood* in the Head Vaine.

150. Line 227: *should eat swords first.*—It is not necessary to change the reading; but Grey's ingenious proposal deserves mention: "a should eat 's words first." In the next two lines there is an obvious word-play.

151. Line 233: *his ambition is* DRY.—*Dry* often=thirsty. Cf. Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 59:

> *Dry* sorrow drinks our blood.

152. Line 244: *A whoreson dog, that shall* PALTER *thus with us!*—Here *palter* is used in the sense of *trifle;* in Macbeth, v. 8. 20, and Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 126="equivocating." Skeat derives it from *palter*, rags, and says that it originally meant "to deal in rags," and so "to haggle about paltry things."

153. Line 252: *Praise* HIM *that got thee,* SHE *that gave thee suck; i.e. Telamon* and *Eribœa* though later in this play (iv. 5. 83) Hesione is represented as having been the mother of Ajax.

154. Line 258: *Bull-bearing Milo.*—The legendary athlete of Crotona.

155. Line 260: *like a* BOURN, *a pale, a shore.*—For

bourn = boundary (its etymological meaning) cf. Winter's Tale, i. 2. 134:

No *bourn* 'twixt his and mine.

156. Line 263: *He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.*—Such brachylogy is characteristic. Compare i. 3. 289.

ACT III. Scene 1.

157. Line 14: *You are in the state of grace.*—Referring obviously to the previous quibble, "know your honour *better*," *i.e.* a better man. Throughout this scene the servant persistently plays on words and misunderstands his interlocutor. Q. and Ff. print the line as a query.

158. Lines 33, 34: *the* MORTAL VENUS, . . . *love's* INVISIBLE *soul.*—That is to say, Helen, the representative of *Venus* on earth. *Invisible* has been changed by some editors to *visible*, and I think there is a good deal to be said for the correction.

159. Line 52: *good* BROKEN MUSIC.—This was the name technically applied to the *music* of stringed instruments. Its use here is one more instance of Shakespeare's perfect familiarity with the terminology of arts other than his own. For *music* in particular the poet seems to have felt a special sympathy. So Cæsar, in describing Cassius, says:

he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no *music.*
—Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 203, 204.

And still more decisive is a passage in The Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 83–85:

The man that hath no *music* in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

Goethe had exactly the same feeling. He speaks of himself as having been inspired during the composition of his Iphigenia by listening to Gluck's cantata; and apropos of the same play, we find him writing to the Frau Von Stein: "My soul by the delicious tones is gradually freed from the shackles of deeds and protocols. A quartette in the green room. I am sitting here, calling the distant forms gently to me. One scene must be floated off to-day."—Feb. 22nd, 1779. Reverting to Shakespeare, we must remember that "unmusical" was not always an appropriate epithet to apply to the English. The mass of ballads and songs scattered throughout the plays and lyrical miscellanies of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods points to a widely-diffused and, using the word in its best sense, popular love of music; and modern research has established the fact that, next to the Italian composers, English musicians enjoyed the highest continental renown. Probably the death of Purcell and the advent of Handel decided the eclipse of national music.

160. Line 61: *you say so in* FITS.—A *fit* was a division in a poem, or a measure in dancing, or a verse of a song. Thus in the ballad of King Estmere we have:

What wold ye doe with my harpe, he sayd,
If I did sell itt yee?
To playe my wife and me a *fitt*,
When abed together wee bee.
—Percy's Reliques, King Estmere, lines 241–244.

So in Ralph Roister Doister, ii. 3, Truepeny says: "Shall we sing a *fitte* to welcome our friende, Arnot?" (Arber's Reprint, p. 36). Not elsewhere in Shakespeare: the word is familiar to Chaucer students, being the A.S. *fit* = a song. In the present passage there appears to be some quibble, though one does not quite see how.

161. Line 74: *You shall not* BOB *us out of our melody.*—Properly *bob* = to jerk, but by some undefined means the word gradually got the idea of cheating, obtaining by fraud. Compare Othello, v. 1. 16:

gold and jewels that I *bobb'd* from him.

Again, in the Witch of Edmonton, iii. 2, a father looking upon the dead body of his child says:

I 'll not own her now. She's none of mine:
Bob me off with a dumb show!

Here the sense obviously is "to *trick* me with a show!" I find a curious phrase in Glapthorne's The Lady Mother, printed in Bullen's Old Plays, ii. p. 149, where a man remarks that another character is "like a *bobbed* hawk," *i.e.* like a hawk which has *missed* its prey, has struck, that is, at some small bird, and struck unsuccessfully. Very possibly it is from some such metaphor that the word came eventually to signify any cheating, tricking operation. The Imperial Dictionary has an excellent account *sub voce.*

162. Line 95: *with my* DISPOSER *Cressida.*—A well-known crux. Indeed the whole passage from *What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?* down to *Cressida* (95), is difficult, the arrangement of the lines, in which I have followed Dyce and the Cambridge editors, being somewhat confused. There are two points to be noticed, points upon which many editors have gone hopelessly wrong. Q. and Ff. assign the words, *You must not know where he sups*, to Helen: they certainly should form part of Pandarus' speech; the change was made by Hanmer, and simplifies the dialogue very considerably. That is he first point: the other is "my *disposer* Cressida." How can Paris speak of Cressida as his *disposer?* The editors could not answer the question, and took refuge in rearrangements of the lines, in emendations of *disposer*, and other expedients which it could serve no purpose to enumerate at length. Enough to say that Collier (still assigning the speech to Paris) would read *dispraiser*, *i.e.* as not allowing the merits of Paris; while many editors substituted Helen for Paris and changed to *deposer* (Steevens, Ritson) or *dispouser* (Warburton), the meaning in either case being that Cressida had supplanted Helen in the affections of Paris. See the very elaborate notes in Malone's Var. Ed. vol. viii. pp. 318–320. *Disposer* will be equivalent to "She who *disposes* or inclines me to mirth by her pleasant (and rather free) talk." So Dyce.

163. Line 102: *I spy.*—Probably alluding to the well-known game.

164. Line 118: *Ay, you may, you may.*—Evidently a current piece of slang. So Coriolanus, ii. 3. 39. In the present case it is a humorous way of saying "I see you are flattering and fooling me."

165. Line 119: *this love will undo us all.*—That this remark should be placed in the mouth of Helen—that she—*causa mali tanti*—should instinctively feel how fatal

her *amour* was bound to prove, is a fine touch, and is noted by Heine in his Shakespeare's Frauen und Mädchen. The editors have not remarked what is, I believe, the case, viz., that the expression is some catch from a song; compare Field's A Woman is a Weathercock, iii. 3 (Dodsley, xi. 54).

166. Line 131:—*the wound to kill; i.e.* the killing wound. This, like the other ballad-snatches in the play, seems to be untraceable.

167. Line 140: *He eats nothing but* DOVES.—In The Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 144, Gobbo has a "dish of *doves*" that he would fain bestow on Launcelot. In Italy they are a very common article of food.

168. Line 144: *Why, they are* VIPERS.—Referring, as Hunter says, to Acts xxviii. 3: "there came a *viper* out of the heat."

169. Line 167: *Than all the* ISLAND KINGS.—The leaders that is, who came from "the isles of Greece, the isles of Greece."

ACT III. Scene 2.

170. Line 1: Pandarus' ORCHARD.—Here, as often, *orchard* is synonymous with *garden*. So in Hamlet, i. 5. 59: "Sleeping within my *orchard;*" and in many other passages. See Much Ado, note 62. Compare Chapman's Widow's Tears, ii. 2:

> *Tha.* What news, Lycus? Where's the lady?
> *Lyc.* Retired into her *orchard.* —Works, p. 317.

We repeatedly come across the expression "*orchard* of the Hesperides," *e.g.* in Marlowe's Hero and Leander, Sestiad ii. line 286; Middleton's The Changeling, iii. 3 (Works, vol. iv. p. 250); and Massinger's Emperor of the East, iv. 1, and Virgin Martyr, iv. 3 (Works, pp. 340 and 27). There is no reason why the word should be limited to places where fruit is grown; etymologically it simply means *herb yard*, coming from A. S. *wyrt*=a root.

171. Line 23: *Love's thrice-*REPURED *nectar.*—Ff. have *reputed;* so too (according to Dyce) some copies of the Quarto; but see Cambridge Shakespeare, vi. p. 265. Collier's MS. Corrector read *repured;* there can be no question which is preferable. For an instance of the verb *repure* see Shirley's Lady of Pleasure, act v. sc. 1:

> The winds shall play soft descant to our feet
> And breathe rich odours to *re-pure* the air.
> —Works, Gifford's Edn. vol. iv. p. 95.

172. Line 29: *As doth a* BATTLE, *when they charge.*—*Battle* often signifies a *battalion*. So in Caxton's Destruction of Troy we read: "In the night passed, Hector having the charge of them in the city, ordered early his *battles* in a plain that was in the city, and put in the first *battle* two thousand knights" (bk. iii. p. 40). Milton, too, has:

> So under fiery cope together rushed
> Both *battles* main. —Paradise Lost, vi. 215–216.

173. Line 34: *as if she were* FRAY'D *with a sprite.*—*Fray* is short for *affray*, which comes from a low Latin word *exfrediare*=to break the king's peace. The same root is clearly seen in G. *friede*. For use of *fray* Steevens quotes from Chapman's twenty-first Iliad:

> all the massacres
> Left for the Greeks, could put on looks of no more overthrow
> Than now *fray'd* life.

174. Line 45: *you must be* WATCH'D *ere you be made* TAME?—Referring obviously to the custom of taming hawks by keeping them from sleep. So in Othello, iii. 3. 23, "I 'll *watch* him *tame;*" and Taming of the Shrew, iv. 1. 196–198:

> Another way I have to man my haggard,
> . . . . . .
> That is, to *watch* her, as we *watch* these kites.

For Shakespeare's use of such technical terms see note 178.

175. Line 48: *we'll put you i' the* FILLS.—Q. has *filles;* F. 1, *fils*; and F. 2, F. 3, and F. 4, *files*. Hanmer reads *files*, and in a note remarks, "alluding to the custom of putting the men suspected of cowardice in the middle place." There can be no doubt, however, that *fills* is the right reading, and that the editors of the Second Folio made the correction from not understanding the word. *Fill*, or *thill*, is simply the shaft of a cart; the word is cognate with the German *diele*=plank. *Fill-horse* occurs in Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 101; see note 139 of that play.

176. Line 52: *rub on, and kiss the mistress.*—All these terms are taken from the game of bowls. The *mistress* was the "small ball . . . now called the jack, at which the players aim" (Nares). A bowl that *kissed the mistress* (*i.e.* remained touching the jack) was in the most favourable position; cf. Cymbeline, ii. 1. 2. *Rub on* is not so easily explained. Mr. Aldis Wright in his note on Richard II. iii. 4. 4, quotes from Fuller's Holy State, book I. chap. ii.: "But as a *rubbe* to an overthrown bowl proves an helpe by hindering it; so afflictions bring the souls of God's Saints to the mark." [Johnson gives as one of the special meanings of *rub:* "Inequality of ground, that hinders the motion of a *bowl;*" a definition which the Imperial Dict. follows, quoting the passage from Fuller, given above. But in British Rural Sports, by Stonehenge (J. H. Walsh), 1881 (15th edn.), *rub* is thus defined: "*Rub* or *Set.*—When a jack or a bowl, in its transit, strikes or touches any object or thing on the green which alters or impedes its motion;" and afterwards in Rule 17: "If a running bowl before it has reached the parallel of the jack do *rub* or set on any person (not of the playing party), or on a bowl or jack belonging to another party, it can be played again;" and in the next rule 18: "if the jack do rub or set on a bowl or person not belonging to the party," &c. From these extracts it would appear that *to rub* (in the game of bowls) meant "to come into contact with" any obstacle animate or "inanimate."—F. A. M.] For *rub* (subst.)=obstacle, see King John, iii. 4. 128. The origin of the expression "there's the *rub*" is clear.

177. Line 54: *a kiss in* FEE-FARM!—*Fee*, from A. S. *feoh*, properly meant *cattle*, as the natural form of property in an early civilization; then property in general, but more especially land. Compare, in part, the use of *pecus, pecunia*. *Fee-farm* signifies, I suppose, *fee-simple*, the most advantageous and lasting system of tenure. We have a "*fee* grief" in Macbeth, iv. 3. 196, and "sold in *fee*," Hamlet, iv. 4. 22.

178. Lines 55, 56: *The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river.*—The *falcon* was the female hawk; the *tercel*, the male; the former was the larger and stronger. So Cotgrave, sub voce *Tiercelet*, has "The *tassell*, or male of any kind of hawk; so termed because he is commonly

a third part lesse than the female." See Skeat upon *tercel*. Pandarus means that he will match his niece against Troilus. Rowe misunderstood the passage and read "the falcon *has* the tercel;" so Pope. Tyrwhitt ingeniously conjectured "*at* the tercel." In the second half of the quotation we have an allusion to what appears to have been a favourite amusement, *i.e.* hawking along river banks. So in Ben Jonson's The Forest (III.) one of the country pursuits mentioned is:

Or hawking at the *river*.

So, too, Chaucer's Sir Thopas:

Couthe hunt at wild deer,
And ride on hawkyng for *ryver*,
With gray goshawk on honde.
—Chaucer, Works, Bohn's ed. ii. p. 118.

Cunningham, in his edition of Gifford's Massinger, p. 640, remarks upon the close familiarity with country customs that our old dramatists display: they seem, he says, "to have been, in the language of the present day, keen sportsmen." This is perfectly true: the works of Massinger, Ben Jonson, and others, abound with terms drawn from the technicalities of hunting, hawking, and kindred pursuits. In the case of Shakespeare, however, it was only one aspect of the poet's immense range of knowledge. *Nihil non tetigit:* he draws his metaphors and similes from every possible subject; and he invariably writes with a minute accuracy which at one moment convinces us that he must have been a painter, at another that he must have been a musician, at a third a lawyer, and so on through a dozen other professions.

179. Line 62: "*In witness whereof*," &c.—Alluding, says Grey, to the usual conclusion of indentures: "to which the parties to these presents have interchangeably set their hands and seals." Shakespeare was fond of this metaphor of sealing a compact. Compare Measure for Measure, iv. 1, the boy's song; Venus and Adonis, 511 and 516.

180. Line 80: *in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no* MONSTER.—"From this passage," says Steevens, "a *Fear* appears to have been a personage in other pageants; or perhaps in our ancient moralities." To this circumstance Aspatia alludes in The Maids Tragedy:

And then a *Fear:*
Do that *Fear* bravely, wench.

Perhaps in Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 2. 196-218, in the great passage describing the first meeting of the Queen and Antony, Shakespeare had in his mind's eye the details of some such Pageant of Love as is here hinted at.

181. Line 104: *shall be a mock for his truth.*—Malone explains this, "Even malice (for such is the meaning of the word *envy*) shall not be able to impeach his truth, or attack him in any other way, except by ridiculing him for his constancy." This may be right; I should have thought, however, that the meaning was rather, "the worst that malice can say against him will be but a mock, a trifle which his constancy can afford to despise, *i.e.* his loyalty will be raised above and superior to the assaults of jealousy."

182. Line 119: *they are* BURS, *I can tell you.*—Properly "*burs* mean the unopened flowers of the Burdock (*Arctium Lappa*)" (Ellacombe, p. 32); a plant common on waste places by roadsides. The bracts of the involucres which inclose the young flowers are furnished with hooked tips, which cling persistently to one's clothes or to a dog's coat, or to any other object. Several British wild plants are called *Burs; e.g.* the *Bur-marigold*, the *Bur-parsley*, the *Bur-reed;* but none deserve the name better than the *Burdock*. It is cognate, no doubt, with the French *bourre*, applied to the hair of animals or the fluffy pollen shed by some plants. Milton speaks of "rude *burs* and thistles" (Comus, 353), and Shakespeare has the word several times. "Nay, friar, I am a kind of *bur;* I shall stick" (Measure for Measure, iv. 3. 189).

183. Line 140. CUNNING *in dumbness.*—Pope's correction of the *coming* of Q. and Ff. The change seems entirely necessary. In the next line *soul of counsel*=the very essence of my design. *Soul* was used in this sense in act i. 2. 313.

184. Line 155: KIND OF SELF *resides with you.*—Collier's MS. Corrector gave *a kind self;* at the best an unnecessary change. The idea is the same as in Sonnet cxxxiii. 13, 14:

for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

185. Lines 163, 164:

Or else you love not; FOR *to be wise and love*
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

First, as to the origin of the expression *to be wise and love;* it is a literal reproduction of the maxim of Publius Syrus: "amare et sapere vix deo conceditur." Curiously enough, the proverb is to be frequently found in Elizabethan and Jacobean writers. Bacon, for instance, in his Essay on Love, has: "for there was never proud man thought so absurdly well of himself as the lover doth of the person loved; and therefore it was well said that it is impossible to love and to be wise" (Works, ed. Spedding, vol. vi. p. 398). The occurrence, by the way, of the saying in the Essays and in Troilus and Cressida must be as meat and drink to the supporters of the "Bacon wrote Shakespeare" theory. Still Shakespeare is not the only poet who used it. Tyrwhitt quotes from The Shepherd's Calendar, March:

To be wise, and eke to love,
Is granted scarce to gods above.

For a partial application of the idea we may compare Middleton's Women Beware Women, i. 2 (early). But the real difficulty, the rock over which the editorial barques of Hanmer and others have hopelessly been shattered, is the unlucky *for* in line 163. "Why *for*," said Malone, finding the unfortunate *for* "inconsequential." No doubt Cressida's reasoning is a trifle irregular. Such arguments would not pass muster in Mill's Logic; but the editors might have remembered that, in the first place, the speaker is a woman; and, in the second place, being in love, she cannot, according to her own showing, "be wise." Really it is perfectly easy to trace the line of thought. "I angled," she says, "for your thoughts, but got nothing out of you, either because you are not in love, or because you are too wise;" and then the words *wise* and *love* remind her of the proverb, and she whimsically rounds off her sentence with, "for you know, you can't both love *and* be wise." It is an admirable *non*

sequitur, a triumph of feminine reasoning power, and ten times as true to life as the logical proprieties suggested by the commentators, amongst whom Hanmer barbarously printed, "*a sign you* love not" (163).

186. Line 169: *Outliving beauty's* OUTWARD.—The substantival use of adjectives is very common in Elizabethan English. Thus in Shakespeare we have *pale*=paleness, Venus and Adonis, 589; Lucrece, 1512; *fair*=fairness, Sonnet lxviii. 3; *vast*=vastness, Hamlet, i. 2. 198; and many others. See Abbott, A Shakespearian Grammar, pp. 20, 21.

187. Line 173: *Might be* AFFRONTED . . . .—For *affront* =confront cf. Hamlet, iii. 1. 31. So in the well-known line from Paradise Lost, i. 391:

> And with their darkness durst *affront* this light.

188. Line 184: *as plantage to the moon.*—This line is best illustrated by a passage which Farmer quotes from Reginald Scott's Discoverie of Witchcraft: "The poore husbandman perceiveth that the increase of the moone maketh plants fruteful: so as in the full moone they are in the best strength; decaieing in the wane; and in the conjunction do utterlie wither and fade." Pope misunderstood the allusion and altered to *planets*. So Theobald.

189. Line 186: *As iron to* ADAMANT.—*Adamant* here, as often, signifies the magnet, or loadstone. So, to take an instance outside Shakespeare, in the Return from Parnassus, ii. 1 we have:

> I am her needle: she is my *Adamant*.
> —Arber's Reprint, p. 24.

Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 195, note 115.

190. Line 193: *When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy.*—We may remember the familiar line:

> Gutta cavit lapidem, non vi sed sæpe cadendo.

So Lucretius, bk. iv. 1280, 1281:

> Nonne vides etiam guttas in saxa cadentes
> Humoris longo in spatio pertundere saxa.

So also Shakespeare himself in Lucrece, 959. Grey, too, in his notes refers to Spenser, sonnet xviii.

191. Line 201: *or* STEPDAME *to her son.*—Quite a classical touch. The Latin poets delight to lavish abuse on the "injusta *noverca*" (Virgil, Eclogues, iii. 33). On the English stage she is not such a familiar figure. In the next line (202) *stick*=stab; cf. Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 1. 108. This speech is a finely-developed piece of character-drawing. Cressida's florid asseverations of loyalty are a fit prelude to her final faithlessness.

192. Line 217: *press it to death.*—See Much Ado, note 178. A description of the punishment will be found in the successive editions of Chamberlaynes' Angliæ Notitia.

ACT III. Scene 3.

193. Lines 3–5.

> *Appear it to your mind*
> *That, through the sight I bear in things, to* LOVE
> *I have abandon'd Troy.*

This is a passage of considerable difficulty. According to the Cambridge editors *things to love* is the reading of the Quarto and the first three Folios. Johnson, however, says "the word is so printed that nothing but the sense can determine whether it be *love* or *Jove*." He himself printed *Jove*, which, combined with the next line, certainly gives a possible sense. Myself I think that we ought to retain what is almost conclusively the reading of the old copies, viz. *to love;* placing, then, the comma after *things*, and taking *to love* with what follows, we may interpret the passage with Steevens: "I have left Troy to the dominion of love, to the consequences of the *amour* of Paris and Helen." Obviously this is not a little fine-drawn and suggestive of special pleading; but, unless we adopt one of the sweeping emendations proposed, I do not see what else can be made of the lines. Grant White's explanation, "Through my peculiar knowledge as to where it is well to place affection or regard I have abandon'd Troy," seems to me—and I am glad to observe that Dyce was of the same opinion—extraordinarily weak. Rowe, and after him Theobald, followed F. 4 in reading "in things *to come*." Collier's MS. Corrector gave "things *above;*" and in the previous line quite needlessly altered *appear* to *appeal*. Dyce prints *to Jove*, and puts the comma at the end of the line. In Caxton's Destruction of Troy a dialogue takes place between Cressida and Calchas on the arrival of the former in the Greek camp. She reproaches her father with having been a traitor to his country, to which he replies: "Ha ha, my daughter, thinkest thou it is a fit thing to despise the answer of the gods, and especially in that which touches my health. I know certainly by their answers this war shall not endure long, this city shall be destroyed, and the nobles also, and the burgesses, and therefore it is better for us to be here safe, than to be slain with them" (book iii. pp. 55, 56). Similarly Lydgate represents Calchas as warned by his "sight in things to come," (?) to desert the cause of the Trojans. The seer enters Apollo's temple and consults the god, and suddenly comes the answer:

> Be right well ware thou ne tourne agayne
> To Troy towne, for that were but in vayne,
> For finally lerne this thynge of me,
> In shorte time it shall destroyed be.

194. Lines 22–24:

> *this Antenor,*
> *I know, is such a* WREST *in their affairs,*
> *That their negotiations all must* SLACK.

Theobald conjectured *rest*, which Hanmer printed. Malone, too, was inclined to adopt the same reading. "Antenor," he says (Var. Ed. vol. viii. p. 341), "is such a *stay* or support of their affairs. All the ancient English muskets had *rests* by which they were supported. The subsequent words, 'Wanting his manage,' appear to me to confirm the emendation." If we are to read *rest* we may remember that then, as now, it was applied to a part of the violin, from which in the present passage the metaphor might possibly be drawn. Compare Return from Parnassus, Arber's Reprint, p. 65:

> How can he play whose heartstrings broken are?
> How can he keep his *rest* that ne'er found rest?

Really, however, there is not the slightest necessity for meddling with the text. *Wrest* makes excellent sense. We have already had the same idea in "o'er-*wrested*," i. 3.

157. The *wrest* was an instrument for tightening or drawing up the strings of a harp; hence the appropriateness here of the word *slack* that immediately follows. For similar metaphor compare Macbeth, i. 7. 60. In a very curious letter: "whearin, part of the entertainment untoo the queenz Maiesty, at Killingwoorth Castl, in Warwick Sheer, in this Soomerz Progress, 1575, is signified," written by Robert Laneham, and quoted in part in the introductory essay to Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, we have a minute account of the equipment of an ancient minstrel, and amongst his accoutrements were: "About his neck a red ribband suitable to his girdle. His harp in good grace dependent before him. His *wrest* tyed to a green lace and hanging by." So again in *A treatise between trouth and information*, printed among Skelton's Works, and referred to by Douce (Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 61), we find:

> A harpe geveth sounde as it is sette,
> The harper may *wrest* it untunablye;
> A harper with his *wrest* may tune the harpe wrong,
> Mystunyng of an instrument shal hurt a true songe.

Equally to the point is his reference to King James's edict against combats: "this small instrument the tongue being kept in tune by the *wrest* of awe." In Minsheu's Dictionary, ed. 1627, p. 757, the verb *to wrest* is explained: "to winde, to wring, to straine," and translated by the Latin *torquere, contorquere*. Johnson seems to have misunderstood the word. "It is used," he says, speaking of the substantive, "in Spenser and Shakespeare for an active or moving power: I suppose from the force of a tilter acting with his lance in his *rest;*" and then he quotes the lines given above.

195. Line 26: *a prince* OF BLOOD.—Perhaps we should read with F. 4 "prince *o' the blood*," a suggestion independently made by Walker, A Critical Examination, vol. iii. p. 195. Compare, however, "Art thou *of blood* and honour?" (v. 4. 28).

196. Line 30: *In most accepted* PAIN.—*Pay* (Hanmer, Warburton, and Dyce), *payment* (Keightley), and *poise*, are suggested alterations of the well-supported, and to my mind entirely satisfactory, *pain* of the text. Calchas says: "Give me Cressida and I will cry quits for all the labours I have undergone in your behalf, labours indeed which I was glad to undertake." It is precisely the line of argument that he adopts in Chaucer:

> Havyng unto my tresour, ne my rent,
> Right no regard in respect of your ese;
> Thus al my good I lost, and to yow went,
> Wenyng in this, my lordis, yow to plese;
> But al my losse ne doth me no dissese—
> I vouchesaaf al so wisely have I joy
> For yow to lese al that I had in Troy.
> —Chaucer's Works, Bohn's ed. vol. iii. p. 183.

197. Line 43: *Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him.*—Q. and Ff. read "are bent? *Why turn'd* on him." There can be no doubt that the latter is a variant which has crept into the text.

198. Line 81: *Hath any honour,* BUT HONOUR *for.*—So Q. F. 1 has "but *honour'd*," which naturally passed into "*but is* honour'd" (Pope), and "*but's* honour'd" (Capell). The reading of the Quarto is quite satisfactory.

199. Line 96: *how dearly ever* PARTED.—That is to say, *gifted, endowed.* So in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, Macilente is described in the Character of the Persons as "a man well *parted*, a sufficient scholar and travelled." Compare also Cure for a Cuckold, act v. sc. 1:

> for as you
> Are every way *well-parted.*
> —Webster's Works (ed. Dyce), vol. iv. p. 351.

200. Lines 105, 106:

> *nor doth the eye itself,*
> *That most pure* SPIRIT OF SENSE, *behold itself.*

For the idea expressed in this passage compare Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 52, 53. *Spirit of sense* we have already had, with a somewhat different meaning, i. 1. 58. These lines (105, 106) are omitted in all the Folios.

201. Line 109: *speculation.*—Not merely "vision," "power of sight;" but "intelligence," operating through the medium of the eye. So in Macbeth, iii. 4. 95:

> Thou hast no *speculation* in those eyes
> Which thou dost glare with!

202. Line 110: *mirror'd.*—Q. and Ff. have *married*, which the Cambridge editors retain, though the Globe ed. prints *mirror'd.* The latter is the almost certain (at least I think so) emendation of Collier's MS. Corrector. It has been adopted by Singer and Dyce. Dr. Ingleby condemned the conjecture as "just one of those emendations which beguile the judgment, lull criticism, and enlist our love of the surprising and ingenious. But it is not sound." To which I think we may reply with Dyce, Why? Malone gives *married* without any note. If we retain this reading the word must bear much the meaning as in i. 3. 100, *i.e.* closely united, allied. *Mirror* as a verb does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. For the thought compare King John, ii. 496–503.

203. Line 120: WHO, *like an arch,* REVERBERATES.—Q. and F. 1 read *reverberate; i.e.*, says Boswell (Malone, Var. Ed. vol. viii. 348), "they who applaud *reverberate.* This elliptic mode of expression is in our author's manner." But lower down we have *receives and renders*, and at least the verbs must be uniform—all singular or plural. It is best therefore to read *reverberates* with F. 2, F. 3, and F. 4; so the Cambridge editors, Globe edn., Dyce, and most texts. *Who* will then=*which*, *i.e.* "applause which." For a full discussion of Shakespeare's use of the relative pronouns (*who, which*, and *that*) see Abbott, Shakespearian Grammar, pp. 175–187.

204. Lines 123–128: *I was much rapt in this,* &c.—These lines have passed in the hands of the editors through the strangest metamorphoses. The text here printed is that given by the First Folio. It is retained by the Cambridge editors, and makes excellent verse. The reading of the Quarto is as follows:

> I was much rap't in this,
> And apprehended here immediately,
> The unknoune Aiax, heavens what a man is there?
> A very horse, that has he knowes not what
> Nature what things there are.
> Most abject in regard, and deere in use.

Now it may be worth while to pause for a moment and observe how Pope and Hanmer treated the passage. Their respective texts throw some light on the spirit in which

they approached Shakespeare; not assuredly that "spirit of reverence" which Coleridge described as the first essential of an editor. Pope, then, followed the Folio down to *Ajax;* afterwards he read:

> Heavens what a man is there? A very horse,
> *He knows not his own nature:* what things are
> Most abject in regard, and dear in use.

Hanmer, who in his preface declared that his guiding principle had been never "to give a loose to fancy, or indulge a licentious spirit of criticism," printed the following rearrangement of the lines:

> I was much rapt
> In this *I read,* and apprehended here
> Immediately the unknown *Ajax:* heavens!
> What a man's there? A very horse, that has
> He knows not what: *in nature* what things there are
> Most abject in regard, and dear in use.

The third line is surely a rhythmical curiosity. *Unknown* seems to mean, as Johnson explains it, "who has abilities which are not brought into use."

205. Line 141: *And great Troy* SHRIEKING.—So the Quarto. F. 1 has the far less graphic *shrinking.*

206. Line 145: *Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back.*—Shakespeare may have been thinking of Spenser's Faerie Queene, bk. vi. c. viii. stanza xxiv.:

> "Here in this bottle" said the sorry maid,
> "I put the tears of my contrition,
> Till to the brim I have it full defray'd:
> And *in this bag which I behind me don,*
> I put repentance for things past and gone.
> Yet is the bottle leak, and bag so torn
> That all which I put in falls out anon,
> And is behind me trodden down of scorn,
> Who mocketh all my pain, and laughs the more I mourn."

207. Line 150: PERSÉVERANCE, *dear my lord.*—*Perseverance* only occurs in one other passage in Shakespeare, where it has the same accent as here, viz. in Macbeth, iv. 3. 93:

> Bounty, *persèverance,* mercy, lowliness.

Shakespeare never uses our modern verb *persevere* at all, but always *persév.* In one passage in Lear (iii. 5. 23) the Qq. read *persevere,* but Ff. rightly print *persév.*

208. Line 162: *to the* ABJECT REAR.—Hanmer's excellent correction of the Folio reading, "abject, *neere.*" This simile does not occur in the Quarto. Throughout this speech (which a recent critic, Mr. W. S. Lilly, has singled out as one of the very finest in all literature) the readings are in small points confused and, so to speak, fluctuating.

209. Line 168: *Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles.*—I have ventured here to adopt (with Dyce) Pope's correction. Q. and Ff. read "*the* welcome;" but omitting *the* we gain a far more pointed antithesis. Hanmer's suggestion, "grasps the *in*comer," deserves to be mentioned.

210. Lines 178, 179:

> *And* GIVE *to dust, that is a little* GILT,
> *More laud than* GILT *o'er-dusted.*

Give: the old copies have *go;* the correction (due to Thirlby) was first adopted by Theobald. For *gilt* (="*to* gilt") in the second line Theobald and others, *e.g.* Staunton, would substitute *gold;* needlessly, however, because *gilt* may well bear the sense of *gold.* Cf. Richard II. ii. 1. 293–295:

> Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
> Wipe off the dust that hides *our sceptre's gilt,*
> And make high majesty look like itself.

The thought embodied is quite clear. "That which is solid and good, but a little antiquated, will always be put on one side in favour of that which is new and attractive, though sham and unlasting."

211. Line 189: *Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves.*—Referring obviously to the fact that the *deities* of Olympus took part in the struggle, some fighting for the Greeks, some for the Trojans. Shakespeare may have borrowed the idea from Chapman's translation.

212. Line 197: *Knows almost every grain of* PLUTUS' *gold.*—The Folio has "every graine of *Plutoes* gold;" so again in Julius Cæsar, iv. 3. 101: "deerer than *Pluto's* mine." It seems best to alter to *Plutus,* although the confusion of the two deities is a very common occurrence in Elizabethan literature. Thus in Hero and Leander, second sestiad, we find:

> Whence his admiring eyes more pleasure took
> Than *Dis,* on heaps of gold fixing his look. —325, 326.

A still clearer instance comes in the Duchess of Malfi, iii. 2:

> *Pluto,* the god of riches,
> When he 's sent by Jupiter to any man,
> He goes limping. —Webster's Works, p. 79.

Compare, too, the following from Hannibal and Scipio, reprinted among Bullen's Old Plays, New Series, vol. i. p. 187:

> Borrow of *Pluto;* he will not deny it
> Upon your bond. Stay: here 's a great mistaking;
> His state and riches were of poet's making.

In Timon of Athens, i. 1. 287, the Folio gives *Plutus,* which inclines us to attribute the error in the present line and in the Julius Cæsar passage to the copyist rather than to Shakespeare himself. For the classical side of the question see Aristophanes, Plutus, 727.

213. Line 199: *Keeps* PLACE *with thought; i.e.* "there is," says the sonorous Warburton, "in the providence of a state, as in the providence of the universe, a kind of *ubiquity.*" He rightly condemns the obvious and prosaic suggestion, "Keeps *pace.*" In the next line a syllable is wanting, which has led to various proposals, amongst which Collier's "dumb *crudities,*" *i.e.* before they become thoughts, seems to me best. But to my ear *dumb cradles* in its emphatic position, forming the *cadenza* of the verses, is equivalent to two feet.

214. Lines 222, 223:

> SWEET, *rouse yourself; and the weak* WANTON *Cupid*
> *Shall from your neck unloose.*

Collier adopted the *Swift* of his MS. Corrector. Perhaps *wanton* should be treated as a substantive, and line 222 pointed, *the weak wanton, Cupid.* So Walker.

215. Line 225: *Be shook to* AIR.—Q. has *air* simply; F 1 and F. 2 *ayrie ayre.* Collier read with his MS. Corrector *very air.*

216 Line 228: *My fame is shrewdly* GOR'D.—Metaphor from bull-baiting. So in Hamlet, v. 2. 260, 261:

> I have a voice and precedent of peace,
> To keep my name *ungor'd.*

The editors compare Sonnet cx.

217. Line 231: *Seals a* COMMISSION *to a* BLANK *of danger.*—Schmidt (Shakespeare Lexicon) quotes this amongst the passages, *e.g.* Hamlet, iv. 1. 42; Othello, iii. 4. 128, in which *a blank* signifies "the white mark in the centre of a target." How he applies the metaphor here I cannot see. The word surely bears the same sense as in Richard II. ii. 1. 249, 250:

> And daily new exactions are devis'd,
> As *blanks*, benevolences,—I wot not what.

Compare, too, in the same play, i. 4. 48, and note 101; in the Clarendon Press ed. of Richard II. Mr. Aldis Wright gives two interesting quotations from Holinshed that perfectly illustrate the use of the word: "many *blanke charters* were devised . . . when they were so sealed the king's officers wrote in the same what liked them." Holinshed p. 1102, col. 1; and again: "moreover they were compelled to put their hands and seales to certaine *blankes* . . . in the whiche, when it pleased hym hee might write, what hee thought good" (p. 1103, col. 1). So in the Revenger's Tragedy we have:

> Yet words are but great men's *blanks*.
> —Cyril Tourneur's Works, ed. Churton Collins, vol. ii. p. 24.

Briefly, it is our idea of "a blank cheque," as explained in note 101, Richard II.; and the metaphor exactly suits the present passage. Hunter repeats Schmidt's mistake.

218. Lines 252, 253: *like an hostess that hath no arithmetic.*—Compare the scornful reference in i. 2. 123 to *a tapster's arithmetic.*

219. Line 294: *God* B' WI' *you.*—Q. and Ff. gave "God *buy* you." Rowe corrected.

220. Line 306: *to make* CATLINGS *on; i.e.* catgut. In Romeo and Juliet, iv. 5. 132, one of the musicians bears the expressive name "Simon *Catling.*"

ACT IV. Scene 1.

221. Line 8: *Witness the* PROCESS *of your speech.*—*Process* here has almost the legal official sense seen in the French *procès verbal.*

222. Line 11: *During all* QUESTION *of the gentle truce.*—Apparently *question* is equivalent, in some rather vague undefined way, to *intercourse;* but Johnson was inclined to read *quiet.*

223. Line 20: *In* HUMANE *gentleness.*—Pope, absurdly enough, retained the old pointing of the lines, which made exquisite nonsense:

> And thou shalt hunt a lion that will fly
> With his face backward in humane gentleness.

Theobald naturally seized upon such an opening for laboured sarcasm at the expense of his arch foe. Walker, comparing Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 2. 57–60, would read "in *human* gentleness" (A Critical Examination, iii. 196); a needless change.

224. Line 36: *His purpose meets you; i.e.* "I bring you his orders;" "I am his messenger."

225. Line 48: *The bitter* DISPOSITION *of the time.*—*Disposition*=circumstances of, *i.e.* the way affairs are *disposed*, arranged; not a very common meaning.

226. Line 66: *But he as he,* EACH *heavier for a whore.*—Q. has "*the* heavier;" F. "*which* heavier;" the latter certainly looks like an *intended* correction of *each*, a correction, however, frustrated by a compositor's blunder. The reading in our text is Johnson's conjecture, adopted by Dyce.

227. Line 75: *you do as* CHAPMEN *do.*—Properly *chapman* meant the man who sold; it was used, however, indifferently of buyer and seller: compare the legal phrase "dealer and *chapman.*" The forms of the word vary: we have *cheapman, chapman,* and *copeman.* The etymology is obvious: modern *cheap,* A. S. *céap,* and German *kauf, kaufen,* are all from the root seen in Latin *caupo,* Greek καπηλεύω. The slang word *chap* is merely short for *chapman.* Evidently these *chapmen* were not held in the highest repute. In the statute 14 Elizabeth, 1571, against "common players," and "for the punishment of vacabondes," "juglars, pedlars, tynkers, and *petye chapmen*" are to be treated as "roges, vacabondes and sturdy beggers," unless they can show a formal license to trade. See English Drama, Documents and Treatises, pp. 21–23, Roxburgh Library.

228. Line 78: *We 'll not commend what we intend to sell.*—This is the reading of the Quarto and of the Folios; it is doubtful whether any satisfactory meaning can be got out of the passage as it stands. Johnson, however, explains it thus: "though you practise the buyer's art, we will not practise the seller's. We intend to sell Helen dear, yet will not commend her;" *i.e.* if ever the Greeks win Helen—which we do not intend that they shall do—they will pay very dearly for her; hence it would be superfluous for us to praise her in advance. This is certainly poor, but I can offer no better suggestion. If we are to admit any alteration into the text, we ought, I think, to adopt Warburton's "What we intend *not* sell;" Collier's MS. Corrector had the same proposal. It is very harsh, perhaps, as Walker says (A Critical Examination, vol. iii. p. 197), too harsh, though the rhyme would be some excuse, and it fails to give a proper antithesis to line 76; on the other hand, it is favoured somewhat by a curiously similar couplet in Sonnet xxi. 13, 14:

> Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
> I will not praise that purpose *not to sell.*

Other readings are "*not* to sell" (Hanmer); "*that not* intend to sell" (Walker); "not *condemn* what we intend to sell" (very bad); and "*but* commend what we intend to sell;" the last has been accepted by Dyce and the Globe Edn. The Cambridge Shakespeare keeps to the reading of the copies. For a parallel idea compare Love's Labour 's Lost, ii. 1. 16:

> Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
> Not uttered by base sale of *chapmen's tongues.*

[I wish that many passages in this play were as easy to understand as this one which has appeared, to so many of the commentators, to present insuperable difficulties. It is necessary to give the whole speech of Paris in order to understand it:

> Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
> Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
> But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
> We 'll not commend what we intend to sell.

It seems to me that the key to the meaning of the whole passage lies in line 77:

But we *in silence* hold this virtue well.--

Paris here answers, with the courtesy and dignity of a gentleman, the vulgar abuse which Diomede, with such execrably bad taste, heaps upon Helen in the presence of the man who might have wronged her husband, but was all the more bound to defend *her*. He has already rebuked Diomede above in line 67:

You are too bitter to your countrywoman;

but Diomede, far from taking any notice of this rebuke, merely becomes more abusive. The reply of Paris may be awkwardly worded, but the meaning is quite clear; and the dignified sarcasm of it could hardly fail to have penetrated even Diomede's panoply of self-conceit. "You," Paris says, "practise the common trick of a petty dealer;"—*chapman* is evidently used here in a contemptuous sense (see the last note)—"you run down the article you want to buy, but we decline to compete with you on your own ground; we despise such tricks, and *in silence* hold fast to this virtue, not to 'puff'" (as we should say) "what we have to sell, but to let its value speak for itself." Of course he means that they will part with Helen only as the prize of victory, and not for money; but the great point is that he excuses himself for not defending her from Diomede's vulgar abuse by pointing out that, in such a case, a noble nature thinks *silence* the best answer. The fancied necessity of having a rhyming couplet at the end of the scene may, perhaps, account for the somewhat obscure wording of the passage in the last two lines.—F. A. M.]

ACT IV. Scene 2.

229. Lines 4–6:

sleep KILL *those pretty eyes,*
And give as soft ATTACHMENT *to thy senses*
As infants' empty of all thought.

Kill, a very strong and effective word, was changed by Pope to *seal*. *Attachment* = arrestment, a sense that the verb very frequently bears; *e.g.* II. Henry IV. iv. 2. 109:

Of capital treason I *attach* you both.

With line 6 compare Merry Wives, v. 5. 56:

Sleep she as sound as *careless infancy*

230. Line 12: VENOMOUS *wights; i.e.*, says Steevens, "*Venefici*, those who practise nocturnal sorcery;" the explanation does not seem to me entirely satisfactory.

231. Line 13: *As* TEDIOUSLY *as hell.*—The Folios have a curious variant: *hideously.*

232. Line 33: *A poor* CAPOCCHIO.—The word was too many for the printers; it appears in Q. and Ff. as *chipochia*. Theobald suggested *capocchio* = the thick head of a club, and then, by a natural transition, "a thick-headed man," *i.e.* a simpleton. *A* = Ah, very probably; and Dyce prints the latter.

233. Line 58: *you'll be so true to him, to be false to him; i.e.* "in pretending that he is not here, and thus (as you think) serving his interest, you are really doing him harm."

234. Line 62: *My matter is so* RASH; *i.e.* requiring such haste. For a somewhat similar, though not precisely parallel use, compare Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2. 118:

It is *too rash*, too unadvis'd, too sudden.

235. Line 73: *We met by chance.*—Troilus means to enjoin secrecy upon Æneas.

236. Line 74: *the secrets of nature.*—So the Folios; Q. has "secrets of neighbour Pandar." The editors have displayed considerable ingenuity in correcting what needs no correction. *Secrets* is here a trisyllable: scanned so the line runs with perfect smoothness. Walker (Shakespeare's versification, p. 10) quotes several verses where *secret* has a trisyllabic force; *e.g.* Edward I., v. 4. 28:

Well do it bravely, and be *secret;*

and same play, v. 6. 5:

Whether thou wilt be *secret* in this.
—Marlow's Works, Bullen's Ed. ii. pp. 221, 230.

Ritson was alone, I believe, among the last-century critics in retaining the Folio reading. The proposed emendations would cover a page.

237. Line 103: *I know no* TOUCH *of consanguinity.*—For *touch* = feeling, compare Macbeth, iv. 2. 9.

238. Line 106: *the very* CROWN *of falsehood.*—Compare Cymbeline, i. 6. 4:

My supreme *crown* of grief.

A natural metaphor to signify the culminating point in anything. So Tennyson's "sorrow's *crown* of sorrow." In the next line (107) Hanmer greatly weakened the vigour of the verse by omitting (with F. 2 and F. 3) *force.*

ACT IV. Scene 3.

239. Line 1: *It is* GREAT MORNING.—Rather an awkward Gallicism, *grand-jour;* repeated in Cymbeline, iv. 2. 61.

ACT IV. Scene 4.

240. Line 4: *And* VIOLENTETH *in a sense as strong.*—So Q.; the Folios give:

And *no lesse* in a sense as strong;

which Pope changed to:

And *in its sense is no less* strong.

Q., no doubt, is right. Ben Jonson in The Devil is an Ass, ii. 2, has:

Nor nature *violenceth* in both these.
—Works, vol. v. p. 66.

Farmer also refers (rather vaguely) to a passage in Fuller's Worthies: "his former adversaries *violented*—against him;" it will be found in Nuttall's ed. of the Worthies, vol. iii. p. 510.

241. Line 15: *as the goodly saying is.*—I have not been able to trace this song; it is not given in Chappell, from which, perhaps, we may conclude that its origin is not known.

242. Line 21: *By* FRIENDSHIP *nor by speaking.*—This is not very far short of being sheer nonsense; perhaps we should read with Collier's MS. Corrector "by *silence.*"

243. Line 26: *in so* STRAIN'D *a purity.*—An obvious and effective metaphor. Ff. are far less graphic: "*strange* a purity."

244. Line 36: JUSTLES *roughly by.*—It is worth while to notice that Shakespeare always uses the now obsolete form *justle.* So in Byron's Conspiracy (1608), i. 1, Chapman has:

> And *justle* with the ocean for a room.

Milton translates the *concurrentia saxa* of Juvenal (Satire xv. 19) by "*justling* rocks" (Paradise Lost, ii. 1017). When, or why, *jostle* drove out its brother form I do not know.

245. Lines 52, 53:

> *some say the Genius so*
> *Cries "Come!"*

The editors naturally refer to Pope's lines in The Dying Christian to his Soul:

> Hark! they whisper; angels say
> "Sister spirit, *come away.*"

Pope, we may remember, repeats the thought in Eloisa to Abelard:

> "Come, sister, come," it said, or seemed to say,
> "Thy place is here, sad sister *come away.*"

246. Line 55: *rain, to lay this wind.*—Referring to the current idea that *rain* falling stopped a *wind.* Compare Lucrece, 1790:

> At last it *rains*, and busy winds *give o'er.*

So Macbeth, i. 7. 25.

247. Line 58: *the* MERRY GREEKS.—See note (34) on i. 2. 118.

248. Lines 78–80.—A full discussion of the difficulties of this passage is not possible in the space at our disposal. It must be sufficient if I say that line 79 is *omitted* in the Quarto; that line 80 reads as follows in the Folio:

> *Flawing and swelling* o'er with Arts and exercise:

and that in my text I have followed the Cambridge editors. Line 80, as given by the Folio, is surely wrong: *flawing* (=flowing—a misprint) and *swelling* cannot very well be anything but *variæ lectiones;* it is a question, therefore, which epithet we should adopt, and *flowing* seems to be the most likely to be correct. It was probably a *marginal correction* of *swelling*, the latter being added by the printer through some misunderstanding.

249. Line 98: *Presuming on their changeful potency.*—Why this line should be emended I know not, except indeed that there will always be some one ready to alter a verse of Shakespeare. *Presuming* simply means "testing," "trying;" in other words, "seeing how far we can go;" and taken in this way the words admirably round off the preceding thought. Collier adopted *chainful*, the proposal of his MS. Corrector, and found it excellent, whereas to Dyce's thinking starker nonsense was never put on paper. *Quot homines*, etc.

250. Line 106: *catch mere simplicity.*—Not a very lucid phrase. Apparently Troilus means that while others win high praise he has to be content with "a plain simple approbation:" so Johnson.

251. Line 124: *To shame the* ZEAL *of my petition.*—Q. and Ff. all read *seal*, which Delius retains, with what sense it is hard to see. The emendation, due to Warburton, gives fair sense. According to Walker the converse error, *zeal* for *seal*, occurs in II. Henry IV. iv. 2. 27.

252. Line 134: *I'll answer to my* LUST.—Not an easy line. *Lust* is difficult, and the editors have been very ingenious in emending it away. Of the proposed corrections Walker's "to my *list*" is decidedly good, the sense being "answer to my name; when I am elsewhere I will be Diomede; here I am the Greek ambassador." Myself I would suggest—and I observe the idea has occurred to Mr. Lettsom—"*thy* lust," *i.e.* will answer you in any way you please. The change is slight and the sense given fairly adequate. Perhaps, however, we should keep to the copies and explain, "When I am hence I shall be *ready to answer for what I have done here*=been pleased to do." *Lust* repeatedly=pleasure, its original meaning in O.E.

253. Line 138: *Come, to the port.*—The parallel scene in Chaucer—Troylus and Chryseyde, bk. v.—should be compared with Shakespeare's work. I do not think Chaucer suffers in the comparison. Dryden in his "respectful perversion" of the play abridges and entirely transforms the episode.

254. Lines 146–150: *Let us make ready . . . and single chivalry.*—Five lines omitted in Q. Malone thinks they were added by the actors for the sake of concluding with a rhymed couplet. But without them the scene would end very abruptly, for which reason we may fairly attribute them to Shakespeare. The Folios give the speech "Let us make ready" to Diomede—an obvious mistake noted by Ritson and others; Diomede has made his *exit* with Troilus and Cressida.

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

[In the old copies we have, at the beginning of this scene, the stage-direction, *Lists set out.* This is absurd, and introduces unnecessarily the customs of medieval chivalry in the Grecian camp.—F. A. M.]

255. Line 8: *till thy* SPHERED BIAS *cheek.*—We have repeated allusions in the dramatists to bowls, a game at which churchwardens seem to have been peculiarly proficient. An exact parallel to the present line occurs in Webster's Vittoria Corombona, i.:

> That nobleman Corib! faith his *cheek hath a most excellent bias;* it would fain *jump with my mistress.* —Works, p. 7.

Steevens says, with what authority I know not, "the idea is taken from the puffy *cheeks* of the winds as represented in old prints and maps." The *bias* of a bowl is the weight of lead inserted in one side of it, causing the bowl to twist in its course towards that side. If the bowl is held with the bias on the outer side, it will run with an outward curve; if on the inside, it will "twist in." Cf. note on iii. 2. 52, and King John, ii. 1. 574–581.

256. Lines 20–23.—These lines are given as prose in Q. and Ff.; first arranged in verse-form by Pope.

257. Line 23: *that* WINTER *from your lips; i.e.* Nestor. A natural metaphor. So in Randolph's Hey for Honesty:

> Can any man endure to spend his youth
> In kissing *Winter's frozen lips?*
> —Works, p. 467.

258. Line 37: *I'll make my match to live; i.e.* "I will make such bargains as I may live by," says Johnson, and

his explanation is probably right; but the phrase is very clumsy.

259. Line 55: *There's* LANGUAGE *in her* EYE.—Steevens quotes a curiously parallel thought from St. Chrysostom: "non locuta es lingua, sed locuta es gressu; non locuta es voce, sed *oculis locuta es* clarius quam voce."

260. Line 56: *Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton* SPIRITS *look out.*—For "spirit" pronounced as a monosyllable, cf. Tempest, i. 2. 486; Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 29. A scansion very common in Milton; *e.g.* A Vacation Exercise:

Which deepest *spirits* and choicest wits desire. —22.

261. Line 59: *That give* ACCOSTING *welcome.*—Q. and Ff. have "*a coasting* welcome," which Steevens interprets "a sidelong glance of invitation;" but what point there is in saying that a welcome is *sidelong* before it comes, or *how* it can be sidelong, Steevens does not make clear. Mason's *accosting* seems to me certain: it has been adopted by Grant White, Dyce, and other editors; cf. Walker, A Critical Examination, vol. iii. p. 199. For the exact force of the word see Sir Toby Belch's commentary, Twelfth Night, i. 3. 60. The only passage that at all makes in favour of the reading of the copies is Venus and Adonis, 870:

And all in haste she *coasteth* to the cry.

Collier's MS. Corrector gave *occasion.*

262. Line 60: *And wide unclasp the* TABLES *of their thoughts.*—So "our heart's *table*" (=tablet), All's Well That Ends Well, i. 1. 106. Hamlet speaks of "the *table* of my memory" (i. 5. 98).

263. Lines 73–75.—This speech is given to Agamemnon in Q. and Ff. Theobald restored it to Achilles, and rightly; Æneas' reply sufficiently shows who the last speaker must have been.

264. Line 91: *either to the uttermost.*—We have just had the phrase *to the edge of all extremity* (68). Cotgrave translates *combatre à oultrance* by "to fight at sharpe, to fight it out, or *to the uttermost.*" Shakespeare uses *to the utterance* in Macbeth, iii. 1. 71.

265. Line 103: *Nor dignifies an* IMPURE *thought with breath.*—Q. has *impare,* Ff. *impaire.* If retained, this would mean "a thought unworthy of his character," *i.e.* "not equal to him;" but for the use of the adjective no authority is given; in the passage (quoted by Steevens) in the Preface to Chapman's Shield of Achilles (1598) the word, as Dyce has conclusively shown, is a substantive. I think, therefore, that we should adopt the correction *impure*—it only differs from the Quarto by a single letter—suggested by Johnson, and accepted amongst modern editors by Dyce and Grant White. See, however, the note (xiii.) in Cambridge Shakespeare, vol. vi. p. 268.

266. Line 112: TRANSLATE *him to me; i.e.* "explain his character." For *translate*=interpret, cf. Hamlet, iv. 1. 2.

267. Line 120: *my father's sister's son.*—See ii. 1. 14, with note.

268. Line 142: *Not* NEOPTOLEMUS *so mirable.*—Of course Achilles himself is meant. Shakespeare had no Lemprière to consult, and may have thought that Neoptolemus was the *nomen gentilitium.* Warburton's "Neoptolemus' *sire irascible*" was amazing, even for Warburton.

269. Line 143: *Fame with her loud'st* OYES.—This was (and is) the regular proclamation of a crier, a summons in fact to people to be silent and lend attention. So in The Sun's Darling we have (ii. 1): "No more of this; awake the music! *Oyez!* music!" (Ford's Works, vol. ii. p. 389). Cf. also Dekker: "And, like a Dutch crier, make proclamation with thy drum; the effect of thy *O-yes* being, That if any man, woman, or child . . . " (Prose Works, ed. Grosart, vol. ii. p. 204). Though, obviously enough, the French imperative (from an obsolete word *oüir,* upon which see Littré), it seems by some process of popular abbreviation to have been pronounced monosyllabically, the last syllable almost disappearing. Compare Merry Wives, v. 5. 45:

Mistress Quickly. Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy *O-yes.*
Pistol. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.

There is a still more curious form-variant in Gabriel Harvey's Foure Letters: "As they will needs notoriously proclaime themselves: as it were with a public *oh-is*" (Harvey's Prose Works, in Huth Library, vol. i. p. 234). I have noticed a strange seventeenth-century use of the word which seems to show that from meaning the call of the crier, it came eventually to signify the crier himself; the instance occurs in the prologue to Lee's Theodosius:

Your lawyer too, that like an *O yes* bawls,
That drowns the market higher in the stalls.

Perhaps, however, this was merely a fragment of contemporary slang. We must not forget the legal phrase *oyer et terminer,* on which see the Imperial Dictionary, *s.v.*

270. Lines 165–170.—Six lines wanting in the Quarto.

271. Line 172: *most* IMPERIOUS *Agamemnon.*—For *imperious*=imperial, cf. Venus and Adonis, 995, 996:

She clepes him king of graves and grave for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

272. Line 178: *th' untraded oath.*—That is to say, the unfamiliar, unusual oath. Etymologically *trade* and *tread* are the same word. Hence the old meaning of *trade* was a *path;* from which it came to signify "a beaten track," and then, by a natural metaphor, "a business." Its original sense is seen in Richard II. iii. 3. 155–157:

Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common *trade,* where subjects' feet
May hourly tramp;

where Theobald needlessly substituted *tread.* "*Trade* wind" is simply "the wind that keeps a beaten track," *i.e.* blows always in the same direction. Compare use of *traded* in act ii. 2. 64. For *oath* Q. has the not unnatural variant *earth;* for "that I" it gives "thy."

273. Line 202: *good old* CHRONICLE.—So Hamlet speaks of the players as "the abstract and brief *chronicles* of the time" (ii. 2. 548).

274. Line 220: *Fond towers, whose wanton tops do* BUSS THE CLOUDS.—Compare Pericles, i. 4. 24:

Whose towers bore heads so high they *kiss'd the clouds.*

275. Line 224: *the end crowns all.*—We have the same proverb (*finis coronat opus*) in All's Well That Ends Well, iv. 4. 35.

276. Line 230: *I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses,* THOU! —Why *thou?* The repetition, says Steevens, was intended as an insult. So in Tempest, i. 2. 313, 314:

What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, *thou!* speak.

But why should Achilles wish to insult Ulysses? Tyrwhitt saw the difficulty and proposed *though*, of which Ritson approved. Walker, condemning *thou* as "certainly wrong," suggested *there, i.e.* "in that matter" (A Critical Examination, vol. iii. p. 201). I have not ventured to introduce into the text either of these corrections. [One would expect Achilles to address any insult he had to spare to Hector, whom he treats much as a beer-sodden bargee would treat a first-rate amateur boxer with whom he was about to fight. Certainly Shakespeare does not favour the Greeks in this play; and such an ill-mannered brute, as Achilles is here represented, would have been likely enough to insult Ulysses or any one else, as long as he could do so with impunity.—F. A. M.]

277. Line 233: *And* QUOTED *joint by joint.*—For *quote* = to observe, compare Hamlet, ii. 1. 112: "I had not *quoted* him;" and Romeo and Juliet, i. 4. 31:

What curious eye doth *quote* deformities?

From the French *côté, i.e.* the margin of a book where notes and observations could be written.

278. Line 243: *Shall I destroy him?* WHETHER *there, or there, or there?*—An awkward verse, in which one is tempted (with Pope) to omit the last *or there;* but line 254 favours the text as it stands. For *whether* as a monosyllable (*whêr*), cf. Tempest, v. 1. 111. See Abbott, Shakespearian Grammar, p. 348.

279. Line 250: *in* NICE *conjecture.*—The adjective here suggests the idea of "fastidious minuteness," "precision." Etymologically the word comes from Latin *nescius*, through the O.F. *nice;* hence its original meaning was *foolish, ignorant*, in which sense Chaucer uses both substantive and adjective. Cotgrave gives *nicely* as an equivalent for *mignonement*, which exactly fits the present passage.

280. Line 255: *that* STITHIED *Mars his helm.*—Theobald would read *smithied;* he made the same change in Hamlet, iii. 2. 89, where the substantive occurs. The *stithy* was the place where the anvil stood. Malone says that the word was still used in his time in Yorkshire.

281. Line 267: *We have had* PELTING *wars.*—So "*pelting* river," Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 91: "Poor *pelting* villages," Lear, ii. 3. 18; often in North's Plutarch.

282. Line 275: *Beat loud the tabourines.*—For these words Q. has *to taste your bounties, i.e.* "entreat him to taste," the stop at the end of line 274 being removed; the reading of the Folios is far preferable.

ACT V. Scene 1.

283. Line 4: CORE *of envy.*—Compare ii. 1. 7, with note.

284. Line 5: *Thou crusty* BATCH *of nature.*—Minsheu (Dictionary, p. 64) defines *batch* "as much bread as an oven will hold at one baking." Why it should be used as a term of contempt one does not quite see. Theobald changed to *botch*. It must be remembered, however, that Thersites had previously been called a *cob-loaf*. The dramatists often used the word, by a natural metaphor, to signify "of the same description, kind."

285. Line 18: *Achilles' male* VARLET.—Q. and F. 1, F. 2, and F. 3 have *varlot;* Theobald conjectured *harlot*. Whether or no *varlet* ever bore the same sense as *harlot* (which is extremely doubtful; cf. however, the passage quoted by the commentators from Middleton and Dekker's Honest Whore, i. 10) there can be no possible reason for altering the text. The expression is sufficiently explained by ii. 1. 126.

286. Line 28: *such preposterous* DISCOVERIES.—Various alternative readings have been proposed. Hanmer substituted *debaucheries;* Collier's MS. Corrector *discolourers;* Singer—and this I believe to be right—*discoverers, i.e.* in the sense which the word bears in Isaiah lvii. 8. *Discoveries*, if retained, must mean that Thersites regards Patroclus as something abnormal, as, in fact, a *male varlet*. See last note.

287. Line 35: *skein of* SLEAVE-*silk.*—Q. gives *sleive;* Ff. *sleyd*. We have the word in Macbeth, ii. 2. 37: "Sleep that knits up the ravell'd *sleave* of care;" where the Clarendon Press note quotes from Florio: "*Bauella*, any kind of *sleave* or raw silke." Skeat connects with *slip*, German *schleifen*, the general idea of the word being looseness, slackness; hence it would naturally serve as a term of contempt.

288. Line 38: *pester'd with such* WATERFLIES.—Compare Hamlet's "Dost know this *water-fly?*" (v. 2. 83). A *water-fly* flitting idly about the surface of a stream is "the proper emblem of a busy trifler." So Johnson.

289. Line 41: *Finch-*EGG!—So in Macbeth, iv. 2. 83, 84:

What, you *egg!*
Young fry of treachery.

Cf. Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 78: "pigeon-*egg* of discretion."

290. Line 45: *her daughter, my fair love; i.e.* Polixena. This was one of the details borrowed from Caxton.

291. Line 57: *one that loves* QUAILS; *i.e.* in an offensive sense; *quail* signifying, in contemporary argot, a wanton woman. The origin of the expression may be seen in the French proverb, "Chaud comme une *caille* . . ." So in Cotgrave, *caille coiffée;* cf. Littré, sub voce *Caille*.

292. Line 59: *transformation of Jupiter.*—Warburton's explanation of this passage is satisfactory. "He calls Menelaus *the transformation of Jupiter*, that is, as himself explains it, the *bull*, on account of his *horns*, which he had as a cuckold. This cuckold he calls the *primitive statue of cuckolds; i.e.* his story had made him so famous, that he stood as the great archetype of his character." The epithet *oblique*, if retained, must be a continuation of the idea just developed. Hanmer printed *antique;* Warburton *obelisque*.

293. Line 67: *a* FITCHEW, *a toad*, &c.—Thersites' repertory of abuse is extensive, and more than explains why earlier in the play he was addressed as "*Mistress* Ther-

sites" (ii. 1. 39). A *fitchew* was a polecat; as an appellation the word was not complimentary; see Lear, iv. 6. 124.

[This word was very variously spelt, *fitch*, *fitchele*, *fitcher*, *fitchet*, *fitchow*, *fitchole*, *fitchuk*, and is from the old Dutch *fisse*, and old French *fissau*, meaning a polecat, which latter word Cotgrave explains as "a *fitch* or fulmart," the latter being the old spelling of *foulmart;* which, in the form *foumart*, is the only name by which the polecat is known in the northern counties, where no form of the word *fitch* or *fitchew* seems to have been preserved. The name *foulmart* was given to the polecat to distinguish it from the *sweetmart* or common marten, which is still not uncommon among the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland. Grose gives (Provincial Glossary) *fitchet* as the form used in Warwickshire, and *fitchole* as that used in Exmoor; while in Devonshire the form is *fitch* or *fitchet*. There is a proverb in Somersetshire, "As cross as a *fitchet*." Of the two words the Promptorium Parvulorum gives apparently no form of *fitch* or *fitchew;* but it gives *fulmare* as a form of *foumart*. Baret gives *fitchew* and *fulmer*. Palsgrave gives *fulmarde*. There has been some doubt as to whether *fitchew* really meant a polecat, or some other form of weasel, perhaps a stoat. Bailey gives *fitcher*, *fitchow*, "a polecat, or strong-scented ferret." Bell in his British Quadrupeds gives the polecat under *fitchet weasel*, and gives as other English names only *Fitchew*, Polecat, Foumart, Fulmart. According to his classification the common marten, or beech marten, or stone-marten, is of a different genus to the polecat or fitchet weasel, which belongs to the genus *Mustelidæ*, while the *sweetmart* belongs, in common with the *pine marten*, to the genus *Martes*. It is difficult to say why Shakespeare uses the word *fitchew* in the sense which it evidently bears in the passage from Lear referred to above; for however much the favourite prey of the polecat, the rabbit, may deserve the character which Lear there assigns to the *fitchew*, it cannot be said that this member of the weasel tribe is particularly libidinous. The female contents herself with one family in the year, varying from four to six. "Cross as a *fitchet*" is a natural proverb enough, for there are few fiercer animals than the polecat, considering its size, and I have known one successfully to fight a dog which had often tackled even the most formidable half-wild cats.—F. A. M.]

A *puttock*=a kite, a worthless species of hawk; so Cymbeline, i. 1. 139, 140:

> I chose an eagle,
> And did avoid a *puttock*.

A herring without a roe was evidently a proverbial expression; we have it in Romeo and Juliet, ii. 4. 39.

294. Line 83: *sweet sink, sweet* SEWER.—Q. and Ff. have *sure;* the obvious correction was made by Rowe.

295. Line 99: BRABBLER *the hound.*—This is the name technically applied to hounds (chiefly young hounds) that give tongue, or in sportsman's phrase "open," when they have not properly struck upon the haunt of game; the idea comes out clearly in a passage in Merry Wives of Windsor, iv. 2. 206–209: "Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus *upon no trail*, never trust me when I *open* again." As to etymology, Minsheu rightly connects with Dutch *brabbelen*=to stammer, and French *babiller*=use too many words (Cotgrave). *Brabbling* he defines as "a brawle, contention, strife." Compare King John, v. 2. 161, 162:

> We hold our time too precious to be spent
> With such a *brabbler;*

i.e. a noisy fellow. So "This petty *brabble*" (=broil, quarrel), in Titus Andronicus, ii. 1. 62. For the same sense of the word cf. Greene (Works, p. 125), and Peele, Edward I. (Works, p. 390). Perhaps the generic idea underlying and connecting these seemingly different meanings is, "to make foolish, blustering noise, without end or aim."

ACT V. Scene 2.

296. Line 11: *if he can take her* CLIFF.—A term borrowed from music. So in The Lovers Melancholy, i. 1, in the beautiful passage describing the meeting of Menaphon and Eroclea:

> The young man grew at last
> Into a pretty anger that a bird,
> Whom art had never taught *cliffs*, moods, or notes . . .
> —Ford's Works, vol. i. p. 15.

Steevens, too, refers to The Chances:

> Will none but my *C Cliff* serve your turn?
> —Beaumont and Fletcher, Dyce's ed., vii. p. 282.

We may remember the music-lesson in the Taming of the Shrew, iii. 1. 72–80, and Bianca's reading of "the gamut of Hortensio." Cotgrave, *s.v. clef*, gives "*a cliff in musicke.*" In the present passage there is doubtless some offensive innuendo.

297. Line 41: *You flow to great* DISTRACTION.—So Ff., while Q. has *destruction*. So again in scene 3, line 85.

298. Lines 55, 56: *How the devil* LUXURY, *with his . . . potato-finger.*—An elaborate note on this passage by Collins is printed at the end of vol. viii. of Malone, Var. Ed. It will be sufficient to say that *luxury* in Shakespeare always, and in the other contemporary dramatists very frequently, bears, like the French *luxure*, the sense of "lust," "lasciviousness." See Much Ado, note 262; to which I may add that *luxurious* is never used in its modern sense by Shakespeare, but always, like *luxuriosus* in canonical writings, in its worst sense of "lustful," "wanton."

299. Line 66: *Here, Diomed, keep this* SLEEVE.—Shakespeare was thinking of Chaucer's account, in whose Troylus and Chryseyde (bk. v.) we have:

> And efter this, the storye telleth us
> That she him yat the faire bay steede,
> The whiche she ones wan of Troylus;
> And eke a brooch (and that was litel nede)
> That Troylus' was, she yat this Diomede;
> And ek the bet from sorw hym to releve,
> She made hym were a pensel of hire *sleve.*
> —Chaucer's Works, Bohn's ed., iii. 272.

Pensel (*penoncel*)=a small streamer. Commenting on the lines just quoted Bell remarks that for a knight to wear on his armour some badge or token of his mistress' love, was a common if not invariable custom. It would be easy to quote parallels without end, from the Morte D'Arthur down to Scott's novels. The editors all note the burlesque of this scene that occurs in the Histrio-Mastix, 1610:

> O knight, with valour in thy face,
> Here take my skreene, wear it for grace;

Within thy helmet put the same,
Therewith to make thine enemies lame.

300. Lines 81, 82: *Nay, do not snatch it from me, &c.*—In Q. and Ff. this and the next line are given to Diomede. They clearly are a continuation of Cressida's speech. The alteration was first adopted by Theobald.

301. Line 108: *But with my heart the other eye doth see.*—Johnson and Hanmer preferred the more obvious:

But *my heart with* the other eye doth see.

Practically the meaning will be the same; but I think the text of the copies gives a better antithetical effect. This, it will be noticed, is the last speech that Cressida makes; henceforth she passes out of the play, and, but for a scornful reference, is forgotten. This did not suit Dryden's taste; a guilty heroine unpunished in the fifth act was an anomaly in Restoration tragedy, and accordingly the *dénouement* in his version is contrived on more orthodox lines. Troilus overcomes Diomede, and is on the point of killing him, when Cressida enters and interposes. She pleads for Diomede's life, protests innocence, is reproached and repelled by Troilus, and then to clear herself of guilt produces the inevitable dagger:

Enough, my lord; you 've said enough.
The faithless, perjured, hated Cressida,
Shall be no more the subject of your curses:
Some few hours hence, and grief had done your work;
But then your eyes had missed the satisfaction,
Which thus I give you—thus— [*She stabs herself.*

A slight dialogue follows; the heroine blesses her lover "with her latest breath," and dies; and afterwards "the dragnet of death," to employ a phrase of Mr. Swinburne's, gathers in its meshes most of the remaining characters. Dramatically, such a catastrophe is effective enough; a heroine dying, after the manner of Otway s Monimia, with innocence and love on her lips, can never fail of pathos; but, after all, it is but a stage-artifice, and inappropriate here, because nothing could win our sympathies for Cressida. Scott rightly censures Dryden's perversion of Shakespeare's design (Dryden's Works, vol. vi. p. 228). [On this point see the Stage History, Introduction, p. 169.]

302. Line 122: *That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears.*—So the Quarto. F. 1 gives *that test;* F. 2 *that rest.*

303. Line 131: *To stubborn* CRITICS.—Probably, as Malone says, *critic* is here almost synonymous with *cynic;* so in the familiar line, Love's Labour 's Lost, iv. 3. 170:

And *critic* Timon laugh at idle toys.

304. Lines 132, 133:

to SQUARE *the general sex*
By *Cressid's rule.*

i. e. to measure by, adjust to. For a similar use of this verb, compare Comus, 329, 330:

Eye me, blest Providence, and *square* my trial
To my proportioned strength.

305. Line 141: *rule in unity; i.e.* one is not two. "This Cressida is false: my Cressida was true; they cannot be the same."

306. Line 144: BI-FOLD *authority.*—The Folios have a pointless variant, *by foul.* In line 147 *conduce* is highly doubtful. Rowe read *commence.*

307 Line 158: *The fractions of her faith,* ORTS *of her love.—Orts*=leavings, fragments. Cf. Lucrece, 985:

Let him have time a beggar's *orts* to crave.

As to derivative of *orts,* Mr. Aldis Wright has the following note upon the line just quoted: "*Ort* is probably the A. S. *ord,* which means first, the beginning, and then, the point of anything; so that 'odds and ends' is only another form of 'orts and ends,' the Icelandic *oddr,* a point, being the same as the A. S. *ord.*" Professor Skeat has a different explanation. He says: "*orts,* remnants, leavings (E.), M. E. *ortes.* From A. S. *or,* out (what is left); *etan,* to eat. Proved by O. Du. *orete,* a piece left after eating . . . same prefix *or* occurs in *or-deal*" (Etymological Dictionary, s.v. *eat*). Wedgwood, we may note, says that the verb *to ort* is applied in Scotland to cattle that waste their food.

In line 160 *o'er-eaten* must bear the general sense of *surfeited.*

308. Line 172: *Which shipmen do the* HURRICANO *call.*—We find the same form of the word in Lear, iii. 2. 2:

You cataracts and *hurricanoes,* spout.

309. Line 187: *wear a castle on thy head!*—Steevens quotes an exact parallel to this passage from The Most Ancient and Famous History of the Renowned Prince Arthur, ed. 1634, chap. clviii.: "Do thou thy best, said Sir Gawaine; therefore hie thee fast that thou wert gone and list thou well we shall soone come after, and breake the strongest *castle that thou hast upon thy head.*" Probably, therefore, *to wear a castle on one's head* was a proverbial expression, meaning "to be on one's guard," and not impossibly may point to the devices upon helmets. I can suggest no other explanation, and the editors do not lend us any aid.

310. Line 193: *the parrot will not do more for an almond.*—A proverbial expression, the *locus classicus* upon which is Skelton's poem, "Speke, Parrot," where we have in stanza i.:

And sen me to greate ladyes of estate;
Then *Parrot* must have an *almon* or a date.

So later in same poem:

An *Almon* now for *Parrot* delycatly drest.
—Skelton's Works, ed. Dyce, vol. ii. pp. 1, 4.

Compare, too, Webster's Westward Ho, v. 4; Works, p. 242.

ACT V. Scene 3.

311. Line 1: *When was my lord so much ungently temper'd.*—The introduction of Andromache is a curious deviation from the classical story. It is early in the Iliad, in book vi., that we have the beautiful scene in which his "dear-won wife" bids Hector refrain from the fight: "nay, Hector, thou art to me father and lady mother, yea and brother, even as thou art my goodly husband. Come now, have pity and abide here upon the tower, lest thou make thy child an orphan and thy wife a widow." In the twenty-first book, where Hector goes out to the battle and is slain, only Priam and his "lady mother," before the city gates, pray him return.

Shakespeare, therefore, is following the account given in Caxton's Troy-Book, where we read: "King Priamus sent to Hector, that he keep him that day from going to battle. Wherefore Hector was angry and reproached his

wife, as he that knew well that this commandment came by her. Notwithstanding he armed him: and when Andromache saw him armed she took her little children, and fell down at the feet of her husband, and humbly prayed him that he would unarm him, but he would not do it. Then she said if not for my sake yet have pity on your little children, that I and they die not a bitter death, or that we be not led into bondage into strange countries." Compared with the wonderful pathos of Homer's story, compared even with the simple unwrought narrative of the Troy-Book, there is to my mind something very tame and ineffective in all this scene. "Andromache, I am offended with you." Contrast Homer's: "And her husband had pity to see her, and caressed her with his hand, and spake and called upon her name—'Dear one, I pray thee be not of over sorrowful heart; no man against my fate shall hurl me to Hades; only destiny, I ween, no man hath escaped, be he coward or be he valiant, when once he hath been born. But go thou to thine house, and see to thine own tasks . . . for war shall men provide, and I in chief of all men that dwell in Ilios.'" The quotations are from the translation of the Iliad by Lang, Leaf, and Myers.

312. Line 6: OMINOUS *to the day.*—As in Hamlet, ii. 2. 476, *ominous*=fatal. Pope, following Rowe, read "ominous *to-day.*" Dreams have always been a source of superstition. Compare Shakespeare's use of them in Julius Cæsar.

313. Lines 20–22:

> *To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,*
> *For we would give much, to use violent thefts,*
> *And rob in the behalf of charity.*

These three lines are not in the Quarto. The compositor's eye, says Malone, passed over them and gave the following speech of Cassandra to Andromache. Of line 21 F. makes nonsense; it reads:

> For we would *count* give much to *as* violent thefts.

Tyrwhitt saw that *count* had crept in from line 19; he expunged the word, and proposed *use* for *as* in the second half of the verse. His correction is adopted in the Cambridge Shakespeare, and I agree with Dyce's remark that the other attempts to mend the passage are for the most part "not worth considering." Indeed what exception can be taken to Tyrwhitt's version I am at a loss to see.

314. Line 26: *keeps the weather of my fate.*—The phrase seems to=*take the wind of, i.e.* have superiority over; so Boswell. We may compare the French *être au-dessus du vent.* In the next line Pope needlessly substituted *brave* for *dear.* The repetition of the latter in 28 is conclusive against any alteration.

315. Lines 40, 41:

> *When many times the captive Grecians fall,*
> *Even in the* FAN AND WIND *of your fair sword.*

We are reminded of the passage from the old play, in "Æneas' tale to Dido," recited by the First Player in Hamlet, ii. 2. 494–496:

> Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
> But with the *whiff and wind* of his fell sword
> The unnerved father falls.

In each case Shakespeare was probably thinking of the extravagant lines in Marlowe's Dido, ii. 1. 254, 255:

> Which he disdaining, whisk'd his sword about,
> And with the *wind* thereof the King fell down.

Dido, Queen of Carthage, was written by Marlowe and Nash, and both names appeared on the title-page; it is pretty certain, however, that Nash was responsible for the greater part of the play. Cf. Introduction to Bullen's Marlowe, pp. xlviii. xlix.

316. Line 55: *Their eyes o'er*GALLED. — Shakespeare uses the word elsewhere to express the effect of soreness in the eyes produced by weeping; cf. Hamlet, i. 2. 154, 155:

> Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
> Had left the flushing in her *galled* eyes.

So, too, in Richard III. iv. 4. 53:

> That reigns in *galled* eyes of weeping souls.

317. Line 73: *shame respect; i.e.* "I must go in any case; do not therefore force me into disobedience by forbidding me to go."

318. Line 91: *You are* AMAZ'D.—Not merely astonished; the word often signifies complete bewilderment, confusion, as in Cymbeline, iv. 3. 28; Richard II. v. 2. 85.

319. Line 112: *But edifies another with her deeds.*—After this verse the Folio gives these three lines:

> *Pand.* Why, but heare you?
> *Troy.* Hence brother lackie; ignomie and shame
> Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.

These, it will be seen, are almost identical with lines 32–34 in the last scene of this act, where they are also found in F. 1, and to which place they evidently belong. We cannot insert them in both places; there is clearly some corruption of the text. See note 349.

ACT V. Scene 4.

320. Line 1: *Now they are* CLAPPER-CLAWING *one another.*—Doctor Caius, it will be remembered, asks, "*Clapper-de-claw!* vat is dat?" (Merry Wives, ii. 3. 69). The meaning may be guessed from the not too frequent passages where the word occurs. Thus, in the remarkable preface prefixed to the second issue of the Quarto of this drama, the publishers claim that it is "a new play, never stal'd with the stage, never *clapper-claw'd* with the palmes of the vulger" (see Introduction, p. 165). Ford, too, employs it graphically enough in the Lovers Melancholy, v. 1: "this she-rogue is drunk, and *clapper-clawed* me, without any reverence to my person, or good garments" (Works, vol. i. p. 105). The word is obviously onomatopœic.

321. Line 9: LUXURIOUS *drab.*—For *luxurious* see note 298.

322. Line 9: SLEEVELESS *errand.*—The epithet appears to have got a stereotyped meaning of "unprofitable," "unsuccessful." So in Nashe's Lenten Stuffe we have: "rather than hee woulde go home with a *sleeveless* answer" (Nashe's Prose Works, in Huth Library, vol. v. p. 287). The editors do not explain how the metaphor arose; perhaps it points to some custom of mediæval knight-errantry

323. Line 10: SWEARING *rascals.*—Applied to Nestor

and Ulysses, *swearing* is not very appropriate. One is tempted to accept Theobald's *sneering*.

324. Line 13: *not proved worth a* BLACKBERRY.—Blackberries were evidently at a discount in Shakespeare's time. Cf. Falstaff's immortal "Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as *blackberries*, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion" (I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 264–266).

325. Line 19: *here comes sleeve, and* T' OTHER.—Collier's MS. Corrector gave: "here comes sleeve and *sleeveless;*" an improvement, I think.

326. Line 29: *Art thou of* BLOOD *and* HONOUR?—Every now and then we light on touches the most curiously non-classical in sentiment. Here, for instance, the idea is taken from the old romances, in which it is a point of etiquette that only knights of equal birth and rank should engage in combat. We might be reading the history of such heroes as

> Amadis de Gaul,
> The Knight o' the Sun, or Palmerin of England.

Everyone will remember parallels in Don Quixote.

327. Line 33: *that thou wilt believe me.*—This is an exquisite touch; self-criticism from the "demagogic Caliban" (Coleridge's phrase) is the most effective of criticisms.

ACT V. Scene 5.

328. Line 2: *Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid.*—Chapter xxvi. of Caxton's Troy-Book (iii.) describes how "Dyomedes smote down Troylus off his horse, and sent it to Briseyda his love that received it gladly." Also in Lydgate, the various chiefs, it will be noticed, are represented throughout as fighting, like the mediæval knights, from horseback; in Homer, of course, they are always on foot, or riding in chariots.

329. Line 9: *waving his* BEAM.—So in Samson Agonistes, 1121, 1122:

> Add thy spear,
> A weaver's *beam*, and seven-times-folded shield;

where Milton probably had in his mind's eye the description of Goliath's armour in 1 Sam. xvii. 5–7.

330. Line 14: *the dreadful* SAGITTARY.—Of this Centaur, which in the Destruction of Troy (bk. iii. chap. xiv.) is killed by Diomede, Homer, we are glad to think, has nothing to say. Curiously enough, Shakespeare introduces a *Sagittary* in Othello (i. 1. 159); there, however, it is a less formidable monster, being, perhaps, part of the Arsenal of Venice.

331. Line 17: *Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles.*—In Iliad, xvi., Patroclus dons Achilles' armour and drives the Trojans back from the ships, but at last meets Hector and is slain. Antilochus brings the news to Achilles (Iliad, xvii. 17–22).

332. Lines 22, 23:

> *And there they fly or die, like* SCALED SCULLS
> *Before the belching whale.*

Etymologically *scull* and *shoal* are identical; Spenser uses the form *shole*, in The Shepherd's Calendar, May, 19, 20:

> Sicker this morrow, no longer ago,
> I saw a *shole* of shepherds outgo.

The M.E. *scole*, from meaning "school," came to signify "a troop, crowd" (Skeat). I find the expression "*sculle* of fishes" translated in Minsheu (1617) by "examen or agmen piscium." According to Ritson the word was used especially on the coast of Norfolk and Suffolk, and "a *school* of fish" is still a phrase current among sailors. *Scull*, however, in this sense, is not unknown to English classical writers. Compare Milton, Paradise Lost, vii. 399, and Todd's note thereon (Works, vol. iii. p. 43):

> Each bay
> With fry innumerable swarms, and shoals
> Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
> Glide under the green wave, in *sculls* that oft
> Bank the mid sea.

Steevens, too, quotes Drayton's Polyolbion, the 26th song:

> My silver-scaled *sculls* about my streams do sweep.

Hanmer, of course, read *shoals* in the present passage. By *scaled* (for which Q. has *scaling*) Malone understands *dispersed*. It is doubtful, however, whether the word can have any such sense. The dictionaries indeed recognize a verb *to scale*, which, they say = to spread, and then, to scatter; but I know no case of it occurring in classical English, and in Malone's passage from Coriolanus, i. 1. 95, Theobald's *stale*—one of his many admirable corrections—has been adopted by the Cambridge editors and the Globe ed. I think, therefore, that the epithet bears its ordinary, and, as applied to fish, perfectly appropriate, meaning; cf. Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 5. 95: "A cistern for *scaled* snakes!"

The simile, of course, is a natural one. So in Iliad, xxi. 22–25, we have: "As before a dolphin of huge maw fly other fish and fill the nooks of some fair-havened bay, in terror, for he devoureth amain whichsoever of them he may catch; so along the channels of that dread stream the Trojans crouched beneath the precipitous sides." Perhaps Shakespeare's lines are a reminiscence of Chapman's translation.

333. Line 24: *the* STRAWY *Greeks.*—For *strawy* (so Q.) Ff. have *straying;* the metaphor, however, running through the two lines is decisive on the point. The epithet is thoroughly Homeric.

334. Line 44: *So, so, we* DRAW TOGETHER.—Steevens thinks that the idea is of horses *drawing*, or as we might say in current phrase, *pulling* together; the words would then refer to Ajax, in allusion to the fact that lately he had not co-operated well with the Greeks. It seems to me not impossible that the metaphor suggested is that of a pack of hounds *drawing* a covert; Ajax, Diomede, and Nestor all trying to track down Troilus.

335. Line 45: *thou* BOY-QUELLER, *show thy face; i.e.* because Hector had killed Patroclus.

ACT V. Scene 6.

336. Line 10: *I will not* LOOK UPON; *i.e.* be a looker on. Compare Richard II. iv. 1. 237:

> Nay, all of you that stand and *look upon;*

where the Folios changed the reading of Qq. to "look upon *me.*"

337. Line 29: *I'll* FRUSH *it.*—*Frush* is the French *frois-*

ser=to bruise, dash to pieces; a very strong word, only here in Shakespeare.

ACT V. Scene 7.

338. Line 6: *In fellest manner execute your* AIMS.—*Aims* is Capell's indispensable correction of the copies, which all read *arms*. Singer, retaining *arms*, explains *execute* to mean *employ*, but even so the line is little better than a piece of pointless tautology.

339. Line 19: *One* BEAR *will not* BITE *another*.—So Juvenal: Sævis inter se convenit ursis (Satire xv. 164).

ACT V. Scene 8.

340. Line 7: VAIL *and darkening of the sun*.—*Vail*="setting;" only here as a substantive in Shakespeare. The verb (Old French *avaler, i.e. aval=ad vallem*) occurs very frequently.

341. Line 9: *I am* UNARM'D; *forego this vantage, Greek*.—This account of Hector's death is in strict accord with the accepted traditions of the mediæval romance writers. Here, for instance, is the story in Caxton's Destruction of Troy:—"Among all these things, Hector had taken a noble baron of Greece that was richly armed, and to lead him out of the host at his ease he cast his shield behind him, and left his breast uncovered, and as he was departing, minding not Achilles he came privily unto him and thrust his spear in his body, and Hector fell dead to the ground. When King Menon saw Hector dead, he assailed Achilles by great force, and beat him to the ground and hurt him grievously, but his men carried him into his tent upon his shield. Then for the death of Hector were all the Trojans discomfited and re-entered into their city, bearing the body of Hector with great sorrow and lamentation."

342. Line 18: *And,* STICKLER-*like, the armies separates*.—A *stickler* was a non-combatant, or, as we should say, *second*, who stood by to see fair-play in fencing matches: one of his duties was to stop the duel when he thought fit. Minsheu gives the word in his Dictionary: "a *stickler* betweene two, so called as putting a *sticke* or staffe betweene two fighting or fencing together." This naïve piece of philology was endorsed by Hanmer and others until Ritson in his Remarks (1783) hinted that "the nature of the English language does not allow the derivation of *stickler* from *stick*." According to Skeat, the word is a corruption of the Middle English *stightlen, stightilen* =to dispose, order, arrange; it is cognate with the German *stiften, stift*. For use of word compare Cynthia's Revels, iv. 2: "So he may have fair play shown him and the liberty to choose his *stickler*" (Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. ii. p. 336, where see note).

343. Lines 19, 20:

My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed.

Pope placed these lines in the margin, and most of the editors condemn the turgid diction of Achilles' speech. It is too much in the Cambyses' vein to pass unchallenged.

344. Line 22: *Along the field* I WILL THE TROJAN TRAIL.—A strictly classical touch. The episode is given at length in Iliad xxii., which the ringing rhetoric of Pope reproduced as follows:

Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred;
(Unworthy of himself, and of the dead;)
The nervous ancles bored, his feet he bound
With thongs inserted through the double wound;
These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain;
Proud on his car the insulting victor stood,
And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.
He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.
Now lost is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long-descending hair,
Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;
Deform'd, dishonour'd, in his native land,
Given to the rage of an insulting throng,
And, in his parents' sight, now dragg'd along!

It was one of the scenes sculptured (or frescoed) in the temple of Juno, described in the first Æneid, 483, 484:

Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora muros,
Exanimumque auro corpus vendebat Achilles.

Also in Lydgate, chap. xxxi. Caxton, as we have seen, represents the Trojans as bearing Hector's body back into the city, rather a remarkable deviation from classical tradition.

ACT V. Scene 9.

345. Line 4: THE BRUIT *is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles; i.e.* the rumour, report. The verb generally implies "announcing with noise." So Macbeth, v. 7. 21, 22:

By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems *bruited*.

Taken from the French; probably of Celtic origin.

ACT V. Scene 10.

346. Lines 6, 7:

Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!

A vexed passage. Q. and Ff. read:

Sit gods upon your thrones, and smile at Troy.
I say at once . . . .

This reading, with only a slight change in the punctuation, I have retained. I cannot see with Mr. W. N. Lettsom that *smile* "no doubt, is nonsense;" on the contrary, the line appears to me to make excellent sense. The difficulty, I think, comes in the next verse, which certainly is very abrupt. But I doubt whether mere abruptness should justify us in altering the undisputed text of both Quarto and Folios. If, however, any change is to be adopted—and apparently the Cambridge editors recognize no such necessity—it is tempting to combine the proposals of Hanmer and Lettsom, and print:

smite all Troy;
Ay, slay at once—

347. Line 18: *There is a word will Priam turn to stone*.—Alluding, no doubt, to the story of the Gorgon's head. Cf. Macbeth, ii. 3. 77.

348. Line 19: *Make wells and Niobes*.—Compare the Widow's Tears, iv. 2:

My sister may turn *Niobe* for love.
—Chapman's Works, p. 328.

Hanmer naturally changed to "wells and rivers."

349. Lines 30, 31.—Walker (A Critical Examination, iii. p. 203) contends that these are the concluding lines of the piece: "the mind of the reader is fully satisfied, and any thing additional sounds like an impertinence and obtrusion." Verses 32–34 he would place at the end of scene 3, where see note; and the rest of Pandarus' epilogue he regards as an interpolation. I think there is much to be said for this view; at any rate, one would gladly believe that the ribald rubbish with which the play ends was not written by Shakespeare. Troilus here survives. In Caxton's Destruction of Troy he is killed by Achilles, and the event is narrated with considerable circumstantiality. Curiously enough, this detail is unknown to Homer. He merely mentions (in Iliad xxiv. 257) that Troilus (ἱπποχάρμης) had been slain in battle before the time of the Iliad. Probably Vergil was the authority for the later accounts. Compare the beautiful lines in Æneid, i. 474–478, beginning:

> Parte alia fugiens amissis Troilus armis,
> Infelix puer atque impar congressus Achilli—

350. Line 47: *painted cloths.*—This refers to the custom of hanging up texts, mottoes, verses, and what not, upon the walls of rooms. They were painted on canvas or cloth. So in As You Like It, iii. 2. 287–291, when Jaques says to Orlando, "You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?" the latter replies, "Not so; but I answer you *right painted cloth*, from whence you have studied your questions." This, I imagine, is the allusion in the following passage from Eastward Ho (by Ben Jonson, Chapman, Marston and Shirley), iv. 1: "I hope to see thee one o' the monuments of our city, and reckoned among her worthies to be remembered the same day with the Lady Ramsey and grave Gresham when the famous fable of Whittington and his puss shall be forgotten, *and thou and thy acts become the posies for hospitals*" (Chapman's Works, p. 474). Malone has an interesting quotation from a tract published in 1601:

> Read what is written on the *painted cloth*,
> Do no man wrong; be good unto the poor.
> Beware the mouse, the maggot and the moth,
> And ever have an eye into the door.

Dyce in his Middleton, vol. iii. p. 97, has an interesting note on Dekker's Honest Whore, v. 1. Rather more elaborate than these canvas inscriptions, though pointing the same elementary morals, must have been the tapestry scenes from the Bible with which rooms were adorned. Amongst these a favourite and appropriate subject was the story of the Prodigal, and that of Lazarus. Compare I. Henry IV. iv. 2. 27–29, and note 266 of that play. See also Merry Wives, iv. 5. 9, where the host has got ready for Falstaff a chamber "*painted* about with *the story of the Prodigal*, fresh and new."

Sometimes the designs were classical; of these the story of Actæon seems to have been popular. Compare:

> he stands
> Just like *Actæon* in the *painted cloth*.
> —The Fancies, ii. 1 (Ford's Works, vol. ii. 161).

351. Line 55: *Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss.*—Probably this was a proverbial phrase. So in Randolph's comedy, Hey for Honesty; Down with Knavery, iii. 3, we have "The woman, perceiving me, put forth her hand; then I fell *a-hissing like a Winchester goose*, or St. George's dragon" (Randolph's Works, p. 442). Unfortunately, however, many of Pandarus' remarks contain some offensive *double entente*, and the present line is an instance in point. It will be sufficient to say that one disreputable quarter of London was long under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester, a fact to which there are many indirect and indelicate allusions in the dramatists. This explains a passage in Chapman's Monsieur D'Olive, iv. 1; "Paris, or Padua, or the famous school of England called Winchester, *famous I mean for the goose*, where scholars wear petticoats so long; all these, I say, are but belfries to the body or school of the Court" (Works, p. 131). Compare, too, the editors on I. Henry VI. i. 3. 53. Also Dyce's note on Webster's Cure for a Cuckold, iv. 1 (Works, p. 307), and Halliwell's *Nares*, sub voce *Winchester*. Curiously enough, *a goose* was also an emblem of "meere modestie" (See Brand, Popular Antiquities, i. 370).

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

NOTE.—The addition of sub. adj. verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb, only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Abashed	i.	3	18
Abruption	iii.	2	70
Accepted[1]	iii.	3	30
Affectionately .	iii.	1	74
Almond	v.	2	194
A-mending	i.	3	159
Amidst	i.	3	91
Antiquary (adj.)	ii.	3	262
Appertainments	ii.	3	87

1 = acceptable.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Aspiration.....	iv.	5	16
Assinego[2].....	ii.	1	49
Assubjugate...	ii.	3	202
Attachment...	iv.	2	5
Attest[3].....	ii.	2	132
Attest (sub.)...	v.	2	122
Attributive	ii.	2	58

2 See note 97.

3 = to call to witness; used three times = to certify, to testify.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Avow[4]	i.	3	271
Barbarian (adj.)	ii.	1	52
Batch	v.	1	5
Bauble[5].....	i.	3	35
Beam[6]	v.	5	9

4 Used intransitively = to assert, in Henry VIII. iv. 2. 142.

5 Used adjectively.

6 = a spear. Used elsewhere in various other senses.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Bed-mate.....	iv.	1	5
Bed-work.....	i.	3	205
Beef-witted....	ii.	1	14
Bellied (verb)..	ii.	2	74
Benumbed	ii.	2	179
Beseech (sub.).	i.	2	319
Besotted	ii.	2	143
Bias (adv.).....	i.	3	15
Bias[7].....	iv.	5	8

7 Used adjectively.

WORDS PECULIAR TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

	Act	Sc.	Line
*Bias-drawing	iv.	5	169
Bi-fold	v.	2	144
Bitch-wolf	ii.	1	11
Black-a-moor	i.	1	79
Blockish	i.	3	375
Bone-ache	ii.	3	21
	v.	1	25
Botchy	ii.	1	7
Boy-queller	v.	5	45
Brabbler[1]	v.	1	99
Bragless	v.	9	5
Brainless	i.	3	381
Breath[2]	ii.	3	121
	iv.	5	92
Broad[3]	i.	3	190
*Brokers-between	iii.	2	212
Bugbear	iv.	2	34
Bull-bearing	ii.	3	258
Calumniate	iii.	3	174
	v.	2	124
Captain-general	iii.	3	279
Catarrhs	v.	1	21
Catlings[4]	iii.	3	307
Changeful	iv.	4	99
Charácterless	iii	2	195
Chest[5]	i.	3	163
	iv	5	10
Clear[6] (adj.)	iv.	2	114
Closet-war	i.	3	205
Co-act	v.	2	118
Cobloaf	ii.	1	41
Cognition	v.	2	63
Colossus-wise	v.	5	9
Commodious	v.	2	195
Communities[7]	i.	3	103
Complimental	iii.	1	42
Composure[8]	ii.	3	108
Concupy[9]	v.	2	177
Conflux	i.	3	7
Consanguinity	iv.	2	103
Constringed	v.	2	173
Convince[10]	ii.	2	130
Convive (verb)	iv.	5	272
Core[11] (of a boil)	ii.	1	7
	v.	1	4
Co-rivalled	i.	3	44
Corresponsive	Prol.		18
Courteously	iv.	4	123
*Cousin-german	iv.	5	121
Crusty	v.	1	5
*Death-tokens	ii.	3	187
Debonair	i.	3	235
Deceptious	v.	2	123
Deedless	iv.	5	98
Deem (sub.)	iv.	4	61
Deep-drawing	Prol.		12
Delivery[12]	iv.	3	2
Dependance	ii.	2	192
Depravation	v.	2	132
Derive[13]	ii.	3	65
Dexter	iv.	5	128
Directive	i.	3	356
Dirt-rotten[14]	v.	1	22
Disdainfully[15]	iii.	3	53
Dismes	ii.	2	19
Disorbed	ii.	2	46
Disposer	iii.	1	95, 98, 101
Distaste (trans.)	ii.	2	123
	iv.	4	50
Disunite	ii.	3	108
Dividable	i.	3	105
Dog-fox	v.	4	13
*Double-henned	v.	7	11
Draught-oxen	ii.	1	116
Draw[16]	ii.	3	277
Dumb-discoursive	iv.	4	92
Ear-wax	v.	1	59
Embrasures	iv.	4	39
Encounterers	iv.	5	58
Enfreed	iv.	1	38
Enlard	ii.	3	205
Enrapt	v.	3	65
Errant	i.	3	9
Erudition	ii.	3	254
Expect (sub.)	i.	3	70
Expectance	iv.	5	146
Expecters	iv.	5	156
Expostulation	iv.	4	62
Expressly[17]	iii.	3	114
False-hearted	v.	1	95
Fan[18]	i.	3	27
Fan[19]	v.	3	41
Fantastic[20]	v.	5	38
*Fat-already	ii.	3	205
Fathomless	ii.	2	30
Fee-farm	iii.	2	54
Feud	iv.	5	132
Fills[21]	iii.	2	48
Fits[22]	iii.	1	62
*Five-finger-tied (adj.)	v.	2	157
Flap (sub.)	v.	1	36
Fold[23]	iii.	3	223
Foragers	i.	3	82
Forceless[24]	v.	5	40
Fraction[25]	ii.	3	106
Frayed	iii.	2	34
Frush	v.	6	29
Gainsay[26]	iv.	5	132
Gallantry	iii.	1	148
Galled[27]	v.	10	55
Generals[28]	i.	3	180
*Goers-between	iii.	2	208
Gorget	i.	3	174
Gory[29]	iv.	5	123
Grated[30]	iii.	2	195
Gravel[31]	v.	1	21
*Great-sized	iii.	3	147
	v.	10	26
Grossness[32]	i.	3	325
Guts-griping	v.	1	20
Hacks (sub.)	i.	2	222, 225
*Half-supped	v.	8	19
Hamstring*	i.	3	154
Handsomeness	ii.	1	16
Hatched[33]	i.	3	65
*Heart-blood	iii.	1	35
Heel (verb)	iv.	4	88
*High-soaring	iv.	4	126
Hold-door (adj.)	v.	10	52
Idiot-worshippers	v.	1	7
*Ill-disposed	ii.	3	84
*Ill-thought	i.	1	71
Imbecility	i.	3	114
Immaterial	v.	1	35
Imminence	v.	10	13
Immures (sub.)	Prol.		8
Importless	i.	3	71
Indistinguishable	v.	1	32
Indrenched	i.	1	51
Infectiously	ii.	2	59
Inseparate	v.	2	148
Insisture	i.	3	87
Inveigled	ii.	3	99
Justness	ii.	2	119
Knower	ii.	3	51, 57
Land-fish	iii.	3	263
Languageless	iii.	3	263
Largeness[34]	i.	3	5
Launched[35]	ii.	2	82
Lavolt	iv.	4	88
Learn[36]	ii.	1	22, 98
Leavening (sub.)	i.	1	22
Lifter	i.	2	129
*Lily-beds	iii.	2	13
*Lion-sick	ii.	3	93
Long-continued	i.	3	262
Maculation	iv.	4	66
Mail (armour)	iii.	3	152
Mappery	i.	3	205
Mastic	i.	3	73
Maturity[37]	i.	3	317
Maxim	i.	2	318
Mealy	iii.	3	79
Memorial (adj.)	v.	2	80
Mends (sub.)	i.	1	67
Mirable	iv.	5	142
Missions	iii.	3	189
Mistress[38]	iii.	2	53
Mixture[39]	i.	3	95
Moderate (verb)	iv.	4	5
Moderation	iv.	4	2
Modicums	ii.	1	74
*Momentary-swift	iv.	2	14
Monstruosity	iii.	2	87
Mouse-eaten	v.	4	12
Mower	v.	5	25
Multipotent	iv.	5	129
Naughtily	iv.	2	38
Negation	v.	2	127
Negotiations	iii.	3	24
New-ta'en	iii.	2	36
Noseless	v.	5	34
Obstinately	v.	2	121
Odd[40]	iv.	5	44
Oddly[41]	i.	3	339
O'erdusted	iii.	3	179
O'er-eaten	v.	2	160
O'ergalled	v.	3	55
O'er-wrested	i.	3	157

1 Name of a dog; = a noisy fellow in John, v. 2. 162.

2 = a gentle exercise. Used frequently in other senses.

3 = puffed with pride; used frequently in other senses.

4 = catgut.

5 = the thorax. Also Lucrece, 761.

6 = sounding distinctly.

7 = societies; *community* = commonness, occurs in I. Henry IV. iii. 277.

8 = union, alliance; = qualities of disposition, in Troilus, ii. 3. 251; Ant and Cleo. i. 4. 22.

9 Word coined by Thersites for *concupiscence*.

10 = to convict. Used elsewhere in various other senses.

11 See note 92.

12 = surrender.

13 = to deduce; frequently used in its ordinary sense.

14 This word is not in F. 1.

15 Lucrece, 40.

16 = to displace water (said of a ship).

17 = distinctly. Lucrece, 1397.

18 = winnowing fan.

19 = whiff.

20 = incredible. Used elsewhere in other senses.

21 = the shafts of a carriage.

22 = divisions of a song or tune.

23 Used figuratively = an embrace; of the coils of a snake, Venus and Adonis, 879; of cloth doubled, Lear, i. 1. 221.

24 Venus and Adonis, 152.

25 = breach, discord.

26 = to forbid; used elsewhere in various other senses.

27 = rancorous.

28 = that which is com to all; opposed to *severals*.

29 Used figuratively = deadly; = covered with blood, Romeo, v. 3. 142; Macbeth, iii. 4. 51.

30 = ground. This verb is used by Shakespeare in various senses.

31 = a disease.

32 = bulkiness. Used elsewhere in other senses.

33 = engraved.

34 Lover's Complaint, 91.

35 of a ship.

36 = to communicate, to tell.

37 Sonnet, lx. 6.

38 = the "jack" at the game of bowls.

39 = state of confusion; = a draught, a concoction, in three passages.

40 = single; used elsewhere in many different senses.

41 = unevenly; = strangely, in other passages.

WORDS PECULIAR TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Omission	iii.	3	230
Oppugnancy	i.	3	111
Orgulous	Prol.		2
Orifex	v.	2	151
Outfly	ii.	3	124
Outswell	iv.	5	9
Overbulk	i.	3	320
Overhold	ii.	3	142
Pageants (verb)	i.	3	151
Parallels[1]	i.	3	168
Parted[2]	iii.	3	96
Pash (verb)	ii.	3	213
	v.	5	10
*Past-proportion	ii.	2	29
Persistive	i.	3	21
Perspicuous	i.	3	324
Pettish	ii.	3	139
Plaguy	ii.	3	187
Plantage	iii.	2	184
Pleasantly	iv.	5	249
Portable[3]	ii.	3	144
*Precious-dear.	v.	3	28
Preventions[4]	i.	3	181
Pricks[5]	i.	3	343
Primitive	v.	1	60
Primogenity[6]	i.	3	106
Profoundly	iv.	2	83
Propend	ii.	2	190
Propension	ii.	2	133
Propugnation	ii.	2	136
Protractive	i.	3	20
Publication	i.	3	326
Pun (verb)	ii.	1	42
Purely	iv.	5	169
Quails[7] (sub.)	v.	1	58
Ransacked[8]	ii.	2	150
Reader	iv.	5	61
Rear[9]	iii.	3	162
Recourse[10]	v.	3	55
Refractory	ii.	2	182
Rejoindure	iv.	4	38
Relates[11] (intr.)	i.	3	323
Retract	ii.	2	141
Ribald	iv.	2	9
Rivelled	v.	1	25
Roisting	ii.	2	208
Rump	v.	2	56
Scaffoldage	i.	3	156
Scantling	i.	3	341
Sculls[12]	v.	5	22
Scurril	i.	3	148
Seam[13]	ii.	3	195
Seeded[14]	i.	3	316
Seld[15]	iv.	5	150
*Self-admission	ii.	3	176
*Self-affected	ii.	3	250
Self-assumption	ii.	3	133
Self-breath	ii.	3	182
Sell (intr.)	i.	3	360
Serpentine	ii.	3	14
Sewer	v.	1	83
'Sfoot	ii.	3	6
Shedding[16]	i.	3	319
Shoeing-horn	v.	1	62
Short-armed	ii.	3	16
Shrills (verb)	v.	3	84
Six-gated	Prol.		15
Slack[17]	iii.	3	24
*Sleave-silk	v.	1	35
Sleeveless	v.	4	10
Soilure	iv.	1	56
Sort[18]	i.	3	376
Specialty[19]	i.	3	78
Sperr	Prol.		19
Sphered[20]	i.	3	90
Sphered[21]	iv.	5	8
Sportful[22]	i.	3	335
Spout[23]	v.	2	171
Standers	iii.	3	84
Staples[24]	Prol.		17
Stickler-like	v.	8	18
Stithied	iv.	5	255
Strain[25] (tr.)	iv.	4	26
	iv.	5	169
Strain[26] (sub.)	i.	3	326
Strait[27]	iii.	3	154
Strawy	v.	5	24
*Strong-ribbed	i.	3	40
*Stubborn-chaste	i.	1	100
Stygian	iii.	2	10
Subduements	iv.	5	187
Subséquent	i.	3	344
*Subtle-potent	iii.	2	25
Superficially	ii.	2	165
	iii.	1	10
Superior[28]	i.	3	133
Surety[29] (sub.)	ii.	2	14
Swath[30]	v.	5	25
Swing (sub.)	i.	3	207
Taciturnity	iv.	2	75
Tassel	v.	1	36
Tent[31]	ii.	2	16
	v.	1	11
Tercel	iii.	2	56
Thievery[32]	iv.	4	45
Thrash[33]	ii.	1	51
*Thrice-repured	iii.	2	23
Thunder-darter	ii.	3	12
Tick	iii.	3	315
Ticklish	iv.	5	61
Tip[34] (sub.)	iii.	1	138
Tisick	v.	3	101
Tithe (adj.)	ii.	2	19
Toadstool	ii.	1	22
To-be-pitied	i.	3	157
Topless	i.	3	152
Tortive	i.	3	9
Total (sub.)	i.	2	124
Transcends	i.	3	244
Transportance	iii.	2	12
Turbulence	v.	3	11
Unarm (intr.)	i.	1	1
	v.	3	3, 25
Unbodied	i.	3	16
Unbolt[35]	iv.	2	3
Uncomprehensive	iii.	3	198
*Under-honest	ii.	3	133
Underwrite[36]	ii.	3	137
Unfamed	ii.	2	159
Ungained	i.	2	315, 319
Unity[37]	v.	2	141
Unplausive	iii.	3	43
Unread	i.	3	24
Unsecret	iii.	2	133
Unsquared	i.	3	159
Untasted	ii.	3	130
Untent[38]	ii.	3	178
Untimbered	i.	3	43
Untraded	iv.	5	178
Unveil	iii.	3	200
Vail (sub.)	v.	8	7
Vantbrace	i.	3	297
Vassalage[39]	iii.	2	40
Vaunt[40]	Prol.		27
Vindicative	iv.	5	107
Vinewedst	ii.	1	15
Violenteth (verb)	iv.	4	4
Watery[41]	iii.	2	22
Wedged[42]	i.	1	35
Wedges[43]	i.	3	316
Well-famed	iv.	5	173
Well-ordered	ii.	2	180
Wenching	v.	4	35
Wheezing	v.	1	23
Whereout	iv.	5	245
Whoremasterly (adj.)	v.	4	8
Whorish	iv.	1	63
Woof	v.	2	152
Wrest (sub.)	iii.	3	23
Wrinkles (verb)	ii.	2	79

1 = lines in the same direction; Sonn. lx. 10. Used figuratively = equal, in three other passages.

2 = gifted, endowed.

3 = what may be carried; = what may be endured, Macbeth, iv. 3. 89; Lear, iii. 6. 115.

4 = precautions; used frequently = hinderance.

5 = small rolls; the word is used elsewhere in various other senses.

6 So Q.; Ff. have *primogenitive*.

7 Used punningly = loose women; = the bird of that name, in Ant. and Cleo. ii. 3. 37.

8 = abducted by force; the verb is used in several passages = to pillage.

9 Of an army. = behind, in Hamlet, i. 3. 34; Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 592.

10 = frequent flowing; = access, in three other passages.

11 = having reference.

12 = shoals of fish.

13 = grease.

14 Lucrece, 603.

15 Pass. Pilgrim, 175.

16 = scattering; the verb is used very frequently in the sense of "to pour out," &c.

17 Verb intrans. = to flag; the transitive verb is used in several passages in a similar sense.

18 = a lot; this sub. is used very frequently by Shakespeare in various senses.

19 = nature; used in plural = articles of agreement, Love's Labour's Lost, ii. 1. 165; Taming of Shrew, ii. 1. 127.

20 = placed in a sphere.

21 = rouud.

22 = done in jest.

23 = a waterspout; used three times = a pipe.

24 Of a bolt; = thread, occurs in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 19.

25 = to filter; Lucrece, 1131. This verb is used by Shakespeare with different meanings.

26 = effort of thought.

27 = a narrow passage; Lucrece, 1670. In the plural = difficulty, in As You Like It. v. 2. 71.

28 Lucrece, 42.

29 = confidence of safety.

30 Of the scythe; = a bandage, in Timon, iv. 3. 252.

31 = a surgeon's probe.

32 = that which is stolen; = theft, in Two Gent. iv. 1. 40; Timon, iv. 3. 438.

33 = to beat, to drub; in the sense of to *thrash* corn, in Titus, ii. 3. 123.

34 Lover's Complaint, 120.

35 = to undo a bolt; figuratively, to reveal, in Timon, i. 1. 51.

36 = to subscribe to; = to write underneath, Macbeth, v. 8. 26.

37 = the state of being one; = agreement, used by Shakespeare in many passages.

38 = to bring out of a tent; *untented* = incurable, in Lear, i. 4. 322. 39 Sonn. xxvi. 1.

40 = first beginning; = a boast, in II. Henry VI. iii. 1. 50.

41 = desirous of.

42 = cleft as with a wedge.

43 Used figuratively = masses (of gold), Rich. III. i. 4. 26.